

THE READER

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

1906

FEBRUARY

25 CENTS

The Municipal Revolution

TALCOTT WILLIAMS

Tuberculosis, Climate and the Great Southwest

ALBERT HALE

The Wolf at Susan's Door

ANNE WARNER

Provident Children

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

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"WOULD YOU MIND LENDING ME YOUR BABY?"
Illustrating "A Borrowed Baby," by George Randolph Chester

THE READER

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

VOLUME VII

FEBRUARY, 1906

NUMBER 3

PROVIDENT CHILDREN

By Gouverneur Morris

AUTHOR OF "TOM BOWLING," "ELLEN AND MR. MAN," ETC.

A FEW of his own paces distant from a gnarled tree stump, near the top of which was a black slot like that in a letter-box, and among whose roots a squirrel was escaping, stood a soldier with a pointed musket. The soldier's musket was pointed straight at the slot in the tree trunk; the soldier's trousers were red, and his coat was blue. The tree trunk was green and brown. The ground upon which the soldier stood and out of which the tree trunk grew was green. The squirrel was red, but he looked more like a little pig than a squirrel. The soldier, the soldier's uniform, the soldier's musket, the tree trunk at which the soldier's musket was pointed, the squirrel escaping among the roots of the tree trunk, the ground upon which the soldier stood and out of which the tree trunk grew were all made of cast-iron. The soldier was six inches high; the tree trunk was six inches in circumference. The slot in the top of the tree trunk was wide enough to receive a red cent, propelled from the top of the soldier's gun by a spring-driven and spring-sprung half-moon shaped disk. You pushed the disk back to the breech of the musket—click! and it was held fast. Then you fitted a penny (and snugly it fitted into the half-moon), and then, when you were quite sure that the

soldier had drawn a long breath and taken a good aim, you pressed his left foot, which had a very high heel and was painted black, and with a rusty screech (for the soldier had once fallen into the bath-tub) and a lusty ping the red penny flew into the hollow tree, hit the inside of its back, and fell pingling upon the other pennies, which lived down among the roots where the pig-like squirrel doubtless kept his hickory nuts. In short, I am bound to say, for fear no one has guessed, that what I have described at such length was nothing more nor less than a savings-bank. In went your savings, and when the sun set, why, there they still were.

Joan was a girl and she loved the pig-like squirrel and the money best; I was a man, and although I loved the money passing well, I loved better the remarkable marksmanship of the cast-iron soldier. I have not led a hair-breadth life, but it has sometimes happened that the accuracy of a certain shot has meant much to me. I can recall several occasions at pigeon shooting when one bird, joyously escaping the detonation of my two barrels, has taken from me a fat sweepstake and a handsome silver cup. I have killed, let us say, quite a number without missing. All I have to do to win is to kill one more. I take my place at the score, I

stand as I have been standing, I cry "pull." One of the five traps collapses, a blue-gray pigeon strolls out, looks about, admires the view, rises and flies leisurely toward the boundary. There is no wind. A man could not ask for an easier shot. I aim, as I think, just as I have been aiming. I fire. The bird flies on. I fire again. The bird flies on—a little more rapidly—a little more strongly. I watch him over the boundary, open my gun, turn and walk back to the audience. It may be noticed that I do not look downcast but smiling. If people think the smile is a forced one, assumed for the purpose of illuminating defeat, they are quite wrong. I am thinking of the unerring, cast-iron, banker soldier and how *he* would have plugged that bird. It has always been like that. I never miss but I think of that soldier.

Joan and I were not by nature provident children. But it had come to us to be born of poor parents, and we desired a pony. The portly Christmas Saint had presented us with a bank; now and then a penny came our way; and what, we asked, could be easier than to save and save and save until we had enough pennies to buy a pony—a fat-barreled, arch-necked, long-tailed, long-maned, prancing pony—like the pictures of horses in Flaxman's inimitable illustrations of Homer, or those bas-reliefs upon the screen of the Parthenon? What such a pony would cost we only asked of ourselves. We did not dare subject ourselves to the disillusionment of asking our elders and betters. We had suffered several sad awakenings in that line, I can tell you.

Well, we saved and we saved and we saved, and we kept an accurate account of the pennies shot by the soldier into the hollow stump, and on the morning of the twentieth of June, eighteen hundred and—no! I haven't the heart to write the shameful date—we were the joint depositors, holders, owners, lords and masters, controllers of precisely ninety-three cents.

No governor of a state, fresh from filching a hundred thousand from its treasury, ever had a more delightful sense of his own abilities in finance than we. We could hear almost the dactylic gallop of the pony over the heavy floor of Pelham Bridge—like this—oo—oo—oo—oo—. We could see him prancing over the lawn. We could feel his fat back between our knees.

The night of the twentieth of June, Joan, half-owner of the ninety-three cents, walked in her sleep. From my room I could hear her moving about; she seemed to be rummaging in the cupboard. From our mama's room came a sleepy, anxious voice.

"Joan, what *are* you doing?"

And from Joan's cupboard came a childish, bland, passionless voice, saying:

"I am looking for shoes to put on the pony."

It was the next day that Fate, stalking like the blind Samson among the pillars of the temple (was it a temple or a palace he pulled down?—I have forgotten), wrecked our financial edifice and brought it crashing about our ears.

The Thompson boys, back from Europe, talented, spouting French, stopping with their uncle and aunt in the Big House, asked Joan and me to picnic with them on the little island which, as all children good and bad used to know, lay just off the big lawn of the Big House in the blue waters of Pelham Bay, and was connected with the shore by a firm wooden bridge, with mysterious piers and criss-cross supports.

I would rather, almost, be a good rememberer than a magnate. I haven't set foot on that island for more years than I shall ever count thousands, but I could swear in a court of law to the allocation of each stunted cedar tree that grew upon it, to many of the rocks that went to compose its seaward wall; to the big ice-gauged pool in the rocks, which the falling tide used to leave full of salt water,



Drawing by Katharine Cassaway

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WITH A LUSTY "PING" THE RED PENNY FLEW INTO THE HOLLOW TREE

containing minnows, with sometimes a little eel or two; to the very spot at the head of the pool where Bob, a big gray tom cat, who had a brass and leather collar like a dog's, used to sit motionless until some unwary minnow came within swoop of his seven-toed paw. I remember just where the prickly pears grew. And, best of all, I could go with eyes shut to the place where a great iron ring was sunk in the rock, a ring of such magic qualities that if you took hold of it in just the right way, spoke just the right words and pulled with just the right strength, there would come a great pillar of Araby-scented smoke, in the midst of which, ready to do your bidding, to build you a palace, to make you a captain over ten thousand, or the owner of a real

chisel, there would be one of those Titanic Arabian Nights monsters which Joan was pleased to call "G-nighs."

On that island were also low scrubby bushes, rather like cedar, covered with plump, light bluish berries, which always looked good enough to eat. No matter how often you tried them and found them wanting, an hour's absence from the island would strengthen you to try again. I believe that if I were transported to the place at this moment I would look furtively about to see if nurse was looking, flop down on my marrow-bones, and cram an expectant, if elderly, mouth full with those berries.

We joined our hosts at the Big House and walked with them to the little island. Our nurse went along, and theirs, laden

with lunch and two mysterious wooden boxes.

Bertie Thompson (the elder of the two) was a fragile yellowish boy, with a broad high forehead, extremely intelligent but light-colored eyes and spindly legs. Physically I despised him, though he was twice my size. At first, though we had known him for years, he pretended, as one just home from Europe, that he could speak nothing but French. Joan and I were greatly awed. Bertie deluged our ears with utterances of terrific speed. He jabbered at his nurse, jabbered at his brother; and suddenly, for no apparent reason, except that his brother had jabbered back, seized him by the neck and threw him to the ground.

Finny, for that was the brother's name, looked like a goblin. His head was like an extra long egg set upon his shoulders, big end down. Perfectly straight, flimsy straw-colored hair hung like a fringe from the top of the egg half-way to the bottom. Almond-shaped, pale blue eyes were set, China fashion, below a pair of equally tilted straw-colored eyebrows. The lad had also a nose, mouth and ears. All that can be said of the first is that it was like a large yellow shoe-button; of the second that it sometimes opened and sometimes shut; of the last that his progress, like that of an old-fashioned ship, depended largely on the direction in which the wind blew.

Having been hurled to the ground by the neck, Finny arose, kicked his brother furiously in the shin, and fastened to him by the hair. Bertie, in turn, sank his hands in Finny's fringy locks and kicked him back. Presently they lost their respective balances and rolled over and over on the lawn. Joan and I, standing to one side, observed a mincing and respectful attitude, as became guests.

When the lads were done with that fight they rose and shook themselves, and progress was resumed toward the island. Besides this, Bertie forgot that he had

forgotten English and began to talk it. He said that Finny was a bloody little fool and that he proposed to kick him now and then for the welfare of his (Finny's) body and soul. Four times, before we got to the island, they fought hammer and tongs. Between fights they chattered like magpies.

Luncheon, I remember, was delicious. It began with disks of apricot paste that had come all the way from Paris in a wicker box, and ended with what was left of them. Between these delectable extremities were such things as cold chicken, Sally Lunn (still warm, with partially melted sugar on top), sandwiches of very thin bread, containing the thinnest delicousest Virginia ham and lettuce, sandwiches containing bacon and chopped egg; there was a box of Saratoga chips, a great hunk of raisin cake, a basket of strawberries, a bowl of sugar, a pitcher of cream, a bottle of weak tea and a bottle of water with fragments of ice in it.

Conversation ran on Europe, and the nurses sat apart. Heaven could do no more. Bertie and Finny thought nothing of having been to London to—does memory fail me—did they actually give us to understand that they had *visited* the Queen? I think it more likely that they didn't exactly visit her, but just called once or twice. They had been to the Tower of London, and seen the beef-eaters; they had seen the block and the axe. They had been to Westminster Abbey, where dead kings lie as thick as flies on a piece of fly-paper in August. They had been to school in France. They had driven about Paris on the Fourth of July and had taken off their hats to the American flags. They had seen the castles on the Loire and the castles on the Rhine. Fair Bingen? Yes, they had been there, too; and they had seen, I forget how many thousand bones of martyrs in Cologne, and a sham battle outside of Berlin, and Bertie had brought home with him a little double-barreled gun by Mr.

Greener, of London; and Finny had brought home a real steel helmet with a vizor that opened and shut, and a tube at the back of the top to stick plumes in.

Have I mentioned two mysterious wooden boxes that had been brought to the island by the nurses? There were two such boxes, and after we had talked and stuffed and stuffed, Bertie proposed to open one of them and show us some tricks. I did not know what tricks were, nor was I intended to learn for some moments yet; for Finny began to insist that the other box (his own), which contained "gamblings," should be opened first. This led to a combat. But the lads had eaten too much to fight with full vigor, and the affair soon ended with Bertie sitting on Finny's stomach, cuffing his ears and asking him what made him so bloody ugly. Peace being restored, the gambling box gave way to the box of tricks, and in a few moments Joan and I were mystified, almost to extinction. Bertie first showed us an egg-shaped wooden box on a little stand. This, being opened, disclosed what looked like a bantam egg stained red; but on the box being closed and reopened the egg had disappeared. Bertie said that it was magic. But Finny said that it wasn't and that he knew how it was done. Bertie proved that it was magic by slapping Finny's face and kicking his legs. Many other tricks followed, too marvelous for words, all of which Bertie said were magic, and all of which Finny said weren't. Handkerchiefs disappeared, came out of noses and ears; hands, tightly tied, came loose without effort; a black wand, sprinkled with gold paper half-moons and stars, was waved; Finny was slapped and kicked.

And then it came Finny's turn to show off, and he opened *his* box. It contained gambling tools on a child's scale. There were little dice-boxes, little dice, little packs of cards, little things that looked like compasses for keeping scores with, a

little cribbage-board and a little roulette wheel. For the first time that day the lads were agreed. We were to play roulette. But Joan and I did not know how. We were soon taught.

The roulette wheel was set on a little green cloth that had many squares and numbers on it. Joan and I were each given many red, blue and white chips made of bone. So was Bertie. Finny banked and spun the wheel. When Joan and I had lost all our chips Finny said that we each owed him fifty cents and that we couldn't play any more until we paid up. We said that we didn't owe him anything at all. He said that we did. We said that we didn't. Bertie chimed in with Finny. Brotherly love shone in the world. Bertie said that if we didn't pay Finny what we owed we were bloody cheats and he would tell his uncle on us. Joan began to cry. I called Bertie a dirty liar. Finny sprang upon me and fastened his hands in my hair. Bertie sneaked around behind and began to kick me in the back.

Sing now, O Muse, the fight which Paul the gambler, and unconcerned loser of vast sums, then waged with Bertie and Finny, the yellowish lads. Do justice, O Muse. Sing how Paul was less in height and years, but more large of bone and more tremendous in rage. Sing how the clutching hands of Paul tore bunches of hair from the egg-like head of Finny. Sing how the stout heels of Paul cracked upon the fragile shins of Bertie. Sing, too, my Muse, of the honest fist blows that Paul sent home, and the honest bel-lows which he emitted during the battle.

For a time hell raged on earth. For a time the battle went my way. Wisps of Finny's hair strewed the juniper bushes; blood gushed from Bertie's nose; tears from his eyes. And then, in the very flood of victory, misfortune overtook me. The great lunch which I had eaten, the tremendous exertion which I had already un-

dergone, combined in one dreadful and humiliating result. The conquering hero fell upon his knees, and—

The hot little sticky hand that was laid on Paul's forehead, and the thin little arm that went about Paul's shoulder, belonged to Joan. But it was our nurse who presently led me away, a white, wobbling and subdued hero. Joan pattered behind. And Bertie and Finny pursued us with threats and vituperations. So much for that picnic.

I took my woes behind the sofa in the parlor and slept until late in the afternoon. Joan waked me. Her face was white and sad, like the face of one who has watched and prayed.

"Paul," she said, "I have borrowed seven cents from nurse, and we are going to pay the Thompson boys what we owe them."

"We don't owe them nothing."

"They will say that we do behind our backs, and perhaps after a while nobody will speak to us."

"I don't care."

"Paul, dear, we mus' look this thing in the face."

"They shan't have a cent of my money."

"Paul, you won't be mad if I tell you something."

"What?"

"I have broken open the bank."

"My soldier bank!—My soldier bank!" I cried, starting to my feet and bursting into tears.

Joan laid her hand on my shoulder. I thrust it aside. She put it back.

"Paul—Oh—Oh!"

Printer, I beg you to print this small. I had doubled my fist and struck Joan in the face. With shame I confess it. I did not stop there. Print this small, too; I pulled her hair, and then I hurled her to the floor; I ground her nose about in the rug. Print the smallest you can. I pinched her arms and legs. I thumped her on the back. *Mea culpa! Mea culpa!* And then she began to yell.

And oh, I became tender enough then, and said loving things and petted her, partly because I was ashamed of what I had done, but mostly because I was afraid that mama was in the house and would hear us, and shut me up in the dark, and tell papa. Mama was not in the house, and Joan's yells became sobs, and the sobs little moans, and the moans ceased. And we kissed and made friends. And I said that I was glad that Joan had broken open the bank, and that I would go to the Big House with her and help pay the Thompson boys what we didn't owe them.

So we took the ninety-three cents that had been so long a hoarding, and the seven cents which Joan had borrowed from nurse, and off we posted to the Big House, and in the hall of the Big House was the owner of the Big House, who was also the Thompson boys' uncle. He was a stout man with a merry twinkling face, and a body like a great globe. He must have weighed three hundred pounds. He and Joan were great friends. She ran up to him and put her hands in his, and begun her story in the middle:

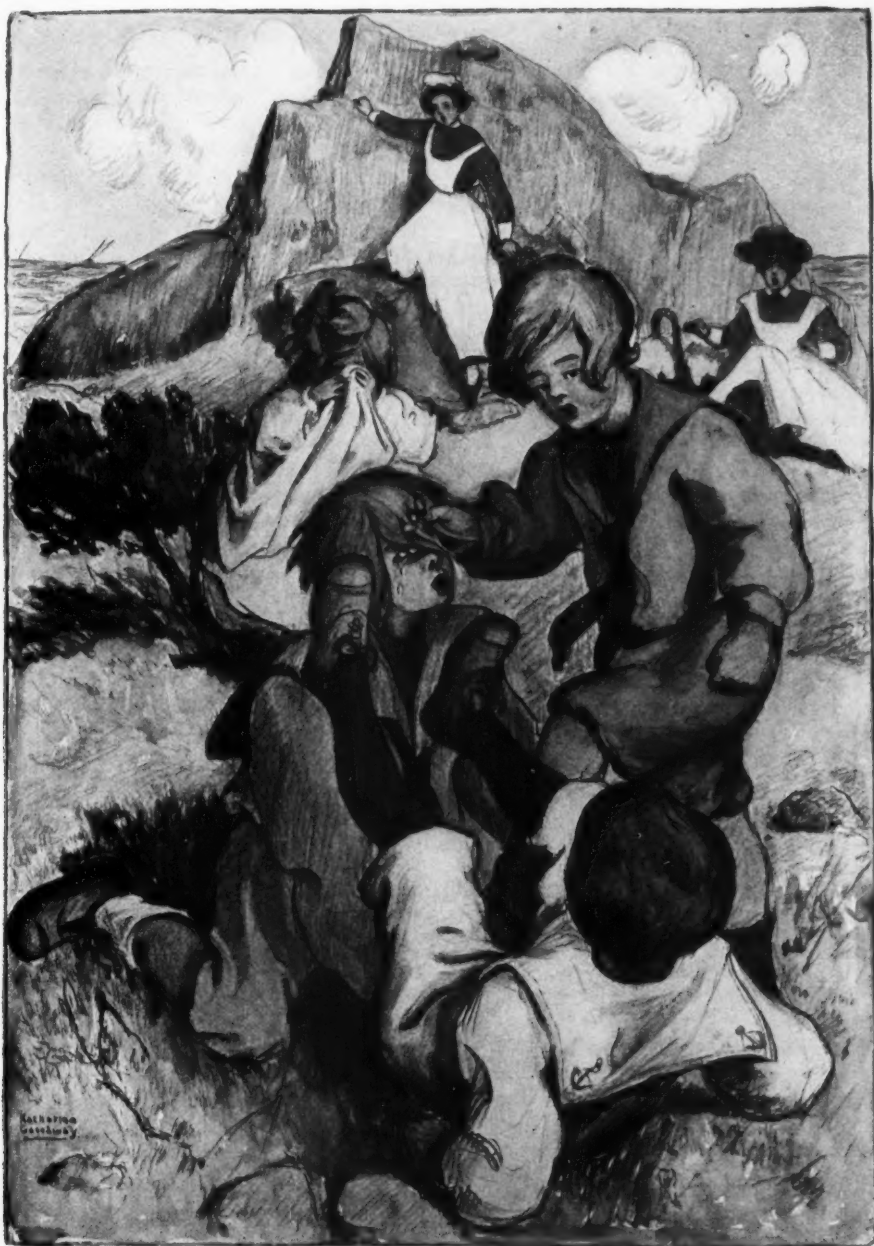
"—and we played roulette," said Joan, all a quiver, "and when we were through playing, Finny said Paul and I each owed him fifty cents, but we didn't know why, but Bertie said we did, too, and so I broke open our bank, which we'd saved ninety-three cents in to buy a pony with, and I borrowed seven cents from nurse, and this is it, and will you give it to them, please, and say that we-e enjoyed the p-picnic very m-much."

The fat gentleman sat him down on a fat settle, and he put Joan on his fat knee, and stroked the top of her head with his fat hand. Then he began the softest, kindest, gentlest, longest, roundest chuckle, and shook all over. And presently Joan laughed aloud.

"What's that red mark on your cheek, Joan?"

I can tell you I began to tremble then.

"It—I," said Joan, "I ran into a opened door."



Drawing by Katharine Gassaway

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SING, O MUSE, THE FIGHT WHICH PAUL THE GAMBLER WAGED WITH BERTIE AND FINNY

"Kiss it and make it well," said the Fat Man, and he kissed Joan's bruised cheek.

"So you'd saved up ninety-three cents to buy a pony?"

"Yes," said Joan, with some pride.

The Fat Man did not laugh.

"Would your father let you keep a pony if you were to buy one?"

"Papa says," said Joan, "that we could make the old shed into quite a nice little stable for a pony, and that the man who comes to cut the grass could look after it some, and Paul and I and papa and mama and nurse and Penny Ann and Sarah Louise could look after it the rest, and—"

"That sounds feasible," said the Fat Man gravely. "Have you looked over any pony yet with a view to purchase?"

"No," said Joan.

"That's good, because—well, you see, Joan, I've got a pony up at the farm. It—he belonged to Dot—poor little Dot (tears filled the Fat Man's eyes), and he's just eating his head off, and I've been thinking that if some little girl who was kind and gentle just like Dot was, would buy him from me, and take him off my hands, why—Joan will you buy my pony?"

"But we have no money now," said Joan dolefully. But I think she was more doleful because the Fat Man was doleful

about Dot than because we had lost our fortune.

"You didn't know that you were playing for money," said the Fat Man, "did you?"

"No," said Joan.

"Then you weren't, and you didn't lose anything. You take back the seven cents to your nurse, and you give the ninety-three cents to me, and I'll have my man bring the pony down from the farm, and—children—you, Joan; and you, Paul, promise me that you will never gamble again."

We promised fervently, and Joan kept her word forever after. I didn't.

Joan threw her thin little arms around that Fat Gentleman's neck, and kissed him, and was so happy that all she could say was "Oh—Oh!" And when it was time for us to go she said, beginning, as usual, right in the middle:

"—and will you tell Bertie and Finny about how we didn't really truly owe them the money and—"

"Bertie and Finny," said the Fat Gentleman, with a smile that he strove in vain to make grim, "shall get a taste of my great stick."

I wriggled with satisfaction, I am free to admit, and to this day, whenever I think of that good and affectionate man, dead these many years, I have much ado to keep back the tears.

CONFESSIOAL

By Witter Bynner

SO frankly have I loved you, let me grant,
Without the protest of a lover's cant,
That I distrusted you and set my mind
To find you to some other love inclined,
And I have falsely, grievously offended;
But if by deep repenting sins are mended,
Absolve me, sweetheart, let me go my way
In midnight of your hair and smiles of day,
Meek days and nights and penitential years!
O do not turn away your face of tears!



TUBERCULOSIS

CLIMATE AND THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

By Albert Hale

II



CLIMATE has ever been the traditional cure for consumption. It is not necessary, after what has been said, to argue or to explain this point. It is far better to admit it, and then try to see why for years past there have not been obtained results commensurate with the legitimate promises which the great Southwest has made.

The fault lies not at all in the region itself nor in the climate, but in the monstrous demand to which it has been subjected. The responsibility for this rests upon the carelessness or cupidity of northern physicians, and upon the ignorance of many patients who might improve or recover if they went about it in the right way.

Medical diagnosis divides the encroachments of tuberculosis into three stages. In the first stage there is a scarcely perceptible invasion, but the patient feels less energetic than he would if he were recovering from a simple cold, although the lungs are not yet demonstrably involved. In the second stage there is a fever, prostration and expectoration. In the third stage there are cavities in the lungs, and the patient is exhausted.

The greatest reason why a cure or improvement is not obtained after the removal to this better climate is that the patient has failed to obey that golden rule of medicine, "Do it now." This is not intended to be given as professional advice, which is a matter to be left with the physi-

cian; but in fighting tuberculosis by climate, that there

should be no delay is the unanimous opinion of those in the great Southwest who know. Don't put off coming until it is too late, or, if delay is unavoidable, do not blame the climate, but blame circumstances which prevented an earlier departure.

It may be postulated that seventy per cent. of cases of tuberculosis, if taken in time, can be cured. The only question to be asked, therefore, in this regard is "What is timely?" And to this there is only one answer, "At once." Come in the first stage, before the general health has begun to suffer, while the constitution still has resistance and the body will be subjected to no undue strain by the change. At this stage the ordinary activities of life can be nearly as well performed here in the new home as up there in the old, and recovery may, within reason, be promised.

But suppose that no warning was given, no notice taken of the disease until the second stage was reached. There is yet time to come, but the expectations must be different. It is no longer a matter of a few months' escape from the bleak winter of the North to the dry sunshine of the Southwest. It must be an irrevocable decision to leave behind the North and East forever and to accept the Southwest as a bourne from which no pilgrim permanently returns. The legend may be paraphrased into "Abandon hope all ye who

stay behind,—renew your hope all ye who enter here.” Elsewhere there are, of course, sanatoria in which treatment may be obtained and other climates to which one may go; but if the Southwest is selected, come acknowledging the illness, be invalids, not tourists or transients; be home-seekers as well as health-seekers; be under orders. Demand comforts, care and responsible advice. Come prepared to pay for it, or else stay away.

The poor, hopeless and nearly helpless sufferers in the third stage, when the lungs are eaten away, must not be irrationally encouraged. There is no recovery for them. They may slip easier into the grave, if they have money, or if they have friends; but they can not be cured, and the sooner we confess the limitations of nature the better for all concerned. If they wish to see and to feel the warm sunshine, to pass more of their remaining days out of doors than they possibly can elsewhere, if breathing may thus be made easier for them, so that they taste an undrugged peace at the last, no one ought to prevent them from coming.

It is not a function of our government to build up a colony of the tuberculous, or to establish a system of segregation, as has been proposed. No section of the country wants a shotgun quarantine against tuberculosis. The ridiculous example we already have of its ineffectiveness in yellow fever should warn us against similar experiments. But if those in the third stage come, it must be with the foreknowledge that they come to meet death delayed, at best, but briefly. They must reckon with the exhausting journey into a strange country; they must be prepared for hardships unavoidable in the circumstances; they must be prepared to die even before they are well laid in a clean bed. And above all, they must have money. Without it they are adding folly, madness and uncharitableness to their disease.

In the name of charity many sins are committed, but medicine also is responsible

for sins both of commission and of omission. Bad advice is given, or no advice at all. Merely to tell a patient to go to another climate is as bad as to place a Boston baby before a New England boiled dinner. All the nourishment is there, yet indigestion or starvation will be inevitable. The patient wants advice as to how to get well, what to do and how to do it. It is the result that counts with him. He does not wish to be told why he dies, but how to get well in the shortest time possible.

Many of the mistakes, therefore, begin in the North, with the northern physicians. There are, of course, plenty of rascals in the profession. These rob their patients until they die, or until they escape, to drift forlornly into the Southwest, hoping that, impoverished as they are, they have not yet come too late. Then there are those who tell their patients that the disease is not tuberculosis, or that drugs, at the price of a few dollars, will cure; or who get rid of their patients by ordering them away to die, out of sight, out of mind, or who send their patients away so as to save their home statistics. We may dismiss these rascals as irredeemable.

It is to another class—the reputable class—of physicians that appeal must be made. Many of these are conscientious but stupid; their education leaves them still ignorant of the essentials of the disease. These are by no means confined to the small towns, for the large cities have a goodly proportion of practitioners who can not possibly make a diagnosis. There is no way to reach this class except through education. They must go to school again to learn modern science and how to read books. They often give advice well meant but disastrous; yet they may be forgiven because the fault lies primarily not within themselves, but at the door of the cheap medical schools that bore them.

A great subdivision embraces those who are so hard worked that they have not the time to investigate the relation of tuber-

culosis to climate, and who, yielding to a false sympathy or to the solicitation of friends and relatives, send their patients away without stopping to consider what may become of them. An example of this sin will show what is meant. A pretty girl from Kansas had been ill for some months. Her physician, who had known her since childhood, added his demands to those of the parents that she be taken from her bed, carried to the train and transported to New Mexico. She reached there alive—just enough alive to permit the local doctor, who saw her at once, to say that she was dying. She died before the hospital bed could be put in order. She should never have been allowed to leave home. She was a victim of the delusion that within her ribs a new pair of lungs could be made to grow. A still sadder case is that of a lad from Pennsylvania, brought west by his father with the sanction of a physician who encouraged the hope that a few months of "climate" would make the son well again. The father was astonished when at the end of two weeks the lad was still in bed. (The local doctor who had been summoned was astonished that the boy was still alive.) The child died at the end of the third week. Of course, he ought never to have left home. There was, perhaps, an element of rascality in the physician who allowed a patient from Boston to go West alone. His relatives hoped that the few hundred dollars he had might cover his expenses till he got well. They misjudged, for he lived so long that when he died he was seven hundred dollars in debt, and what cash could be collected barely sufficed to pay for his coffin and railroad fare back to Boston.

Such physicians simply do not know what they are talking about. They do not inform themselves of the difference in altitude between Santa Fé and San Antonio. They pay no attention to the relative humidity of Silver City or San Diego. When they send a patient away from home to the Southwest, it is usually with no more detailed instructions than to live

out of doors, to rough it, to take exercise, to seek ranch life. But how or where they can not tell. One patient bought a ticket to Tucson and got off the train at Albuquerque, not knowing any difference. To her it was all climate.

If their sins of commission are mild, their sins of omission are of graver character. Only one out of every five of their patients is told to consult a resident local physician. Only one out of every ten is furnished with a history of his case from the beginning, with a record of the pulse and temperature. One, perhaps, out of every forty has had a careful examination of the sputum made, with statements of positive or negative findings of bacilli. And yet all this data is invaluable. Only one in a hundred knows anything at all in advance of lodging, food or cost of living. These physicians must be disciplined; they must take more pains, and they must acquire that hardest lesson in any education, the courage to say, "I don't know." Numerically they form the largest proportion.

But the guiltiest of all are those who arrogate to themselves a knowledge they do not possess. They have large libraries, with books treating exhaustively of the history and cause of tuberculosis; they can talk learnedly of diagnosis and staining fluids and tonics and fresh air. In the hospital ward they are usually thorough, skilful and accurate, yet they make mistakes of method or judgment which they will not confess; they claim an authoritative voice, which is by no means infallible, and, worst of all, they sometimes belittle their confrères in the Southwest, so that their patients have small confidence in the local doctor, and, as a result, write back home for advice, often for treatment. Of course, such a proceeding is indefensible. It is occultism with a vengeance. A horrible illustration of the ultra-scientific style is that of a school teacher from Maine who came Southwest one autumn to break up a bad case of so-called pernicious malaria. She had no

lungs left when she reached her destination. Tuberculosis was the cause of it all, and she died within a few weeks.

By no means must all physicians be placed in any one of these categories. The average physician is conscientious, thorough, and eager to do the best for his patients. True, he may not know what is best, but when this is so he simply refers the patient to a specialist or investigates through the proper channels.

However, responsibility for failure should not always be charged to the doctor. The blame often enough falls upon the patient himself.

Some of these twenty thousand consumptives, after a superficial examination, come of their own motion to the Southwest. Others have had no examination at all; they do not know that they have tuberculosis; they wish only to escape the northern winter. Others again who, having sought advice, listened to it and paid for it, but did not heed it; they prefer to be their own masters. They choose their own place of abode, their own way of living, and refuse to exercise the most rudimentary precautions.

The fear of the doctor's fee deters many after arrival from taking any medical advice at all. They have paid out enough money for drugs and doctors at home. Here, buoyed by the realization that they have at last reached their chosen climate, they rest content and wait to see what will happen.

The lunger should pray to be delivered from his friends. Friends are often injudicious in their counsel, for in their efforts at helpfulness they tell of some death that may have occurred in one place or of a rapid recovery due to favorable conditions in another place, and the sick person becomes restless. If the friend is also a lunger, the restlessness is contagious, and both suffer.

These become the peripatetics of the great Southwest. They arrive, say at Santa Fé, and by care, by patience or by luck they grow better; but the care soon

becomes neglect, the patience impatience, and, if the luck fails, they move on to some other place. They do not know why; they have no rule to guide them; they act on some friendly hint, and are almost sure to lose by the change. They are unhappy and discontented, and they communicate their unhappiness and their discontent to all who come near them.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, from one town to another, from one doctor to another (if at last they are sane enough to consult a doctor), doing nothing, accomplishing nothing, and in the end dying, worn out by the disease, by irregularity of habit, by homesickness. Some go home, not cured, not even improved, and complain that after all they might better have stayed at home, because, as they say, "climate" has not benefited them.

This class may be seen in any city of the Southwest, all the year through, but especially from late fall to early spring. They sit in the parks, they lounge on the porch or gallery or veranda, they crowd the streets, and they offer a sad object-lesson concerning the crime of ignorance.

As far as I could see, the stranger is, as a rule, but poorly informed as to what he will find when he arrives at his destination. And yet the two immediately important questions confronting him are the place and cost of living. A third problem which he may be obliged to face later is that of temporary or permanent employment.

At first he goes to a hotel. There are plenty in each town, good, bad and indifferent, but he will not stay long, because he is not wanted, and because hotel life offers but small comfort to the stranger. There are innumerable lodging-houses, some streets being given over to them entirely. Many are comfortable, even home-like; others are flimsy barracks, cheerless and unclean. Years ago signs offering refuge to the sick were everywhere; to-day "Health-seekers not accepted" is not infrequently seen.

The cost of living varies slightly according to the city, the location and the

demand. Without too great detail, it may be stated that the best hotels offer, on the American plan, accommodation at from two to five dollars a day. Cheaper hotels can be found. Boarding-houses offer rooms with meals at ten dollars a week, or at certain offshoots from sanatoria, kept by Catholic sisters, excellent rooms with board may be secured for fifteen dollars a week. Rooms alone can be found as low as three dollars a week, and board at the same price is readily obtainable. If necessity demands, one might exist on even a smaller sum. One the other hand, with a pocketful of money, one can spend as much as one pleases.

In most of the cities there are sanitary rules concerning disinfection and antiseptics in hotels and lodging-houses, but they are not generally obeyed. One may not always know whether his bed of to-night was the bier of a wanderer the night before. Under present conditions it is impossible to enforce the laws; the local government would be obliged to assume control, which would mean an increase of taxes, and naturally taxpayers resent this, because they receive no advantage except protection against a menace for which they are not responsible. The same principle holds true in respect to the spitting evil. Of course, it is prohibited, and effort is made to prevent it, but practically it is ignored. Some of the natives (Mexicans and Indians), so I learn, have lately become tuberculous, infected, doubtless, from dust or from clothing sent them to be washed. The disease was not known among the native stock ten years ago.

There is very little social or other diversion offered the invalid. Of course, there is an occasional theater; but late hours are not always best for him. There are clubs and dances, which, in most cases, because they exhaust vitality, should be avoided. The saloons and gambling-houses are open day and night, and it is an unhappy fact that many of their habitués are from the ranks of the health-seekers, who find in such pleasures the surest way to make the

time pass quickly. But the excitement from drink and gambling does not aid the speedy cure by climate.

If the health-seeker comes in the first stage, he may not wish or need to earn a living, in which case life is simple enough and can be reasonably well enjoyed; or he may have to seek employment. In the latter case he will find the conditions often unfavorable. It must be remembered that in one sense this is no longer a new country. To be sure, there are vast tracts of land as yet unoccupied, but they are not available for small farms or gardens until the irrigation plans, now under consideration, are further advanced. Although there is great railroad expansion and commercial activity, the minor positions of life are well filled. A day laborer can not always secure work at once; the small trades and occupations are well filled by relatively healthy immigrants. The country wants capital, not laborers.

Not many of the health-seekers, however, come with money. Most of them—those who are not too weak—hope to eke out the fund of cash by work of some kind. One with a profession may secure clients, but he will find competition as keen here as elsewhere. Those in occupations higher than the skilled mechanic often suffer cruelly from disappointment. Take for example the position as teacher in the public schools. Many a young woman has been sent here by her family physician, hoping to secure a position for the winter months, but she finds that the boards of health require a rigid physical examination, in which the least trace of tubercular infection is an absolute bar to appointment. Other positions are under the same restrictions. It is not all sunshine in the great Southwest!

It can not be too frequently repeated that the advice to live on a ranch is in the majority of cases the rankest nonsense. In the first place, there are very few ranches on which work can possibly be secured. Part of the Southwest is cattle country, employing relatively few hands;

a great part is unsettled, but in the watered regions, or those contiguous to the irrigation plants, there will be in the near future large fruit-bearing areas, in which labor will be in demand. Yet, looked at in the most hopeful way, country life here is hard, lonely, unstimulating, and many a man has ridden back to the towns, preferring to die quickly while he can enjoy the remaining hours rather than to add to the number of his days in solitude.

But I have torn down enough. I wish now to show how cures have been effected, what are the best present means to health, and what improvements may yet be introduced to accomplish still better results.

The cities are alive, ambitious, western. Many of the inhabitants came here years ago and developed the country.

"But all these active business men here," I asked, "are seemingly in robust health. What brought them down?" "Oh, they had a touch of consumption. Nearly eighty per cent. of our best citizens came here because they could not live up North or East, but they came early—they weren't lungers. Look at them now! It's a glorious climate, I tell you, but it's got to be treated right. About ninety per cent. come too late nowadays. They're sick. We wish they wouldn't come; the country's getting tired of them. I believe that half these bad ones could be cured if they would come early enough. What we want are active, able-bodied men, with money. There aren't any jobs left. Have you seen the government hospitals?"

I had not, so I investigated what the United States is doing. At Fort Stanton, north of El Paso, in New Mexico, at an altitude of 6,150 feet, is maintained a national sanatorium for the tuberculous sick in the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service. At Fort Bayard, near Silver City, there is a similar hospital for soldiers from the army. Here everything is done that modern science can suggest for the relief and cure of consumption, but even here the cry is that ninety per cent. come too late.

Statistics indicate something, but it is impossible outside these hospitals to obtain them in such accurate form that they show the results of treatment by climate alone. At Fort Stanton and Fort Bayard, however, records are accurately kept and are trustworthy.

Roughly speaking, of those coming in the first stage, about eighty per cent. recover or are so improved that they can take up active labor. In the second and third-stage cases only five and six-tenths per cent. recover; fifty-four per cent. are discharged improved, while thirty-three per cent. die.

Not all of these registered as improved maintain their standing. Some drift homeward, others overwork or fall into bad habits, not a few report later to the pension officers and are found, after careful examination, to be still infected.

Yet in these two sanatoria every device for the treatment of tuberculosis is secured and carefully applied. Antisepsis to prevent infection and reinfection is demanded. Food and exercise is judiciously estimated. Pure fresh air is continuously supplied to the patients, and there is constant and intelligent medical attendance and supervision. If preferred, and those in charge think best, tent life is allowed, but tent life here carries no hardship with it and is really a pleasure.

"Can I enter the sanatorium?" I asked.

"No," was the answer. "Only government employes are admitted. But the Fraternal Sanatorium at Las Vegas may soon be in operation, with hundreds of beds. It is to be conducted on the government plan, but for the benefit of all Masonic and kindred organizations. Have you tried life in a tent city?"

Scattered on many an unshaded hillside throughout the country are collections of tents built for the purpose of housing consumptives, both summer and winter; or lying up a canyon may be seen one or more tents of simpler construction, the private home of some person who, alone or with his family, has adopted the out-

of-door existence. There is no doubt about the healthfulness of this life, or about the good it is accomplishing. The expense in a "tent city" is about ten dollars a week. There is absolutely pure air, and a community of interest which encourages and demands disinfection, antiseptics, simple food and moderate activities. But here the advantages cease. The daily routine is dreary; there is little or nothing to do or to amuse. But the great lack is control, and control is the key to the whole problem. There is no medical supervision at all, unless the individual wishes to employ a physician from some neighborhood town. But this costs money! There is no control of the patient's habits. No release from responsibility to one's self, from the haphazard guidance of one's whims, no way to cast the burden of "what shall I do" upon stronger and more experienced shoulders. I may dance till midnight even if I cough till daybreak; no one has authority to say me nay.

Even this unsystematized, uncontrolled refuge is better than the town boarding-house. The proportion of improvements and recoveries is higher, and would be higher still were it not that many tent residents, lacking diversion, become gloomy and depressed, and so move on before any permanent improvement is effected.

If you go to the great Southwest, go early, go in time; and when once there, put yourself absolutely under the direction and control of a local physician. There is not a city in this whole area in which there is not one or more skilful, trained physicians, many of them of long residence. They know the climate thoroughly, they understand tuberculosis from the climatic as well as from the diagnostic side. There is not one of them that has not had all kinds of experience with all kinds of tuberculous patients—such that he can put to the blush with his knowledge the hospital or text-book knowledge of the schools North and East. He has practical ideas of treatment; he appreciates the relation of the climate of the great South-

west to tuberculosis, and he knows what constitutes a cure. His control will be your salvation.

In all of the cities there are general hospitals for medical and surgical cases, all of which accept tuberculous patients, but special quarters or wards for this class are not the rule. Moreover, the consumptive, unless he be in the last stages, does not need a hospital; he needs a home.

This home he can not find in the great Southwest. There are, to be sure, a few sanatoria conducted by Roman Catholic sisters, where all the comforts are obtainable, where delicacy of food, attention and service is within the reach of any one who is willing to pay the moderate charge of fifteen dollars a week. These offer at the present day the best refuge for the invalid who desires to escape the dreary dullness of the hotel, the boarding-house or the camp. But they are not controlled by, nor are the guests under the influence of, the scientific physician. A guest who wishes a physician must personally obtain and pay for his services.

What the Southwest needs in every locality suitable for the climatic cure of tuberculosis is a modern sanatorium, built, equipped, maintained and controlled on the model of many already in full activity in Europe and the Northeast.

In imagination I can see such a sanatorium now, lying on the edge of the town, close to the hills, with a broad view in every direction. Artistic in its construction, simple in pattern, preserving the essentials of a hospital, yet concealing its purpose by taste and care. The attendants, gentle women, not necessarily trained nurses with stiff cap and gown, talking too much the shop of the ward. A corps of resident physicians in control, regular in their attendance, systematic in their work, and of course thoroughly scientific, having at their disposal the equipment for laboratory and hygienic examinations. Their services not only part of the plan, but an integral part of the sum charged for residence. They supervise

the daily life of the patient, relieving him from responsibility and care, saying when he shall walk or be still, ride or drive, exercise or rest. There are many diversions and amusements, so that the patient is kept cheerful without effort; while the patient, on his part, co-operates with the plan and yields himself to the spirit of the institution.

This is not a dream. It is common sense. It is already in practice in Europe, in the East and North. But not for the public in the Southwest, where the climate will win half the battle. Such a resort may be founded by philanthropy, but it can be made commercially profitable. Stockholders can depend upon their per cent. if it is conducted in a business way. Hither can come all classes, and they will come if the opportunity is offered, not only the rich, who can command almost anything by money, but the poor also, whose modest demands should be satisfied. The government provides such an institution for its servants, and private enterprise should

provide for the general public. As a mere matter of investment, money can not be put to better use than in helping climate to relieve and cure tuberculosis.

The problem of consumption in its relation to climate may be epitomized thus:

Tuberculosis is accountable for one death out of every eight.

Seventy per cent. of these could be saved if taken in time.

In the government hospitals, where the patients are under control, seventy to eighty per cent. of first-stage cases improve or recover, and fifty-five per cent. of cases in all stages improve or recover.

Outside of these hospitals ninety per cent. come to the Southwest too late, and sixty per cent. of these die.

The last word is a plea for greater care and closer study on the part of the northern and eastern physician; for better sanitary regulations and habitations in the Southwest; and, finally, for experienced control of the patient when once he has sought the aid of climate.



MRS. LOUGHEED'S CALL

By Helen A. Saxon

I HAD the honor of a call from Mrs. Lougheed last week. Socially she is one of our representative ladies, and her claims to distinction are varied and unimpeachable. Her uncle is a Bishop, and her calling list most exclusive. She has an accent that never forsakes her, and a manner that can convey the finest gradations of feeling, from a chilly so-far-and-no-fartherness to a restrained warmth calculated to put the flattered recipient into excellent humor with himself. She has the highest art of dressing, too—so unostentatiously that you know at once she must be somebody. Her husband pursues the narrow way of the Art Critic, and, feeling the sacredness of his calling, keeps himself for the most part unspotted from the throng. His English is faultless and he rarely permits himself a smile. You feel the seriousness of life in his presence more than in your clergyman's, particularly of cultured life, and you go home with fresh resolve. It is really quite an esthetic treat to see him on the platform, his voice and gestures and bearing are so full of conscious grace and artistically modulated ardor. It seems almost a pity that nature has denied him a train; he would have managed it so beautifully and found it such support. Some people think his talents wasted in our small city, and I shouldn't wonder if he rather agreed with them. He is the product of an older, more homogeneous society, accidentally lodged in our heterogeneous one—at least I fancy that is the way he feels about it; certainly it is the way he *looks* about it. His mother, when she came to this country, failing to transplant the many-generational traditions she brought with her, to a soil ready for quicker growths, made him her involuntary protest. She grounded

him thoroughly in esthetics and art; in the sacred character of family inheritance, and the duties and responsibilities it involves, chief of which is to come out and be separate. I often think what a comfort he must be to her now—so polished, so poised, so refined! But indeed, how could a man be less than perfect under the inspiration of an adoring mother and wife?—for Mrs. Lougheed, the younger, is eminently fitted in her own right for the high position it has pleased Heaven to bestow upon her—besides the Bishop.

So when she came to see me I naturally felt it to be considerable of an occasion, and one of much educational value. Unfortunately, I hadn't been expecting any one (although it was my "day") because a good-sized blizzard was in course of progression outside; and feeling secure in its protection, I hadn't given those intangible finishing touches to the appointments of the drawing-room and my own toilet which are necessary to make our social calling and election sure. Moreover, the bones of Sunday's turkey were "on" in the course of transition into soup, and Nora had naturally left the kitchen door open so that the odors—in which onion predominated—ascended the back stairs, and were being gently wafted down the front ones and into the parlor when I went in to greet my highly specialized guest. I airily ignored this, of course, as well as the absence of tea, and searched my mind for something that would stand me in good stead, and be appropriate to the occasion.

As luck would have it we fell upon woman's sphere. I don't know why it is I always have such a guilty feeling when this topic is introduced. My private life is blameless so far as I know. I invariably and conscientiously do my mending on

Saturdays, and encase the family furs and other destructibles in bags—*labeled* bags—before our departure in the spring. I explore the cellar periodically, and I don't know a thing about politics or the new Hudson Bay dispute. I never read a new book, though I do talk about them sometimes, of course. Yet, when Mrs. Lougheed fixed me with her gentle but observing eye and said with just the least bit of a question mark, "Home, of course, is the only proper place for women," I distinctly quailed. I knew what was expected of me. Casting about for some way of deliverance, my eye fell upon my palms, and I suddenly realized to my further confusion, that I hadn't washed them since last sweeping day—a thing I *never* forget to do! Still further humbled, I selected my dullest weapon, since weapon of some kind I saw to be inevitable, and said as sweetly as I could:

"But there are so many women, unfortunately, whose lines haven't fallen to them in the pleasant places yours and mine have—who never knew the happiness of being in their *own* homes."

"Ah, yes, poor things!" said Mrs. Lougheed quite affably. "But it is a pity when a woman thinks herself called upon to take up anything to do—any real work, you know, outside the home—she always loses something of her femininity; don't you think?"

"I suppose so," I faltered miserably. I knew I was expected to have "views," and to support them. Not to do so would be to make myself fatally uninteresting; to do so, would be ruinous to my chances for a place in Mrs. Lougheed's esteem. Of course, I could recant on the spot and be converted to her opinion, but I had conscientious scruples against attempting this, because I really had nothing to recant. But something had to be said, so I plunged desperately in.

"One doesn't like to think that our femininity is of so superficial a quality that it can be rubbed off merely by ac-

quaintance with the world. Surely those who lose it so easily must have lacked the genuine sort to begin with."

I knew this wasn't right, and my opinion was supported by a sort of perplexed coldness beginning to dawn on Mrs. Lougheed's expressive countenance, so I began again, lowering my voice to a more confidential key.

"I have sometimes wondered what a woman should do who found herself possessed of some power or capacity really valuable to the world—some great artistic gift or intellectual insight; for nature is unfortunately so impartial, you know; she is just as apt to bestow her gifts upon a woman as upon a man. If there were no home ties to settle the question in such a case there would still be the injurious effect of the example upon other women, wouldn't there? Rosa Bonheur, for instance, and Florence Nightingale, and—and Madame Curie."

Of course, I knew this was all wrong, too, but I saw with relief that Mrs. Lougheed only looked a little vague.

"Oh, I suppose there are exceptions," she said dubiously. "When a thing is suitable it is different. There are the refined arts—music and literature—that women can pursue if they have leisure."

"But even then!" I exclaimed with a secret joy. "How often even in these arts must we deplore the loss of that delicacy which is woman's chief charm—Carena, for example, and Nordica, who has just been divorced, you know, and what a disastrous effect the pursuit of literature had upon the character of poor George Eliot."

Mrs. Lougheed looked vaguer still, and began feeling around in her mind for the thread of the argument which had somehow slipped out of her grasp. Failing to recover it, she ignored the point at issue, and—true to type—brought forth another, detached, but which had evidently done much faithful service aforetime.

"Besides it is such a mistake from an economic standpoint for women to com-

pete with men as wage-earners. It is only taking the bread out of the mouths of other women and little children."

"But I suppose those who don't see it as we do, dear Mrs. Lougheed," I said, with a delicious little emphasis on the "we", "and especially those who fail to look at it in a large, impersonal way, might say that the first duty of these women was to fill their own mouths. Many of them may not only have no one to earn for them, but have others depending on what they can earn."

"The men would have higher wages then, and there would be no need of women going out," continued Mrs. Lougheed, who liked to feel the whole weight of the argument under her feet.

"Yes, if only it would be equally distributed," I said. "If we could only persuade the men who earn to share with those who don't, how it would simplify things; and if only we could persuade the manufacturers not to employ women at all! They are really to blame, you know, too, and they keep advertising for more all the time. Don't you think we could get the National Council to take it up?"

Mrs. Lougheed began fastening up her furs. I rose with her, still preserving my deferential attitude.

"The home is woman's natural and divinely-appointed sphere," she said, con-

clusively, and with a shade of injury in her tone, which I thought unjustifiable, considering that we were on the same side of the argument. "There are women who work just because they like to and want to. They don't know how unattractive they make themselves or they would not do it. Men do not like the kind of women who ignore the home."

"They may not have been so happy in it as you and I, and so we can well afford to spare a little pity for them," I said again, in my winningest way.

"Ah, yes, poor things!" replied Mrs. Lougheed, giving me the parting hand.

I washed the palms after she had gone, and reflected. I felt in very good spirits. Of course, I knew it was really Mr. Lougheed I had been arguing with, and I felt avenged for more than one bad quarter of an hour he had given me, when he had called for, and I had unwittingly responded with, my utmost vacuity of mind. I used to wonder why I was so preternaturally idealess with him, but I saw now that I had been simply conforming to his standard of the feminine mind. But at last I was avenged. The attenuated spectacle that some men present when seen through their wives' mental atmosphere is ample compensation for all the bad quarters of an hour they themselves are able to inflict.





AUTHOR OF "SUSAN CLEGG AND HER FRIEND MRS. LATHROP,"
"THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY," ETC.

PART II.

It was some days later—a summer afternoon. The setting sun was brightening the western sky, and Susan, with her bonnet on and her sun-shade leaning beside her, sat on Mrs. Lathrop's porch and discoursed in a fashion that partook alternately of the lively and of the dejected. Mrs. Lathrop rocked calmly and listened yet more so.

"Things is goin' worse and worse," said the caller, "I've had to bring myself down to doin' my own weedin', so as to save that ten cents a week I give Augustus, and Lord knows I'd gladly put up anything for anybody, but everybody in this town puts up themselves. I don't know how I will get along if suthin' don't turn up, and I can't see what can turn up with every one head over ears deep in the weddin's and young Doctor Brown settin' the whole town mad over the crick. That's a very strange thing about the crick, Mrs. Lathrop, and it seems to be pretty generally admitted now that inside or out the crick's good for most anything in anybody, but this new idea as it's a sure cure for asthma is just doin' folks up alive. Young Doctor Brown says he's been investigatin' under his own microscope, and he says there ain't a doubt but the crick polliwogs can eat up the asthma polliwogs as fast as you can shake 'em together in a bottle. He's goin' to Meadville and shake 'em up for old Doctor Carter, and then he's goin' to send to the city

for a pint of typhoid fever and a half-pint of diphtheria and let 'em loose on that. Mr. Kimball asked him if he was positive which side was doin' the swallowin' and if he had the crick ones wear a band on their left arms when they went into battle, but young Doctor Brown explained as there couldn't be no mistake, for asthma has got four claws in its tail and the crick has horns all over. Mrs. Macy says, under them circumstances she shall make her tea with boiled rain-water hereafter, and she says she ain't sure as she's got faith enough left in the crick to even scrub with it."

"If I"—said Mrs. Lathrop.

"Gran'ma Mullins is a good deal upset," said Susan, "she don't like the notion of young Doctor Brown's bringin' so much typhoid and diphtheria into town just as Hiram's goin' to get married. She says she's got enough to worry over about Hiram without that. She says she's feelin' worse over him every day. She can't talk about it without chokin'. She says she's got his rattle and his first sock pinned up by the clock, so every time she looks up at the time she can see 'em an' cry again. She says it ain't in reason as Lucy'll ever understand Hiram. She says Hiram's a very singular disposition, but if you always ask him to do what you don't want done and to never do what's got to be done right off he's one of the handiest men around the house as she

ever see. She says he eats a lot of sugar and you mustn't notice it, 'cause he always says he never does, and he most never goes to church, but you mustn't tell him so, 'cause he says he goes regular, and she says as he likes to keep molasses candy in his pockets and under his pillow, and heaven knows, likin' molasses candy ain't

no crime, and yet she's almost sure Lucy's goin' to make his life miserable over it. She says her cup was full enough without no pint of diphtheria added, and I d'n know as I ever see any one more downhearted. Mrs. Macy and me stayed and shook our heads with her for a while an' then we went on to Mrs. Allen's to look at Polly's weddin' things. Every one in town is goin' to look at Polly's weddin' things, an' you'd really suppose as the deacon was any one in the world but the deacon to see how

they've fixed Polly up to marry him. Four of everythin' and six o' some. Only not a apron in the whole,—the deacon wouldn't have it. He said right out as he wa'n't marryin' Polly to work her to skin and bone, and he knows how he wants his house kept an' his cookin' done, so he'll just keep on keepin' and cookin' as usual. He's fixed up a good deal; the canary bird's got a brass hook after all these years o' wooden-peggin', and he's bought one o' them new style

door-mats made out o' wire with 'Welcome P. W.' let into it in green marbles. 'P. W.' stands for 'Polly White,' and Mr. Kimball told Mrs. Macy they had a awful time over sticking the marbles in and a awful time getting the letters to suit. The deacon was for 'P. W.' all along and Polly was for the deacon, but Mrs. Allen

was for Polly's name, because Polly ain't married yet and they got P. A. stuck in afore any one knowed how it'd look, and then they tried to patch it up with a 'W' added and that looked like it was a new way to say to be sure and wipe your feet. Mr. Kimball told Mrs. Macy he nigh to died laughing, and he didn't mind how he broke his nails pickin' marbles in and out when he could have so much fun. So they settled for 'P.W.,' and Mrs. Macy's more than a little bitter over it all, for she says

the deacon'll soon come to his senses and then it'll be too late to get that 'P. W.' off of his door-mat again. But the deacon ain't carin'. He's friskin' around like a colt, an' they say he's got two new suits of clothes and a new hat for the goin' away. He was always that way though—I recollect Mr. Kimball's sayin' when Mrs. White died that the deacon had been dyein' his hair and bein' patient for over fifteen years.



"THE CRICK POLLIWOGS CAN EAT UP THE ASTHMA POLLIWOGS
AS FAST AS YOU CAN SHAKE 'EM TOGETHER IN A BOTTLE"

"Well—about them weddin' things of Polly's!—Mrs. Allen took me upstairs and I saw 'em all. The weddin' veil is looped along the lambrquin with a glove pinned to each curtain, the dress hangs on a frame between against the window shade, and the under things is folded on a table at one side with the stockin's tied together in a true-lovers' knot. I must say they've done it all real tasty, with the deacon's picture in the middle leanin' up against her shoes. It's a open question about the shoes still, 'cause if Polly wears any shoes *a-tall* it only makes her that much more higher than the deacon, but Mrs. Allen says, seein' as it's as it is, she hopes Polly'll only think o' how the higher her heels is the more room it'll give her train to spread. It's a very handsome train and they've measured so's it'll make the next set o' parlor curtains at the Whites'.

"I declare, Mrs. Lathrop, I can't tell you how all these weddin's and talkin's do blue me up. To see every one spendin' money an' me without any even to save. Mr. Dill asked me yesterday if I didn't want to take Gran'ma Mullins to board for the honeymoon, an' I suppose I could maybe do it, but oh my! I can't say as I take to that idea much. I'm fond o' Gran'ma Mullins, but these days Hiram is nothin' but a bottomless pit when she gets at him, and a honeymoon is a long time to hear one person talk about one person. I can't say as I ever had anythin' again Hiram except that time 't he didn't catch Jathrop to lynch him, but all the same I ain't over fond o' any one as goes around with their mouth half-open the year through. Mr. Kimball said once as Hiram Mullins was the best design for a penny bank as he ever saw, an' Polly Allen says she's more'n sorry for Lucy, 'cause no matter how hard Lucy was to try, Polly says it stands to reason as she couldn't get more'n half a kiss at once. Mrs. Allen giggled, and we all did, too, because the deacon carries his mouth

so tight-shut that it's a question if Polly ever gets a kiss *a-tall*.

"Mrs. Brown says Doctor Brown is gettin' surer an' surer about the crick. He's been paintin' the cat with asthma and then washin' him in crick water, an' Mrs. Brown says he wa'n't dead up to the time he run away anyhow."

"That big—" queried Mrs. Lathrop.

"Yes, with the yellow eyes. He's been gone a week, but they don't care. Mrs. Brown says that cat was so everlastin'ly around that he made her feel like she was married again, and she was glad to have him light out. She says he was so like a man it was awful,—wantin' to sit by the fire an' think till you was dyin' to empty the tea-kettle over his head, and forever placidly yawnin' when you was turned a hundred ends at once. Mrs. Brown says Amelia's goin' to give a wash-cloth shower for Polly and Lucy day after tomorrow. She says young Doctor Brown says if he comes out on top about that crick-cure for asthma Amelia can do anything she pleases. He says this town'll be a real cure then, and we'll see no end of money flow into us,—she says he says we can all take boarders at fancy prices and serve 'em to the crick at a penny a glass. I don't know but what I might take a few quiet boarders myself that way. They'd be quiet because they couldn't be lively and the asthma'd choke 'em to where they couldn't eat much."

"I—" said Mrs. Lathrop.

"I could have 'Liza Em'ly to help me, I presume. I could advertise and when they answered I could go in town and look at them and take my pick. I'd want to be sure as they were quiet, and I'd want to be sure as they were sick—I wouldn't take no chances at havin' one o' these merry-go-round summer families land on me, I know. Like as not there'd be a boy, and you know yourself, Mrs. Lathrop, that while a boy may perhaps accidentally happen to be a comfort he's very much more likely just to be a boy."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lathrop—"I—"

"Yes, o' course," said Susan, "and look where he come out! If Jathrop had been a girl how different everything would have been for him—not to speak o' the rest of us. You can't deny that, Mrs. Lathrop, an' you can't deny either as Jathrop would have been better off himself if he'd been any other thing as God ever made."

"He—" said the mother.

"You thought so," said Susan, "but nobody else ever did. Mothers is always mothers and the best will in the world don't seem able to help 'em out o' the scrape. There's Gran'ma Mullins just cryin' her eyes out these days over Hiram, and you'd think Lucy was a sea-serpent and Hiram was chained to a rock to hear her go on. She says she's raised Hiram so careful to be a comfort to her all these years and she says he promised her when he was only two and a half years old that he'd never smoke nor drink nor get married. She says she's trusted him all his

life an' this is the first time as he ever broke his word to her. She says all his little ways is just so sweet, but she feels sure Lucy won't never let him dip his bread in the platter-gravy and Hiram's so awful fond of platter-gravy. She says he likes to have the potato-smasher and pound the meat to make more juice come

out, and she says it's been nothin' but a joy to her always to let him, 'cause his father died when he wa'n't but eleven months old. But she says she just knows Lucy'll be death on Hiram's potato-smasher, and she says she most feels as if Lucy was goin' to be death on Hiram, too.

She says she can't look at Hiram these days without chokin' over thinkin' how Lucy's goin' to look at him inside o' three months. She says Hiram's a very tender nature. He can't be hurried awake mornin's, and if he wakes up in the night he has to have gingerbread and whistle till he drops off to sleep again. She says no one as really loved Hiram would mind such little trifles as that, but she says she has her doubts as to Lucy's really lovin' Hiram, and even if she does really love him now, she says it ain't no reason as she'll keep on lovin' him long. She says time alone'll tell what the end'll be, and she only hopes and prays that whatever Lucy does or doesn't do, that she'll never forget as she was well

and richly warned beforehand, for she says she went herself in streamin' tears and begged her not to marry Hiram, an' she's kept straight on till now she's almost done it."

Susan ceased speaking and took up her parasol.

"Are—" remonstrated Mrs. Lathrop.



"MR. KIMBALL SAID HIRAM MULLINS WAS THE
BEST DESIGN FOR A PENNY BANK
HE EVER SAW"

"I must," said her neighbor, "I'm hungry and I want time to beat up some soda-biscuit. It's no use you're askin' me to stay to supper because my heart is set on soda-biscuit and I like my own better than any one could ever like yours. I don't say that unkindly, Mrs. Lathrop, for I ain't got a unkind thing about me, and I couldn't lay anything up against you even if I wanted to. Even when I get all at outs with you over your rockin' I never lay it up against you—we've been friends too many years. If you can be happy rockin' through life till some fine day you rock over backward into your coffin, all I can say is that it won't be my funeral, an' bein' as it will be yours, I shall be too busy that day to fuss over ifs and ands. I'm keepin' the board and saw-horses as father had for you, and the black bow from his door-bell, too, and after you're done with them I'm intendin' to give them to the first needy and deservin' person as comes along in need of 'em."

Susan started down the steps.

"But—" protested Mrs. Lathrop.

"Probably not," said her friend, "but you never can tell. Anyhow I'm goin' now. You don't appear to consider how valuable my time is, Mrs. Lathrop, but that's another thing as I don't lay up against you."

* * * * *

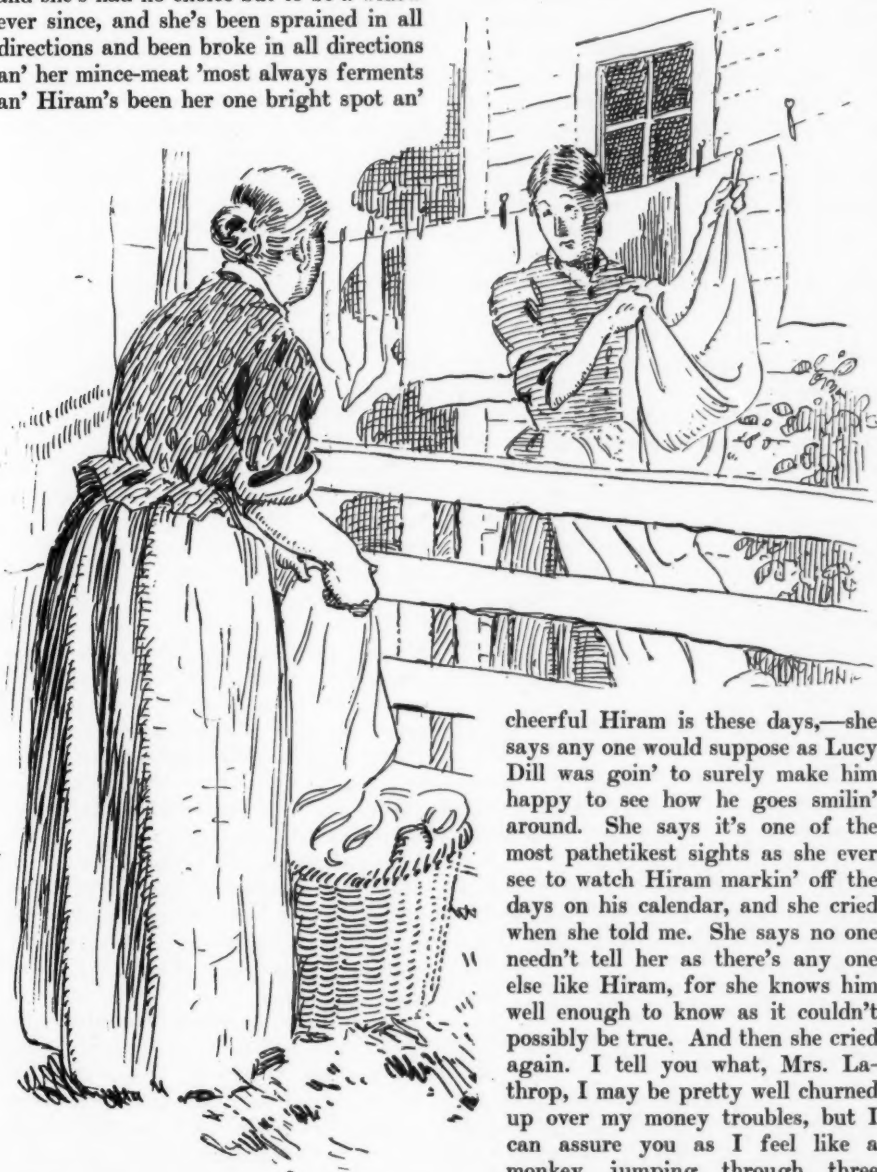
For the next week Miss Clegg's financial difficulties rubbed on in much the same way. So did the wedding preparations of Polly Allen and Lucy Dill. Debts and dates are two things which are famous for movement, and in between her periods of repose in her own house and of activity about town Susan seized every chance possible to impart the impending state of every one's affairs to her neighbor.

"The blacksmith was up again last night," she said one sunny morning, when the need of hanging out her wash had brought her and Mrs. Lathrop within

conversational distance, "he wants to have his rent a little lowered so as he can bric-a-brac the side of the crick himself. He says there's stones enough to do it, only he must hire a man to help him. I told him I'd consider it, and goin' out in the dark he fell over the scraper. I declare I got a damage-suit chill right down my spine and I run out with a candle, and, thank heaven, he hadn't broke nothin' but the scraper. I've been wonderin' if it would pay to sue him for that, but I don't believe I will, because folks has been fallin' over it ever since father nailed it to the front o' the step so's to let his pet weasel go back 'n' forth at the side. The weasel's been dead for ages, but the scraper's never changed. I wish I could remember that weasel. Father loved him and mother hated him,—she said she was always findin' him asleep in her shoes and sleeves. I was speakin' about it to Gran'ma Mullins to-day an' she said she remembered comin' to tea at mother's once and their findin' the weasel in the tea-pot. I guess that's the first time Gran'ma Mullins has spoken of any livin' soul but Hiram in six months. She's feelin' worse than ever over Lucy's decidin' to be married at home on account o' the blue bengaline. She says that's a extra turn o' the ice-cream-freezer handle as she never counted on havin' to submit to. She says she naturally supposed if Hiram got married as she'd sit in the front pew for once in her life an' see the bride's dress good an' hear the answers plain, an' now instid her only child as she's loved like a mother ever since he was born, is goin' to be married in a parlor as private as if he was bein' buried from the smallpox! She says, oh dear, oh dear, seems like she never will be able to live down that mirror as she smashed with her head the first time she saw what she looked like. She says she wa'n't more'n nine months old an' yet that mirror has tagged her right through life ever since. She says she missed all her school exam-

inations and didn't get the deacon and did get her husband, an' as if that wa'n't enough she must needs lose her husband, and she's had no choice but to be a widow ever since, and she's been sprained in all directions and been broke in all directions an' her mince-meat 'most always ferments an' Hiram's been her one bright spot an'

now he's got to get married in a parlor. She says the worst is as it would draw bread right out of a stone to see how



"THE BLACKSMITH WAS UP AGAIN LAST NIGHT"

cheerful Hiram is these days,—she says any one would suppose as Lucy Dill was goin' to surely make him happy to see how he goes smilin' around. She says it's one of the most pathetikest sights as she ever see to watch Hiram markin' off the days on his calendar, and she cried when she told me. She says no one needn't tell her as there's any one else like Hiram, for she knows him well enough to know as it couldn't possibly be true. And then she cried again. I tell you what, Mrs. Lathrop, I may be pretty well churned up over my money troubles, but I can assure you as I feel like a monkey jumping through three rings at once beside Gran'ma Mul-

lins. Mrs. Macy says that when Hiram goes to see Lucy you can hear her sobbin' way to the crick,—Mrs. Macy says the first night she thought it was Mr. Jilkins comin' into town with a hot wheel. I wouldn't be surprised myself to see Gran'-ma Mullins drop dead when she hears Lucy get Hiram for better for worse. It's awful to see a mother suffer so. I don't see how Hiram stands it. If I was him an' she had a stroke at my wedding I should call it a stroke o' luck an' nothin' else. Not that I don't feel kindly disposed towards Gran'-ma Mullins, but I'm pretty tired hearin' her tale o' woe. Other folks' troubles is generally more interestin' to other folks than they are to me, and besides, if it really comes to talkin' of troubles, nobody ain't got no more to talk about than I have myself. This money question is nippin' me sharper in the calves every day, and when Mrs. Macy told me yesterday as her steps was givin' out I felt like sittin' down on 'em when they done it. Lord knows, I'd never be one to wave my flag from no post-hole in the thick of no flight, and you know yourself, Mrs. Lathrop, that as a general thing I keep a stiff upper-cut through black and blue, but still if Mrs. Macy's steps really do break down I feel like I shall have no choice but to Jack-and-Jill it after 'em."

"Maybe—" suggested Mrs. Lathrop hopefully.

"Well, I ain't a expectin' it anyhow. I'm expectin' ruin, and I can hear it howlin' and nosin' around my house all night long. Something was swimmin' in the cistern last night, too,—if it made the other side safe I'm all right, but if it drowned there'll be another bill. It ain't no use your tryin' to cheer me up, Mrs. Lathrop, because I ain't to be cheered. I know I'm goin' to the poorhouse, an' I don't thank you nor no other man for tellin' me to my face as what I know ain't so. Gran'-ma Mullins an' me is two very sad hearts these days, an' Heaven help us

both. To hear her talk you'd think the Siamese twins was the sun and moon apart compared to her and Hiram, an' now she's got to give him up to Lucy Dill. She says Lucy ain't old enough to appreciate Hiram; she says Lucy'll expect Hiram to be pleased, an' Hiram ain't never pleased; she says when Hiram keeps still an' don't say nothin' he's pleased, an' when he goes to bed and to sleep right off he's real pleased. She says Lucy won't understand, and then there'll be trouble. She says trouble is a awful thing to have, an' she knows all about it 'cause she had it with her husband. She says the only good o' havin' trouble with your husband is the comfort you get out o' talkin' about it, an' that when she thinks as Lucy 'll get her comfort out o' talkin' about Hiram she pretty nearly gets up and goes right out of her mind."

Susan stopped suddenly; she had been standing with her basket in her hand, in the attitude of one arrested for a moment's inquiry, throughout this conversation.

"Did you—" said Mrs. Lathrop.

"Yes, I did. It wasn't no great joy, pinched as I am, but I believe in doin' what you can for people gettin' married—God help 'em—and I give 'em each something. I give Lucy a very good pair of scissors as mother had, as always grabs me in the joint so I can't use 'em, and I give Polly our best carvin' knife. They was both sharp things, so they each had to give me a cent to hold on to friendship. I know two cents ain't much, but it's better 'n nothin', an' I may tell you in confidence, Mrs. Lathrop, as all my presents 'll be sharp right along from now on."

Mrs. Lathrop raised her eyebrows to testify to the acute perception which had grasped her friend's point at once.

"Are you—" she asked presently.

"Goin' to the weddin's?—oh, yes. It may make me a little blue to look at Lucy, but it couldn't but cheer anybody to com-

pare themselves with Gran'ma Mullins. She says it's goin' to half murder her, an' she's made Hiram promise as he'll give her his first husband's kiss. Lucy's got

he ain't lived through these last weeks o' half stranglin' without knowin' what he's talkin' about all right, but Lucy's dead set on the procession. They're goin' to



IT WOULD DRAW BREAD RIGHT OUT OF A STONE TO SEE HOW CHEERFUL HIRAM IS

the idea as she'll have a weddin' procession o' Mr. Dill an' her, an' Hiram an' his mother, down the stairs an' in through the back parlor. Hiram don't want it, 'cause he is afraid his mother won't let go of him when the time comes. Hiram says

try an' keep Polly an' the deacon a little back an' out o' sight, 'cause there's a many as thinks as half o' Gran'ma Mullins's tears is for the deacon, only she can't say so. Mrs. Allen says every one is talkin' that idea, an' Mrs. Sperrit says

she hopes to heaven as it ain't so, for how the deacon is to be kept a little back God only knows, for he's so happy these days that he's more than ever everlastin'ly on tap. Mrs. Sperrit's been very kind; she's goin' to take Gran'ma Mullins to the Dills', an' she says she'll take her home afterwards. Gran'ma Mullins is goin' to carry ammonia an' camphor, an' be sure an' have the corks out of 'em both."

"I wish—" said Mrs. Lathrop.

"Yes, I do, too," said her friend heartily, "but I'll come an' tell you about them both right afterwards. I d'n know as I was ever more curious in my life than I am about how Lucy is going to claw Hiram free long enough to marry him. An' I'm interested in Polly's weddin', too. But there is no use deceivin' you as to one thing, Mrs. Lathrop, an' that is as what interests me the most of all, is what under the sun I'm goin' to do myself to get some money. I can't live on bread an'

water alone, an' even if I could, the flour 'll soon give out if I bread it along steady for very long. I've got to get some money somehow, an' I've about made up my mind as to what I'll have to do. It makes me sick to think of it, 'cause I hate him so, but I guess I'll have to come to it in the end. I'll go to the weddin's, an' then I'll brace up an' make the leap."

Mrs. Lathrop looked perturbed—even slightly anxious.

"I'm sorry not to be able to tell you all my plans," Miss Clegg continued, "but—"

She stopped suddenly—a train-whistle had sounded afar.

"My heavens alive! if that ain't today's ten-o'clock comin' from Meadville, an' me solemnly promised to be at Lucy's at half-past nine to help Mrs. Macy stone raisins! Well, Mrs. Lathrop, I wouldn't have believed it of you if I hadn't been a eye-witness!—"

(To be continued)

"AS OTHERS SEE US"

By S. E. Kiser

WE, rating others honestly, are prone
To wonder how they, in their littleness,
Can pride themselves on merits of their own
And be so blind to those that we possess.

We see wherein they lack: we measure all
The faults which they serenely think they hide;
We weigh their worth and see how far they fall
Below the things on which they stake their pride.

We wonder why they do not stop to show
Due deference to us who loom so high;
They pass us merely nodding as they go,
Or overlook us as they hurry by.

Perhaps when they consider you and me
They, too, discover blemishes that mar;
Perhaps it is our present selves they see,
Not what we might be—and suppose we are.

THE FATALISTIC NOVEL

A LITERARY CONVERSATION

By Edith Baker Brown

THE Critical Man threw down his book irately. "I don't want to read any more stories by lady novelists or optimistic clergymen!" he said.

"What's the matter?" asked the Clever Woman sympathetically, as she leaned forward to catch the title. "Why, I've heard all sorts of good things about that book. I've heard that it was strong and uplifting and realistic and ideal and about everything else! What's the matter with it?"

"This," said the Critical Man impressively. "It's unpsychological; and when a novel's unpsychological, it's false—morals and all. This story tells about a man that reformed. Well, I've no objection to that. I suppose men *do* reform occasionally, very occasionally, and that it's an encouraging spectacle. But there's one thing that men *don't* do, and that is become persons with exactly opposite psychological characteristics from those they started out with. Now here is a vain, weak, shallow, well-intentioned sort of fellow who commits a monstrous act of literary plagiarism and becomes a popular author on the strength of it. He is found out, boycotted, and very properly dismissed by the self-respecting young woman to whom he is engaged. Well, you can't help feeling sorry for the fellow, because, as I say, he was really well-intentioned, though vain and weak. I'm not quarreling with the author so far. But I *do* object when this fellow becomes immediately a straight-forward, dignified, self-effacing pattern of saint-hood so that the girl's dismissal of him looks like just so much priggishness. Why, just think of the effect of this book on sentimental young women! It will make

them all think they ought to marry drunkards to reform them, or something equally foolish, instead of keeping their heads cool and not letting their passions run away with them. Now if this author had told the truth about the unhappy young man he's taken for his hero, the young ladies would at least appreciate what they were about when they were marrying their drunkards. Don't you suppose that a man who could commit a literary forgery would have elements of weakness, vanity, self-deception in his character, that would go on betraying him in spite of himself—yes, even though he knew the good and was making some sort of fight to follow it? That is life; but this pleasant book is fiction."

"I suppose so," said the Clever Woman, a little sadly. "It seems as if we didn't believe in redemption and a man's power over himself as we used to believe in it."

"We look for some reward of our endeavors and are disappointed," quoted the Philosopher softly, removing his pipe. "Not success, not happiness, not even peace of conscience, crowns our ineffectual efforts to do well. Our frailties are invincible, our virtues barren, the battle goes sore against us to the going down of the sun.' That's our modern Calvinism. It is the sense of determinism in a man's character. Only not altogether a complete determinism," added the Philosopher. "You know that even Stevenson gives Markheim, who is condemned by nature to be a thief and a murderer, so much power over good and evil as the liberty to end his own life."

"That's all right," said the Critical Man. "In only contending that the sin-

cere psychologists, and especially the great modern psychologists, have had to face the fact that man's will is limited by a thousand circumstances of heredity and environment beyond his own control. And if he's saved, it isn't by becoming a different man from the man he was born to be."

"How is he saved then?" asked the Clever Woman.

"Stevenson would say by his self-abasement born of the knowledge that he can't do well," said the Critical Man solemnly.

"I remember another solution offered by a recent novel," remarked the Philosopher. "You've read 'Lord Jim,' Conrad's 'Lord Jim?' Well, that's a book by a man who's a psychologist first and a moralist secondly. Conrad is too curious an observer of the mind's phenomena to tell any lies for sentimental reasons. You see," said the Philosopher, addressing the Clever Woman, "that Lord Jim was an imaginative sort of fellow, a hero in his own dreams about himself; but a coward as the facts proved him. Well, he played the part of a hero in the end. How? By accepting the fact of his inherent cowardice? Not at all. By clinging to that dream about himself which the world knew to be false."

"That was faith," said the Clever Woman, "believing all things."

"Oh, I don't know," objected the Critical Man. "It's good psychology, all right. Lord Jim was an egotist and a self-deceiver. That was the character that damned him, and it was the same character that saved him, I suppose, if a man is ever saved by his pride. It's a trifle unscriptural, of course."

"A man can turn his character to better or worse account, and that's a sort of power over himself, and a sort of redemption," remarked the Philosopher.

"Granted," said the Critical Man.

"But how about Tolstoy's story of 'Master and Man?' " asked the Clever Woman. "Is that unpsychological? The Master was hard and proud and selfish,

and yet he was saved by his sympathy and tenderness and self-abnegation—"

"And he died, sheltering the peasant with his body, before the hour of exaltation was past," interrupted the Critical Man. "No, don't quote Tolstoy. There's no more modern, no more fatalistic book in all literature than 'Anna Karenina.' The fatalism is the eternal pity of it."

"You mean that the Master couldn't have continued unselfish?" asked the Clever Woman.

"I mean that what we do in the hour of exaltation and passion, we can't do when the passion has cooled (and passion is bound to be temporary and bound to cool)."

"Not always," put in the Philosopher. "Go to Tolstoy again. There's 'Resurrection.' It's not at all an impossible story of a redemption, and a permanent redemption, it seems to me. And it's psychological into the bargain. A man has been proud and selfish and conventional. All those things are natural; but it's natural to be sympathetic, too. And when a man has starved his sympathies too long, some sudden awakening of them may have the power of changing completely the direction of his character. That's what the old-fashioned salvation by grace was, I fancy. The man's imagination returns again and again to the state in which he found his happiness, until gradually he is born into a new set of desires. Getting religion is something like falling in love; and it's natural."

"Yes, it's love that changes," said the Clever Woman, her eyes growing a little moist. "I wonder if either of you have read that story by Miss Sinclair, 'The Divine Fire.' That seems to be a sort of story of regeneration from all I hear. In it a man does really become better; he develops through the best that is in him instead of the worst—just as in Tolstoy's story."

"I told you I was going to rule out the lady novelists," said the Critical Man,

playfully. "But now that you've introduced them again, what do you think of Lady Kitty Ashe? Mrs. Ward tries to talk Christianity and the saving power of love; but it strikes me that the book is a pretty fatalistic one, and that Kitty is all the truer to life on account of it. Kitty is a real woman. Lady Rose's daughter was—well, she was what Mrs. Ward chose to make her."

"However, Ashe was converted, if Kitty wasn't," put in the Philosopher.

"And that's where your Christianity and your power of redemption fall through!" exclaimed the Critical Man. "It can save one man, who has the possibilities of salvation in him, but another, it can't save. Oh, I know. Mrs. Ward might have you believe that if Ashe had been a little less of a man and a little more of an impossible saint or—well, say a prig!—Kitty might not have gone to the bad. But Kitty is too strong for Mrs. Ward. We all know that she went her predestined way, and, poor thing! she couldn't help it. That's the pity of it."

"And yet Kitty was saved by love! Somehow I felt that she was saved by love!" said the Clever Woman. "Yes, I know you'll say it's just like a woman to care for such sentimental stuff; but the ending of that book moved me. You think it was fatalistic; but faith was implied in it to me. Perhaps because faith is always implied in forgiveness."

"You quoted Stevenson not long ago," said the Philosopher, turning to the Critical Man, "saying that we are saved by our humility in accepting the fact that we can't do good. Why don't you change the formula a bit? Perhaps it would be fairer to Stevenson. Say that we are saved both by the knowledge of our own necessary failure, and by our forgiving love for the necessary failure of others. That isn't so very far from Christianity, either."

"Nor so very far from the modern determinism we were talking about," said the Critical Man.

"Oh, but it is!" said the Clever Woman eagerly. "I can't explain it; but somehow it is! It is far, far apart in spirit. If you go on believing in love, somehow even moral failure doesn't convince one; it doesn't count. That's what one felt in Mrs. Ward's story."

"Because love is a great illusion, dear Lady," said the Critical Man.

"And a great faith, too," said the Clever Woman. "When life fails it, there's death. Whether consciously or unconsciously, forgiveness trusts the healing beyond death."

"And we lie in the place of the Great Release
As once in the grass together."

The Philosopher looked up quickly at her. "And a great faith, too," said the Philosopher.

A BORROWED BABY

By George Randolph Chester

AUTHOR OF "ESPECIALLY MEN," ETC.

PORTIA Davis had no one but herself to blame.

"Would you mind lending me your baby for the afternoon?" she asked, pausing at the door of the opposite flat.

"It would be no more than fair," laughed Mrs. Bartlett. "I borrowed tea from you yesterday. If I lend you the infant phenomenon, however, you must be more prompt about 'bringing back' than I am."

"Never mind the tea—we'll just keep the baby instead. Won't we, Tot?" This last query was addressed to the baby itself, a pink and white morsel that obligingly grinned as she picked it up and pretended to spank it. "Really, Mrs. Bartlett, I'm so lonesome that I'm afraid I'll begin talking to myself," she went on, as the little one passed a chubby arm around her neck and laid its plump cheek confidently against her own. "Papa and mama won't be home until a late train, Brother Will is going to stay down town for dinner and even the girl has her afternoon out to-day. Our flat is so dreadfully silent that you can hear the dust settling down on the furniture."

"Why don't you telephone for that tall young man to come up?" Mrs. Bartlett suggested, her eyes twinkling with fun.

"I'd rather have the baby," retorted Portia with pink cheeks. "I can make the baby behave," and she ran out with the little one, laughing.

"Wait a minute!" called Mrs. Bartlett. Temptation was assailing her and she wore a perplexed little frown as Portia came back. "I'm afraid you would be

getting more than you bargained for," she explained. "You see, the millennium has arrived in the Bartlett household. Mr. Bartlett has actually promised to go out shopping with me this afternoon. Baby and I are to meet him at an old rendezvous of ours, and after a perfect orgie of money spending we are to take dinner at some cozy café where there is music. We may not be home until seven or eight o'clock, and I couldn't think of leaving the prodigy with you until that time."

"Why not?" reassuringly demanded Portia. "He won't be a bit of bother. Just you run right on and have your lark while baby and I romp. I'll take him over in the park for a while and make the other nurse girls envious, and before dusk we'll come in and get us up a scrumptious dinner. I'll promise not to feed him pickles or cheese, and we'll have a perfectly hilarious time; won't we, Pudge?"

She gave the baby an extra hug, and Mrs. Bartlett's eyes glowed with the alluring prospect that opened before her.

"Trot along with him then, and your woes be upon your own head," she replied. "Frankly, I'm more delighted with your offer than I can say. It will be delicious to run off with Jack for a whole afternoon alone and pretend we're a newly married couple again. I do hope the child will be good all the time," she added doubtfully.

"If he isn't I'll trade him off for a second-hand bicycle," Portia threatened, and marched across the hall with him.

Within half an hour the mother of the prodigy, having left behind her sundry

bottles and minute instructions to cover all possible and impossible emergencies, started gaily down town, while Portia and the baby dressed for a walk in the park. Portia, in a neat brown walking dress, and the baby with the ribbons of a dainty white cap tied under his double chin, were just at the door when a messenger boy rang. She tore open the yellow envelope and read the telegram with dismay.

"Aunt Marthaw ill. Come on next train. George."

Aunt Martha ill! She must be in a dangerous condition, too, or cousin George would not have sent a message so urgent to her favorite niece. Portia glared wildly at the messenger boy as she shut him out, and rushed to the telephone. The next train left in half an hour, she discovered. Fortunately she was dressed quite well enough for an emergency trip, and she had money in the house. It would only take five minutes to throw a few necessities into a suitcase, and then—a sudden idea, one that had not yet occurred to her, stopped her breath.

What was she to do with the baby?

Another wild dash to the telephone. Mr. Bartlett was not at his office. He had gone out to meet his wife, and would not be back that afternoon. They had no idea where to find him. She made frantic attempts to catch her brother by 'phone and failed. The minutes were flying. Finally, in desperation, she threw a wrapper and some linen into her suitcase, scribbled two notes, left one on the dining-room table and slipped the other under Mrs. Bartlett's door, and started for the train, baby and all.

She alighted from a car at the depot with only four minutes to spare. Her train was already steaming and throbbing on the track. The baby and the suitcase weighed about a ton each now, and she found herself wondering, with a catch in her breath that was suspiciously like a sob, how women with children ever made up their minds to travel at all. At

the door of the waiting-room she bumped square into the arms of a tall young man who was coming out. She muttered a distracted apology and was pushing frantically past when the young man spoke to her.

"Why, Miss Davis!" he exclaimed. "Are you taking this train, too?"

"Ed!" she gasped, and before the astonished young man knew what was happening to him she had thrust the baby into his arms. "Don't break it. It's borrowed," she warned as she dashed for the ticket window in relief. She felt that her burdens were lifted, now that she had met this particular tall young man, and she was even able to smile as she turned from the window, ticket in hand, and saw that the two were getting on splendidly without a formal introduction. The baby had the tall young man by the ear, and was holding his head back by that leverage to look square into his eyes and say "Ah-h-h-h-h!" in a tone of friendly but firm command.

"He merely wants you to waltz with him," Portia explained, as she picked up her suitcase. "That's his father's chief sphere of usefulness when he gets home, and of course the baby expects it of every man who has the ability."

"How clever of him," said the young man grimly, as the baby tried to gouge a pink, inquisitive finger in his eye, but he followed submissively to the train.

It was wonderful what a difference the baby made. The car was fairly well filled, and they paused for a moment of reconnaissance. A fat man who was occupying a double seat looked up, saw the baby and promptly swept his overcoat and hand-bag from the cherished opposite cushion, then he overturned the back of the forward seat and nodded with a friendly smile. The action was a revelation. Without the baby it would have taken stern measures to have secured that seat, as she knew from past experience.

With a comfortable sigh she settled

down next the window, and glanced up in sudden admiration at the tall young man as he sat down beside her. The baby made a difference even in him. They two had been splendid friends heretofore, but she had never seen him look quite so manly and capable and, at the same time, so—so, well, properly tamed, as he did with that helpless mite of humanity in his arms. She quite warmed to him, and a certain question that she had long been debating in regard to him began to assume a new and a very attractive light. If he had known what was passing in her mind he might have continued to look subdued and domesticated. As it was, he promptly dumped the infant in her lap, and brushed his sleeves as if part of it might have rubbed off on him, whereat her eyes twinkled. Why should a woman so delight in a man's awkwardness with a baby?

"Where did you get it?" he asked, as she deftly straightened out the little white skirts while the train moved out of the shed.

"From a woman who ran away with her own husband," she replied, and explained her predicament. He laughed with keen relish, and she laughed with him. Even the baby joined in the mirth through pure happiness of disposition, and she was flattering herself that, except for her worry about Aunt Martha, the trip was to be delightfully cozy and jolly, when her quick ear caught a passing remark that plunged her into fresh misery of an unbearable sort. A man and a woman, passing through the aisle, were looking back at them with kindly scrutiny.

"No, it favors her, I think," the man was saying. "Look at the hair and eyes. Anyway, they're a mighty nice looking little family."

Portia flashed a veiled glance at the tall young man. No, he had not heard.

"Now, Mr. Hallam," she graciously remarked, "I know you always smoke when you travel, and you mustn't put yourself

out at all. Just go right into the smoker and meditate, and baby and I will talk about scenery and things. We are old chums, you know."

"Why, I couldn't think of it," he protested, but she insisted so earnestly that by and by he looked at her curiously and went, to her infinite relief. The situation had suddenly become impossible.

Left to themselves, she and the baby got along magnificently for a time. The moving panorama from the car window, the transition from busy streets to cozy suburbs and finally to open country proved absorbing to the wide-eyed mite, but presently it turned from the window with a sigh and looked appealingly into her face.

"Googn, googn, googn, googn!" it said.

"Exactly," Portia replied. "I think just that way about it myself."

The baby pondered this reply long and earnestly and then frowned.

"Ah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h!" it exclaimed in a tone of mild remonstrance.

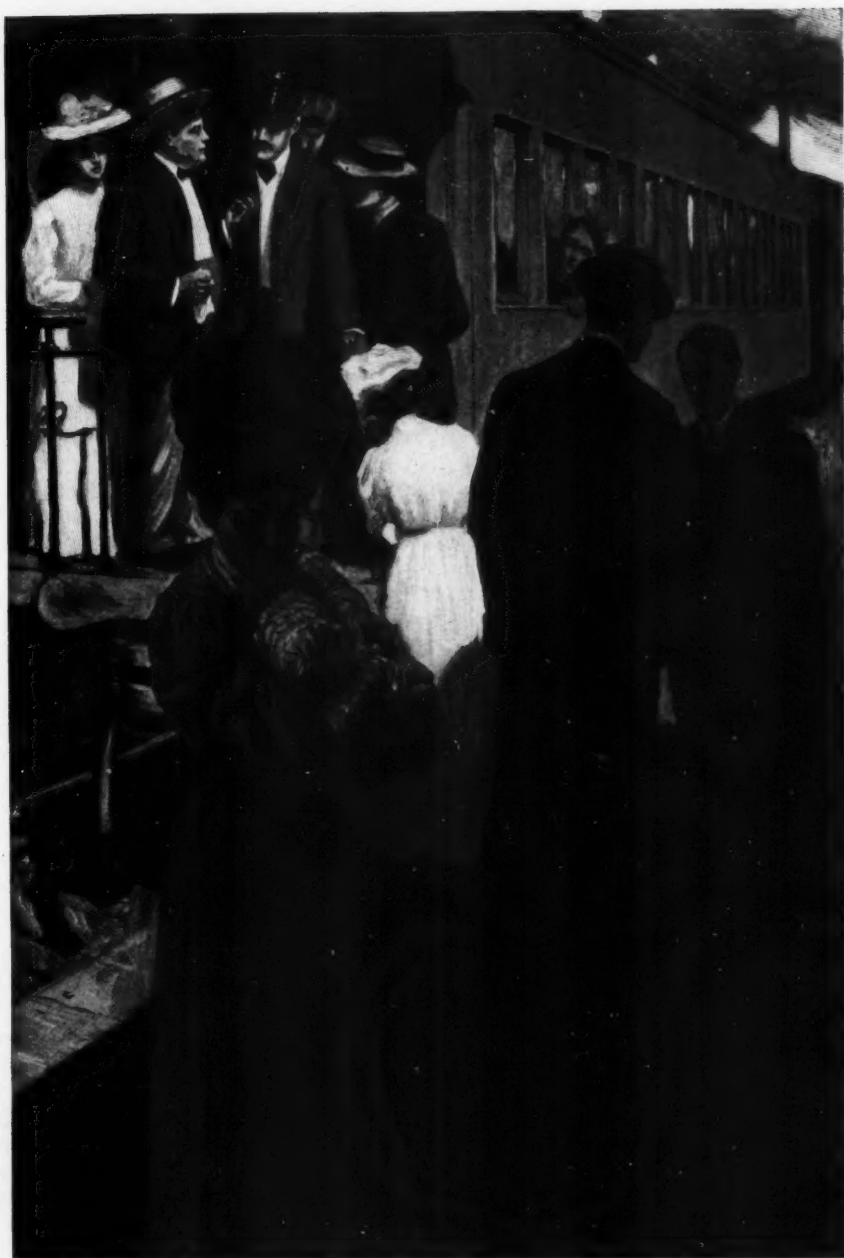
Evidently it had a definite idea about something or other, and she studied it in perplexity. It threw up its hand and scratched her in the face with sudden dexterity.

"Ah!" it sharply scolded, and then grabbed for her hair. She untangled the plump little fist from her pompadour, wondering at its strength, and tried to repair the damage to her coiffure. While she was doing that her nose was grabbed, and a tiny piece of the skin came away under a sharp finger-nail.

"Ah! Ah-h-h-h-h! Ah!" she was admonished in a burst of temper so unmistakable that it astounded her.

"Why, you sauce-box!" she exclaimed. She had never seen the child act like this, and the "grown-upness" of the apparent mental process and resultant action was a marvelous thing.

The baby tried different tactics. It gurgled at her and cooed and laughed



Drawing by Gerrit A. Beneker

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**THE TWO WOMEN SPRANG HYSTERICALLY FOR THE BABIES AND
KISSED THEM UNTIL THEY WHIMPERED**

nervously, a cry so close behind the laugh that it was pathetic, and coaxed with all its pretty diplomacy. Suddenly it returned to more emphatic measures. The little brows contracted into a black line and the rosebud lips squared off in determination, as it proceeded to scold her again with all its baby might. Then it took a new tack and began to fret and whine. She tried to cuddle it up in her arms, and it stiffened out like a poker. She stood it on her lap and she sat it on her lap and she laid it on her lap; she pounded on the window-pane, she sang to it, she trotted it up and down; she tried to play "knock at the door and peep in" upon the angry countenance, and "this little piggy went to market" upon the stiffened fingers, but all to no avail. The infant phenomenon misbehaved worse and worse, and finally began to cry outright.

Portia had never been more miserable in her life. She felt that the eyes of the car were upon her, and she was divided between whether to spank the baby for his exhibition of senseless temper, or to pity him and blame herself for some possible pain of which she wildly realized her ignorance. She would have given her most prized possession at that moment to have laid that borrowed baby in the arms of its cool and capable mother.

In the very midst of her distraction she felt a light tap on her shoulder, and, turning, found the face of the fat man apologetically confronting her.

"Excuse me, madam," he said in a quite grandfatherly tone. "I'm a married man myself, and I know you won't take offense. I have three beautiful children of my own. Three of them, madam. I know just how you feel about it, you being a young woman, you know, but really you mustn't let the little one suffer from hunger," and he complacently settled back into his seat and looked out of the window in ostentatious modesty, quite satisfied with his bit of wholesome advice.

Portia withered into her corner. For

one burning moment it had been on the tip of her tongue to gasp out that she bore no relationship, whatever, to the baby, but a flash of her ready common sense showed her in time what an awkwardness that would be. Moreover she was conscience-stricken. She had forgotten to bring the baby's bottles along! What, *what* should she do?

"What's the matter with the precious lamb?" a familiar voice wanted to know just then, and Hallam sat down beside her. She was as much relieved to see him come as she had been to see him go. "Restful sort of an Indian, isn't he? As peaceable and quiet as an election jag. Come here, Mr. Fourth of July," and he took the shrieking infant from her. "Now, youngster, tell me all about it," he commanded in his big, hearty voice.

The baby stopped crying with as little effort as if the noise was controlled by a turn-cock, and looked up into his face with inquiring interest. Seeing no promise of food there, however, it threw back its head and suddenly turned on the howl again, with an especially ear-splitting yell by way of notice that it was still doing business at the old stand, and would continue patiently at work until it got just what it wanted. Mr. Hallam promptly dumped the treasure back where he had found it.

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated. "Where has he been hiding all that voice? No wonder it hurts him!"

"The poor little thing is hungry, Ed," wailed Portia, who unconsciously made use of his given name in her distress. "I never felt so miserably wicked in my life. I forgot to bring his bottles along, and he is starving, literally starving!"

"Oh, he's good and fat. He'll last quite a long time yet," he observed by way of comfort. "I'll rustle up some grub, though, if there's any on this train. There's no dining car attached, but I'll see what we can do. Er—what does the cherub eat?"

"Oh, *please* do be quiet, just a *little* bit, baby," she distractedly begged. "Milk, Ed, nothing but fresh, sweet milk, and Mrs. Bartlett thins it down with about one-third of distilled water and puts a little sugar of milk in it, serving it just blood warm, you know."

"Garnished with anything?" he asked with grim cheerfulness. "Look here, if I can find a little plain, ordinary cow's milk for that kid I'll be tickled into spasms, and won't even stop to ask the color or pet name of the cow," and he strode away before he could be reproached, as he should have been.

Mr. Hallam was nothing if not practical and thorough. He went to every person in the car, and asked them, one by one, for milk. Then he went into the car ahead, and even to the smoker and to the baggage car with the same request, but he was forced to come back empty-handed, though he had aroused the sympathy of the entire train and had countless offers of whisky and fried chicken. Just as he returned to Portia's seat a young couple with a sleeping baby got on at a little way station and came into their car. Hallam promptly accosted them.

"Is that a bottle baby?" he bluntly inquired.

The man glared at him indignantly, but the woman cast one sympathetic glance at Portia and knew all about it.

"The poor child!" she said with motherly pity, and made a swift mental calculation. "And you forgot your bottles? I'm so glad that I brought three along. We can't possibly need more than two, and you are quite welcome to one. Fortunately they are warm yet."

She opened a little hand-bag, and Hallam exulted as he saw three white bottles with black nipples reposing in a snug row. The woman handed him one of them, and the moment baby Bartlett saw it he threw out both his arms and screamed, then began to double up and straighten out like a measuring worm in

a hurry. With almost impolite haste the tall young man thrust the nozzle end toward the famished infant. Two strong little hands clasped the neck of the bottle, there was a grunt of satisfaction, two strong little arms drove the nipple into the yawning red mouth, and peace, sweet peace, settled down upon the car.

"Poor baby," murmured Portia with infinite pity, as she nestled it more comfortably to her and tilted the bottom of the bottle to a better working angle. Even Hallam felt a thrill of strange yearning as he watched the pretty little mite so sturdily tugging away. Portia, too, was a revelation. He had never seen that softened glow upon her. It set him to thinking.

"The tike!" said he, with affectionate gruffness by and by, and Portia looked up at him and smiled appreciatively.

The crowd in the car had thinned out somewhat by this time, and there were plenty of seats. The couple with the other baby seemed to be experienced travelers, for the man handed his wife the sleeping little one and pre-empted a double seat just across the aisle from Hallam and Portia. He went out of the car and presently returned with a one-legged board, such as railroad porters fix between the seats for card tables. Bending the leg out of the way he fitted the board firmly down between the cushions of the two seats, thus joining them into a broad, flat couch. On one of the seats the woman then laid her baby, secure in the knowledge that if it turned over or was jolted it could not roll to the floor, and the couple sat down contentedly in the seat just ahead.

It was but a few minutes until the Bartlett baby let the bottle fall, empty, from its relaxed hands, and with a sweet "coo" of comfort looked up at Portia and smiled adorably. She snuggled him to her and began a soft, crooning song in which the baby, after a while, joined her with a sleepy note. Hallam was spellbound. He had seen this sort of thing before, but it

had never hit him with such force. The motherly side of Portia was the most entrancing thing he had ever witnessed in this world, and she had been attractive enough before to keep him awake of nights. He drew a deep sigh, and found that he was holding the bottle with sentimental tenderness.

Portia was looking out of the window, far, far away, with a soft light in her eyes that nothing but the clasp of a helpless baby in her arms could have put there. The baby's eyes blinked, closed, came wide open with a jerk, blinked, closed, came open slowly, blinked, closed, and then the little fist, that had been resting against the side of its head in protest against drowsiness, fell limberly to its side. The borrowed baby was asleep.

Hallam gently arose. He supported Portia's arm as she quietly got up, and steadied her as she stepped over and laid the baby down on the seat across from the other one. The young married couple looked back and smiled cordially. The conductor came through and paused to scowl fondly down at the slumbering innocents. It was easy to tell that he had one or two of his own at home. The fat man tiptoed across the aisle and gloated over them. He told the young married couple, and Portia and Hallam, and the conductor, and the woman in the red hat and purple talcum powder, and the workman in the gingham shirt, and the big-boned country boy, and the icy gentleman in the silk tile, each one separately and individually, that he was the father of three beautiful children himself. His eyes were watery with tenderness as he sat down, and he mopped his brow without intermission for the next ten miles, smiling with irrepressible good intention all the while.

Portia and Hallam, in the meantime, had slipped back to their seat, each one nursing a secret thrill of pride, as if they were responsible for something or other immensely creditable, and talked about

nothing but the weather and the new books.

They stopped for a moment at another way station by and by, and their view of two corn-cribs and a haystack was suddenly cut off by a passenger train that stood puffing on the side track. Portia found herself idly staring at a lady who sat in the other train just opposite to her own window, and the lady found herself as idly staring back. All at once Portia sat up and stiffened.

"Aunt Martha!" she cried.

"Portia!" screamed the other lady.

The two made frantic efforts to raise their respective windows, and just then both trains began to move. Portia was still tugging at her window when green fields occupied the space where the fleeting vision of Aunt Martha had been framed.

"I'll help you at it if you think you can make her hear," calmly suggested Hallam.

Portia sank back in a despairing attempt to understand.

"I wonder if I'm really crazy, or just a victim of harmless hallucinations," she plaintively inquired. "Aunt Martha is desperately ill at home. Also, Aunt Martha is in that other train, perfectly well and going to visit us! What is the answer?"

"I never was good at it, and I give it up," replied Hallam. "Let's see that telegram, if you have it with you."

She searched in her reticule and found it for him. He studied it for a moment and then he whistled an involuntary note and began to laugh.

"Did you take time to notice that this was a peculiar way in which to spell 'Martha'?" he asked, handing it back to her.

Her eyes contracted in perplexity as she studied it. "Martha" was spelled "M-a-r-t-h-a-w."

"That 'w' belongs to the next word," Hallam explained. "Instead of, 'Aunt

Marthaw ill. Come on next train,' your message was intended to read, 'Aunt Martha will come on next train.' Very simple, after all."

"Simple!" she exclaimed. "It's perfectly silly. Also, it's tragic. Aunt Martha is rich and eccentric. She'll get to our flat, find it deserted, become angry and go right back to the depot to wait for the next train. She has always said that I was the only one in the family who wasn't an irredeemable fool, and now she'll make no exceptions. The only thing for us to do is to get off at the very next stop, and take the first train right back. If we're lucky enough to catch her at the depot we can show her this imbecile telegram and maybe take her back to the flat."

Mr. Hiram winced slightly. Unconsciously she had included him in the program. He had a business engagement for that day, but a telegram would hold it over for twenty-four hours. Anyhow, what was a mere business engagement as compared with having Portia to consider him indispensable. It was an opportunity that it would be sinful to overlook, and he only hoped that she would not think of how she was altering his plans, and so send him packing about his business.

He need not have worried. Portia's

mind was so full of distressed conjecture about what Aunt Martha would do, that she forgot everything else. When the train slowed down at the next stop she was half way to the door before she remembered a forgotten item.

Hallam was close behind her with the two suitcases.

"The baby!" she exclaimed, turning to him with white lips and taking the grips from him.

"Geminy!" he gasped, and dashed back to get the missing bundle.

The station was a tiny country affair where the train had merely stopped for telegraphic orders. As Portia and Hallam alighted the conductor and engineer were already racing back to their places with their sheets of yellow tissue paper.

"Your tickets read on through," observed the conductor sharply, as he swung on the moving step.

"Mistake. Got to go back," explained Hallam briefly, and the train puffed on. He stood looking after it with a momentary sigh of regret for the

spoiled business engagement, when Portia recalled him.

"Let's hurry inside and sit down," she suggested. "I'm scared limp. If we had left that blessed baby on the train I don't think any convent could have hidden me from the vengeance of Mrs. Bartlett."



HALF ASLEEP, THE BABY RAISED A CHUBBY HAND TO NESTLE AGAINST HER NECK

She came close and stood on tiptoe to look at it. Suddenly she gave a scream that nearly made him drop it.

"Stop the train! Stop the train!" she shrieked, plunging out into the center of the track and frantically waving her handkerchief. "You've got the wrong baby!"

He gasped in horror as he looked down. The stir had awakened the tot, and two big brown eyes were looking up at him in sleepy wonder.

"I say. They are pretty nearly alike after all," he ventured hopefully. "Do you—do you suppose it would make so very much difference?"

He was lucky that Portia did not hear him.

"Stop it! Stop it!" she was still crying in desperation, jumping up and down to render the waving of her handkerchief more effective. The insensate train paid no attention. It swept on relentlessly, and the rear coach dwindled down into the size of a toy as it receded into the perspective. Hallam was stricken dumb. He was afraid to say anything, for fear she would notice him and remember his share in the contretemps.

The station agent, a young fellow with a knotty face and a pen behind his ear, strolled out and surveyed the antics of Portia with mild interest. She saw him and came down on him like a whirlwind.

"Where's your red flag?" she demanded. "Flag that train, please. Right this minute. Make it stop."

"It will anyhow," he drawled. "When it gets to Simpsonville. Not a minute before. What's the matter?"

"The baby!" she piteously wailed. "We took the wrong baby!"

"Huh!" said the station agent, and went over to sit down on a truck where he could reach through the window and answer the call of his telegraph instrument if necessary. Next, he took a big, red apple from his pocket and began deliberately but earnestly to eat it.

Portia glared at him speechlessly and a

big sob choked her throat. Of course, Hallam couldn't have that, and he strode over to give the man a lesson in manners. The agent suddenly got up with his eyes bulging in the direction of the train. An enormous bite of the apple prevented speech, but he waved his hand up the track and grunted. Hallam turned. The train had stopped and now it began to puff. It was starting back!

"I knew I could stop it!" exulted Portia, and Hallam could only hold his burden submissively and wonder, until it dawned upon him that the baby's father had prevailed upon the conductor to back up. He was wise enough, however, not to mention this conjecture to Portia.

As the rear coach neared the station an excited group could be made out on the platform. The group was composed of a hysterical woman, a man with a baby, the conductor, the anxious and perspiring fat man and as many more passengers as could crowd into view. As the train came to a pause the man and the woman jumped to the ground. The two women sprang hysterically for the two babies and kissed them until they whimpered. The two men exchanged brief courtesies of regret, but the women glared at each other with undying hatred. Each had come to the conclusion that it was all the fault of the other one, and that it had been quite premeditated.

The conductor, anxiously eying his watch and with one hand on the bell rope, gruffly ordered them to hurry up, but he scowled tenderly at both babies in turn. He had two of his own and had come back very willingly. The fat man, with tears lying on his cheeks, brokenly confided to the crowd that he was a father himself. As the train dwindled out of sight the fat man was still on the platform, panting and mopping his brow and quite unable to get over his agitation.

Hallam patiently and painfully extracted some information from the lumpy-faced agent. They could get a train back

within an hour, and would reach the city fully half an hour before Aunt Martha could possibly leave it. Furthermore, they could have the baby safely at home long before Mrs. Bartlett would return from her half-holiday, and Portia was blissfully happy. She sat down in the dingy waiting-room and gave Hallam the baby to hold while she restored her hat from her left ear to its proper angle, and while she did swift, deft things with eight hairpins. She was not so busy but that she was able to note, looking up through her long lashes at Hallam towering over her, how big and strong and reliable the tall young man looked with that sort of a bundle in his arms, and to wonder with a thrill how she could have done without him this day. She gave another passing thought or so to the question she had long been debating about him, and when she finally held out her arms for the baby she had quite made up her mind.

Half asleep, the baby raised a chubby hand to nestle against her neck, and it lay drowsily smiling up at her. Hallam was very thoughtful. The light came dimly through the grimy window-panes, and lit up Portia's clear profile with a glory that reminded him of a certain magnificent stained glass window—a Madonna group—that he had once seen in a cathedral, and he unconsciously took off his hat.

"Portia," he said gently, bending over her.

The tone was of unmistakable significance. She smiled reassuringly at him but held up a warning finger.

"Careful now," she said. "How often must I tell you to behave yourself?"

"I won't behave any more," he said defiantly. "Portia—"

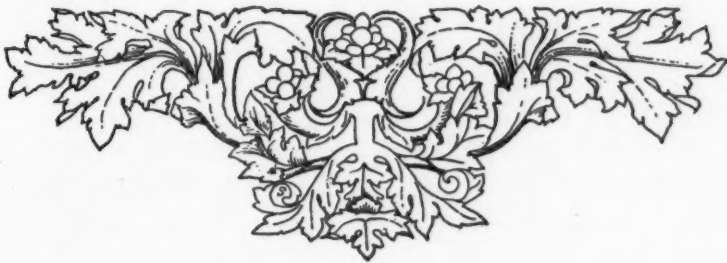
"For goodness' sake, remember where we are," she whispered. "That wood-carved agent is watching us, and for mercy's sake he's eating another red apple!"

"He don't count," said Hallam, standing between her and the agent and putting one firm hand on her shoulder. "Nevertheless I'm going to strictly observe the proprieties. I'm not going to propose here, but I'm coming over to the flat to-night to do so. Have you any idea what sort of an answer I'll get?"

"Come over and see," she challenged him, smiling up mischievously.

"I wish that apple-fiend would go away for a minute," he earnestly whispered.

She laughed happily and suddenly stooped over to kiss the borrowed baby. As she did so her warm cheek rested lovingly for a moment on the tall young man's hand. The knobby-faced agent proved himself to be human after all. He considerably went outside.



"INSPIRATION"

By Anne Elizabeth O'Hare

(MR. ROBERT MERIVALE TO MISS MARGARET CHESTER)

NEW YORK, October 20, 1898.

FLAUBERT has accepted me. I went to him early this morning, all my confidence ebbing on the long journey down town. As I walked across Washington Square I think I should have turned back had I not looked up suddenly and caught the smile of the familiar sky, the first friendly thing I had seen in New York. There were little dimples of cloud in it, so heartening, so reassuring, that I threw a smile back at them—that was for you!—and mounted old Flaubert's dingy stair with a courage almost worthy of you. His studio is big and gray and bare, and he in the midst of it, as he fixed me with cold, uneven eyes, seemed to gather up all its bleakness and shroud himself in it. As I stammered out my introductions and explanations he was already examining the sketches, turning them over with so bored and reluctant an air,—our sketches, dear!—that I wanted to snatch them away from him and carry them off again. Is it your pride in them, I wonder, that has given them a value? Finally he picked out one—that little sketch of you in the wind, with the blown tree behind you, the ragged bits of cloud above, the prostrate grasses below, and your eager face with the urgent eyes. "The Lady of the Winds," you remember. I had a thrill as he detached it from the others. "There is some life here," he said, still bleakly, "and a hint of inspiration. The rest are hardly worth considering. But for the Wind Lady I'll give you a chance. Come to my eleven o'clock class to-morrow."

That was all. I came away with a singing heart. The Wind Lady wins me a chance! I did not tell Flaubert that had it not been for the Wind Lady I had

never had heart or hope to come to him, that I had still been a dull teacher in a dull town, drawing bits of hedge and hill as I walked to and fro, my dearest wish to see the leap of light I had learned to look for in eyes I love, my best ambition that the light should shine only and always for me, was—nay, *is* my ambition! This other that has sent me forth is yours, Margaret. The faith that lifts me up is yours, and even my courage is borrowed of yours.

To-night . . . ah, do not blame me if to-night I would go back. Remember that you stand in the backward way. And nothing else seems to matter. My loneliness cries out against our parting—I wonder if anything is worth it. I see you as I saw you last—was it only yesterday?—at the turn of the meadow path, smiling at me still. And I want you, dear!

Can't you see how impossible it is for me to accept the freedom you give me? Every thought of mine is bound to you. My only joy in this small skill you have discovered in me is that I may take it back a worthier gift for you. Only you can keep me away from you, and if I could be free to-night, Margaret, free from the dear compulsion of your desire, I should first use my liberty to go back. My aspirations are the flower of my bondage, and my bondage is the flower of my life. I have been so proud of it! "There must be something good in you," I have boasted to myself, "since *she* should care!" And now you bid me go and make the best of myself—without you! Don't you see the paradox? It can't be that you are tired? Margaret, say it isn't that.

(MISS MARGARET CHESTER TO MR. ROBERT MERIVALE)

INNISCOMBE, October 19, 1898.

"For men must work and women must

weep"—that old line of Kingsley's has been beating in my heart ever since the distance shut you out of my sight this morning and opened out for you into the world we have dreamed of together. Not that I have been weeping, my dear friend. If, as you assured me, you are going to carry my image in your heart, pray don't let it be any such damp and doleful picture as that might suggest. It would be bad for your health. No, I have not wept, but when I had mended Aunt Minerva's curtains, and weeded her geranium bed, and given little Tommy Laing his lesson, and dutifully received a call—of condolence!—from our friend Mrs. Lessing, I went up to my room—and rebelled! I did not weep, but for a little while I wondered what else there was for women to do, lonely women in small towns with small occupations and large desires. But you have broken away; you have gone out to your work, and at last all my rebellion glowed into a gladness for that. You can not know how glad I am, Robert. I am glad that my womanhood should weep—by which I mean should spend itself in those small tasks which are a poor substitute for the poet's simpler pastime of tears—as long as Penelope waited for Ulysses, if thereby your manhood has its chance. You have needed only a chance. I do not know what grim apprenticeship that terrible Flaubert may make you serve. I only know that eyes like yours, so keen for beauty that other eyes seem blind, and fingers with a touch to flatter beauty's self, are the tools of a great artist. You have it in you, the supreme gift. I have watched it taking hold of you, absorbing you, overcoming you, with the kind of awe with which we follow the trace of the finger of God. For the gift, after all, is God's. Only the use of it is yours. That is why the use means to me—everything! Is that blasphemous? No . . . God knows I bless Him most for blessing you so much, and that my only prayer, as I sit here to-night without you, is that the

blessing may keep you sweet in the pathways of success.

I am a little afraid of success, Robert. It is the nurse of our latent weaknesses, as failure is the mother of unexpected strength. I love my strip of garden now, in the dusk. It is full of beautiful suggestions, of fragrant possibilities. I have all the best of it in this half-light. But to-morrow the sun will glare on the weeds among my pansies; it will remind me that my loveliest rose tree is withering. It is pitiless—pitiless as success. No secrets are safe from it; no flaws escape its scrutiny. Oh, I am afraid of it,—not for you, Robert,—you will bear the light, you do not need the mercy of the shadows—but for myself. Let me confess, while the mood compels me, that I—even I who have prayed for your triumph, I who have urged you on to gain it—I fear it because it will take you away from me. I know I must surrender you to success. It is the price, dear, the inevitable price. Do not think I grudge the payment. I have foreseen it, counting it over to the last farthing so many times that the amount no longer staggers me. I can not say I am glad, but at least I am ready. You will outgrow me, overreach me. Nay, do not contradict. I should not be content to see you mount only to those easy heights to which I might follow you. Strange that you can satisfy me only by going above me!

(Later.)—Your letter has just come. Of course Flaubert has accepted you! And I am glad it was for the Wind Lady. I take her literally, without your flattering fancifulness, for a passing breeze that blows a traveler into the right way and then spends itself in ruffling corn-fields or sighing in gardens. I see just such a one now, shaking the maple tree and drifting a storm of golden leaves upon the unsuspecting head of little Alice Todd, who is primly turning in at the gate this very moment. She is grave as ever, shaking the shower solemnly from her stiff, pink

bonnet and her straight, pink skirts. She comes, I know, to inquire if Mr. Merivale is *never* coming back. Ah, if you knew the good heart with which I shall tell her no! Never is a long time, but it is not long enough to stay way from Inniscombe.

One of the golden flakes has floated up to me, carried by the sunlight in that rich, yellow strength that you love, Robert. It settles on the dark corners of my heart and warms away the dusks of yesterday. To-day I have the spirit to laugh away your loneliness if I were not very sure that you will have scouted it yourself long before my laughter reaches you. What a boy you are, my gifted friend, wanting me because I am not to be had, and protesting against the breaking of bonds that were never made! Now listen to me. It is high noon, as still and quiet and sensible as the middle-of-the-day has a habit of being. In the kitchen Aunt Minerva is making pies of such an odor of goodness that I am ravenously hungry in anticipation. Down in the front hall I hear Alice Todd's small but substantial feet making marks of impatience upon Sally's freshly waxed floor. Here at my hand is an old white frock that I am refurbishing so that I may go splendidly this evening to take tea with the Misses Allerdyce. So when I assure you, in this sane and unsentimental state of mind and surroundings, that you and I must go our ways apart, you may be certain that I mean it. No, "it can't be" that I am tired, though I smile a little as I hear you say it. It is so like you, Robert, to put it just that way. I am saving you for yourself. Perhaps I am saving myself as well from the time when you will be tired. I don't boast that my motives are wholly selfless. But you know I have always known what is best for you better even than you, and be sure I would not say that I am not good for you unless—unless, dear, I were convinced of it to the depths of me. Some day, if you think, you will

thank me. Meantime, I don't want you to forget your old friend of the provinces, even though she is very provincial, moralizing in the dark or boring you in the broad daylight with things outgrown. She is always missing you and wishing to hear of you. Let us never be less than good friends, Robert, since we can not be more. . . .

Poor little Alice Todd! How long I keep her in suspense to dash her hopes at last. No, Alice dear, Mr. Merivale is never coming back!

(MR. ROBERT MERIVALE TO MISS MARGARET CHESTER)

NEW YORK, October 24, 1898.

Who authorizes Miss Margaret Chester to announce the movements of Mr. Merivale? Certainly not Mr. Merivale, who begs to reassure Miss Alice Todd with the intelligence that he expects to go back to Inniscombe just two months from to-day, on the twenty-fourth of December, to see if he can not surprise a certain "good friend" of his in a refurbished white frock, surrounded by sunlight and the fragrance of her Aunt Minerva's mincepies, even at midday if she will, but in a saner and more sensible frame of mind than she was on an October day when she wrote him a letter. Yes, I am laughing at you, Margaret. I don't believe your letter spoke any more truthfully for you than you spoke for me to little Alice Todd. Somehow, in spite of my unworthiness and in spite of your own words, I can not doubt that you care. It is a presumption, perhaps, but it is a splendid presumption, and I shall hold to it—I warn you, dear Lady of the Winds!—until you are more convincing than you are now. "Some day"—if I think! That is not like your kindness, Margaret. As if I do not always think! Yet you are right in a way. Some day I shall thank you as you deserve to be thanked. And if I can thank you only with my life, enriched by such fruits as my capacities may draw from your inspiration, you can not

refuse my gratitude. As it is, I do not blame you for considering the gift too poor for your acceptance. And with that, shall we let the question rest until the time comes when it must be answered?

I find my work somewhat like your garden. It seems good enough until Flaubert fixes it with those crooked eyes of his, those crooked eyes that see so straight. There is something almost uncanny in the power of his glance. Even as he looks, all the bad lines and *gaucheries* of color jump out of the canvas to accuse you. And you feel like a criminal as without a word and with one gesture of complete hopelessness he passes on. His passage through the studio is like the Day of Judgment. You immediately smear up your canvas and prepare to abandon art forever. To-morrow you wait meekly in your accustomed place for another sentence. This morning he stood behind me for quite ten minutes. He shrugged his shoulders as he went on to my neighbor, a poor little girl who shrinks visibly from the lash of his glance, but I felt somehow encouraged by his scrutiny. When I was leaving he followed me to the door with a card to a private exhibit of half a dozen masterpieces which Heimer, the collector, has just purchased at a fabulous price for old Chalmers. "It might do you good, young man," he said with most unflattering emphasis, "to see what pictures look like." Dear, how I wish I could take you with me to see!

I am falling under the fascination of New York. The first day or two I was overwhelmed, oppressed, almost frightened by these great tides of life that rush along between the high brick walls like seething streams, pressing together at this turn and wrenched apart again at the next. After our sleepy streets and silent fields, open for the sun and inviting the rains, the turmoil was terrible. But in a few days it took hold of me, thrilled me, bore me along with it. Last night I felt its full seduction. It was a strange

night, with a kind of suppressed menace in the air, as one feels wild heart-throbs under a calm. I walked down Broadway after dinner. Light flooded the sidewalks, a narrow zone of man-made luminance, but above, the tall buildings seemed to hold in the darkness, thickening it and packing it down. Still higher, jagged edges of cloud pushed into a sky spread with a peculiar dull glow, a timid brightness trembling on the brink of gloom. People were hurrying along on all sides of me, chattering and jostling, but I felt lifted up into that strange overglow. I was encased in silence in the midst of sound, closed in a solitude more absolute than I had ever known. I have seen such skies at home, but they were never so impressive as these, framed in the shadows of human achievement. And I have felt solitude in open spaces, but never a solitude that so isolated my own soul. The spirit of the city wooed and won me in that hour. It was borne in upon me how she individualizes, how by her contacts and her withdrawals she lets her children feel the stirring breath of their fellows without being distracted by them. Only in the city is it possible to escape absolutely from persons without getting away from people.

Am I philosophizing to you, Margaret, because I resent your smiling at my boyishness, or to give you another proof of it? Or is it—yes, that is it!—that I want you to love the city because I am going to love it? Ah, I shall paint the Inniscombe meadows as I see them in these autumn days—when God and Flaubert have taught me how to catch their tantalizing witcheries of color—but the reason I shall paint them well is less for their beauty than because of this new pulse of power set tingling in me by the city streets. The fever has infected me, the fever to do better than the rest which is epidemic in the rush of the crowd. Last night I exulted in the sense that I could. The others did not see the overshadowing

presences pressing in the dark upon the little circle of light in which they huddled to work and play—but I saw them, and by that revelation I am beckoned to higher things. I will do something for you yet, Margaret! I shall woo success and win it—why should the thought frighten you? The desire for success is simply the desire to do the surpassing thing. And isn't that what you sent me out to do? Why should I mix my soul into colors for a canvas, unless the soul counted in the picture? Nay, Margaret, don't think you can dispose of me simply by turning me over to success. Even a captive has a right to protest against so arbitrary a transfer. It is for you that I want success, for you that I shall attain it! If you will not have gold or the jeweled baubles by which other women are won, my Margaret of the golden heart, why may I not make myself as splendid as I can to tempt you?

Meantime, while the goal is still so far, be you near to keep me in good heart, to sweeten and to lighten all the ways!

(MISS MARGARET CHESTER TO MR. ROBERT MERIVALE)

INNISCOMBE, October 30, 1898.

Meantime, Robert? I like that word meantime. It expresses all that my last letter tried to say to you. For the interval, the waiting time, I am willing to stand to you in whatsoever relation you will—as friend, comrade, confidante, even—if you must have love, my prodigal, with all the rest—even as the custodian of your love. I do not value it less because it is only lent to me, but you must not blame me if I provide myself against the time when I must give it back. But meantime—until the twenty-fourth of December, perhaps?—with all my heart a truce! These days mean so much to me. The memory of them and of those past days when the gift was ours, just yours and mine, will be a glory to me when all the world shares it; and meantime—ah, these blessed intervals!—its development gives me something to live for. You can get along

without me, distracted as you are by the hurry of new impressions, inspired by the zest of new experiences, but what should I do without you? The old ways close around me, straight and pressing. Narrow as we found them, dear, they are all too wide without you. The days we draped with dreams and hung around with hope seem strangely stripped and empty as they pass me by alone. The contrast of this dullness with that glow convinces me more than ever that you are a very great artist, my friend, to paint my world so fair! How wonderfully life is colored by hope! Even fulfilment is disappointing because it is the end of hope! Ah, why have you stolen all the color of my life, Robert? Hadn't you enough magic in that brush of yours without dipping it into my poor little stores of purple and gold and crimson, and carrying them all away?

You'll realize how little you have left me when I tell you that I don't even enjoy quarreling with other people! I had hoped that my more pacific temper was the indication of some inner reformation, but that I am still unregenerate is manifest from my immediate inclination to defend the country, even Inniscombe, against your too sudden allegiance to the city. For everything but opportunity, the woods and the fields are best. The friendliness of their solitudes is half their charm. It has always seemed to me a beautiful reassurance of the soul's high destiny that it is so much less lonely in the fastnesses of nature than in the haunts of men. It is no stranger in God's house. A thousand voices speak to it, inviting it to companionships, drawing it into intimacies, almost lending speech to its aspirations. Your man-made isolations are different. There the soul is set apart less by choice than by the impulse of self-defense. Its withdrawal is not into a sanctuary but into a stronghold. It has no home in the enclosure of high walls, and no fellows in the builders of them.

And I do not like your picture, Robert. It is too full of menace. I am safer in the mercy of these wide calms toward which my window opens. White and still and shining, the frank fields I look out upon have nothing to hide from the searching skies. My night world is pale and passionless, not urgent to the spirit, like yours, but spacious and soothing. I like it better so. Nature has more heart in the country, more room to unfold herself. It is only the men who irritate, men like your successor, for instance, to come down to the particular. This afternoon I took the meadow path—for the first time alone—and was naturally led close to the school-house. Mr. Lyttleton was just coming out, and I turned quickly back to avoid him. I dislike him, unreasonably and yet for the best of reasons, because he is not you! I feel he has no right to be coming out of your door, to have finished your tasks, to be filling your place. He is too small and smug. Ah, my dear, am I measuring the size of your vacancy by the emptiness of my own heart?

Aunt Minerva surprised me this morning by saying she was glad that you had gone away. Since you are one of the few persons who come within the limits of her approval, I was curious to know why, and when I asked her it came out that it is because of the good effect your absence has on me! I am so much more industrious, and, as she put it, more "livable." By that she means that I discuss fancy work with Miss Titcombe and Sunday-school with Mrs. Lessing; that I try to be polite to her friends and accept their invitations to tea, and—crowning proof of my amiability—that I attend the "lecture course" with my cousin Jasper, who is too embarrassed to talk to me half the time, and the other half finds a topic of conversation in the speaker—and you, for whom he doesn't exactly relish substitute duty. Dear Aunt Minerva! She thinks you kept me from enjoying myself as girls ought to enjoy themselves, and while she

likes you well enough, she is glad that the end of your monopoly of my society allows me an opportunity to have "a good time." And I am really trying very hard, Robert, to live up to the standards of the young ladies of Inniscombe. And they do require an uplift—from the depths to the surfaces. I fairly pursue amusement, taking doses of distraction so heroic that it is no wonder Aunt Minerva is pleasantly amazed at my fresh energy in domestic tasks and my new submission to social compulsions. Alas, that even in the midst of them we should counteract the effect, my heart and I, by wandering off by ourselves. And we are always looking forward to an hour like this, when the crowd has departed—people and duties and amiable conventions—and left us to ourselves. We have so many things to talk about; though I notice that our conversation is never of the present. It is always of memories or hopes. If real life is within us rather than without, then I think we countryfolk live much harder than your neighbors, my citizen of the world. They live on distractions, and already I have discovered that distractions are not life. In the city you have no time really to live. So many things are happening outside that there is no opportunity, even if there were a desire, to retire into yourself, to feel at home in the sanctuary of your own soul. Perhaps you are better off. Certainly action is a better and more normal expression of life than emotion. That's the theory on which I am winning Aunt Minerva's approval.

And now, dear seer, take me to your exhibit of pictures. I am so glad not to know anything about them, so that you may unseal my eyes. As for Flaubert, he is only an usher at the door of your kingdom. He will show you the way, and some day he will be proud to have done even that! But no one in the world will ever be so proud as I, Robert. I wonder if you will remember then that my pride did not wait for the plaudits, that a mil-

lion echoes could not make it half so strong as when it spoke in my heart alone. In those days, as in these, God bless you, Robert.

(MR. ROBERT MERIVALE TO MISS MARGARET CHESTER)

NEW YORK, November 6, 1898.

I have just come from my first sight of real pictures, and my first impulse, dear Lady, real Lady of Inniscombe, as when I used to seek you in the dusks at home, is to bare my heart to you. I am in a turmoil, Margaret. First my spirit sinks to the depths of discouragement and then is lifted up to the heights of inspiration. Flaubert was right. I did not know what pictures are, and when I saw to-day what it means to paint,—what infinite subtleties, what assurances of line and light, what an unerring sense for the moods of skies and trees as well as of men, what breadth of perception, what ruthlessness of rejection—when I saw a picture, all the bravado dropped away from me like a garment. . . . I stayed until Heimer put me out, and after that I walked up and down Fifth Avenue in a conflict, stirred as I had never been stirred before. Mine eyes had seen the miracle; and after the first exaltation I was repelled, resolving to wash my brushes and go back to the Inniscombe school forever. And then—then the very wonder of it tempted me. Was it a spark of genius in myself that had answered the other so swiftly? If human hands have touched the unattainable, why not my hands? Could I? Can I? . . . I have not answered the question yet, Margaret, though I walked the streets for hours. And, of course, I come at last to you. You have always resolved my perplexities—decide for me now! I know only that I can never be satisfied to do less than the best. Better for me not to try at all than to fail of the highest achievement.

Flaubert has taken to scoring me unmercifully. I am told by my more experienced colleagues that it is a good sign. He praises my little neighbor with an

ominous gentleness. "It is not bad, *petite*," he said to her this morning, very kindly, but when I went into the studio after class hour I found her sobbing all alone. "It is all over with me!" she cried, after a few vain and trembling efforts to enclose herself again in her habitual reserve. "I am a failure." "But Flaubert is so kind to you," I blundered. "Kind?" she flashed back. "It is the kindness of contempt. I shall go home and paint violets on dinner cards. It's all I'm fit for!" I tried to reassure her, ignorantly, because I knew nothing of her gifts. "Ah, you!" she said. "You can afford to be generous. If Flaubert would bully me as he bullies you, I should be happy. He is interested in you. He wants to goad you on to do the things he knows you can do." And in a moment she was gone, leaving me sorry for her, poor child, but exultant with the sense that she spoke the truth.

And now, dear, knowing all my reasons for hope and all my temptations to despair, do you think that I dare stay? I leave the decision in your hands. How shall I serve you best?

(MISS MARGARET CHESTER TO MR. ROBERT MERIVALE)

INNISCOMBE, November 10, 1898.

You will always serve me best, my dear Robert, by rising to the best in yourself. You know that, as you know my answer to your question even before you ask it. As a matter of fact, your mind was already made up as you wrote to me. You wanted not my decision, but my assent to yours. You could not turn back now if you would. You have yourself awakened to the consciousness of those gifts which before you half-doubtfully accepted because I believed in them so thoroughly. And nothing on earth will hold you back from the utmost use of them. You need never fear falling short of the highest, Robert. To see the golden apple and yet just to miss it is a terrible fate, worse than never to know that golden apples grow in the gardens of the gods; but it is not your fate. You were born for attain-

ment. The only thing that surprises me is that you feel so soon the pride of your heritage. You are even more wonderful than I thought you. Ah, be not too prodigal of your wealth, my friend, yet spend a little now and then to sweeten my poverty. You see you have already passed beyond the need of my faith, though it was great enough to sustain you forever. I believe I am half sorry you have so much confidence of your own, because it leaves me nothing to give you of the only thing in which I am rich. I wonder if Monica did not find herself sadly resourceless when Augustine became a saint and she had nothing more to pray for?

And your poor little girl with the fatal talent that sees its own limitations—has she gone home yet?

(MR. ROBERT MERIVALE TO MISS MARGARET CHESTER)

NEW YORK, November 15, 1898.

Margaret, where are you in this last letter? You are kind, as always, but I miss something out of your kindness, something I can not name and that yet leaves a large void. Because I begin to feel in myself the stirrings of those powers I had never known but for you, do you think I no longer need you? Surely you will not withhold your sympathy just when I begin to see the light of success? I am working as I did not think it was in me to work. I spend every hour of daylight at the studio, spoiling canvas after canvas, but feeling surer with every fresh beginning, and gaining power of expression with each failure to express. Flaubert has stopped bullying. He makes a gruff suggestion now and then—wonderful suggestions they are, too—but for the most part he watches me in silence or disregards me altogether. "*Voilà!*" he startled me by exclaiming this afternoon, after I'd been working feverishly all day at one of my eternal fresh starts. "*Voilà!* That will do." I dropped my palette in sheer ecstasy, but when I turned he was already gone, slamming the door behind him.

My picture—the picture that will do,

Margaret!—is to be called "Inspiration." The idea took hold of me when I first came here and I've been trying to work it out ever since. Can you guess what suggested it or what it will be? Wait until it grows a little and I shall show you yourself as my heart knows you, as all my powers shall spend themselves to proclaim you! So do not fail me, my Inspiration. I need you—now! How should I win success, or prize it when it is won, were it not for you?

(MISS MARGARET CHESTER TO MR. ROBERT MERIVALE)

INNISCOMBE, November 19, 1898.

Dear, I can withhold nothing. I thought I had emptied myself for you long ago, but your new need creates new stores to answer it. Gladly I give you everything I have if it can ease your climbing, stripping myself by my avowal of a woman's last reserve. Success will cost you nothing, not even such solace as you draw from my sympathy. As long as you want it or need it, it is waiting for you, anticipating you. It is God's way to make some so rich that they never know the price of things. You never will, Robert. It is only the poor who must pay to the last farthing, and throw in their hearts, sometimes, to make up the balance. Even success, you see, more dearly won than any woman's, surrenders to you with hardly a struggle. My gladness is too great for words. I can not even relieve my heart's thankfulness in tears or prayers. God is good to you, but in His goodness to you He is even better to me. The thought of your picture lifts me almost to the reaches of your imagination. I have my own theory about the inspiration, but it is not for discussion to-day. To-day I am content to be exalted; to-day it is enough to thank you and to offer myself wholly to your service.

(MR. ROBERT MERIVALE TO MISS MARGARET CHESTER)

NEW YORK, November 28, 1898.

I come from the picture to you, my Margaret. That is, after all, no transi-

tion, and while I can not hope, and hardly would wish, to paint for the world's sight all the inspiration you have been to me, I am doing my best to make the canvas not altogether unworthy of you. I warn you at once that I can think of nothing else, talk of nothing else. I watch it grow under my hand with the same surprise as if it were the work of a stranger. The composition is very simple. The whole depends for effect upon the light, an ambitious simplicity for a tyro, as Flaubert more than once warned me when I began it. There is only an open doorway for a background, straight and somber, to frame my Lady, straight and somber, too, in a long gray gown. Everything is gray, gray of the dawn, except two sudden and wonderful lights—the gold of the sunrise far and faint in the east, and the answering glow in the woman's face, near and radiant. The face is everything. I want to create the impression that the sunrise itself is but the reflection of the light in the woman's soul. The eyes are your eyes, Margaret, under your uplifted brow, and the morning holds no rarer fire and no clearer promise. I am trying to blend faith and love in their shining, for faith and love are the syllables of inspiration.

I wish you could see my painted lady, and I—how I wish I could see the real one! The twenty-fourth of December seems a long way off, Margaret.

(MISS MARGARET CHESTER TO MR. ROBERT MERIVALE)

INNISCOMBE, December 7, 1898.

It is impossible to be vain of one's own idealization—the contrast with the real self is too sharply humiliating—else I should be unfit to dwell with ordinary mortals, Robert, after my glimpse into the heart of your picture. It must be very beautiful, but it is no more I than I am I in my intercourse with Aunt Minerva's friends. The real I is somewhere between, so far below your Inspiration that she can not even see it in looking up, and an appreciable distance above the amiable

young lady who discusses feather-stitching with Miss Allerdycce. I can't tell you what your picture means to me—it is so much that I can't even tell you my theory yet a while. It is sweet to think it is mine, and I haven't the heart to shatter the dear delusion until—well, at least until I see you. After all, it is only a little more than two weeks until the twenty-fourth of December. Only two weeks, I say as blithely as if I had not learned a wholesome respect for the meaning of length of days in this lifetime of two months since you went away. What ancient simpleton was it who invented hours and minutes to measure time? As if there were anything to beat it out but heart-throbs, quicker than thought in joy, slower than years in absence and sorrow. Can't you bring the gray lady with you,—and shall another gray lady wait in another doorway, with all her heart alight for you? I am looking toward the sunrise always, dear. The night has been very long.

(MR. ROBERT MERIVALE TO MISS MARGARET CHESTER)

NEW YORK, December 17, 1898.

Oh, why can't you fly over the fields and have a look at my picture? I want your opinion, but most of all I want your praise. For I've won it, Margaret! The picture is good, and I hunger to hear what you will say of it, you who thought well even of those poor things of the past. I have just achieved the light I wanted, after days of despair, and I could run all the way from here to Inniscombe out of very joy. Don't ever rail at success, my dear, until you've felt the glory of it! Did I once tell you that Flaubert's studio was bleak and bare? It is warm and splendid now, tapestried with gold and hung with magic pictures,—the dream pictures that I shall paint some day!

The days are hurrying on to our day, Margaret! I was reminded this morning, when my little neighbor drew her breath as she saw how near I was to the end of my work: "Why, you will have it finished

before Christmas!" she cried. "I must," said I, with thoughts other than she knew. She went home to-day, poor little girl, to some place far in the west. What a terrible thing it must be to give up! She has been so much interested in the picture, our picture, and hated to go before it was finished. "When you are great and famous," she said, as I bade her good-by, "be kind to those who fail."

To-day the world and every one in it seems kind to me. Best of all, I know where waits for me a kindness that will never fail. Only a week from to-day, Margaret! Then your eyes shall tell me whether I have achieved the light, after all!

(MR. ROBERT MERIVALE TO MISS MARGARET CHESTER)

NEW YORK, December 23, 1898.

MY DEAR MARGARET—I am just finishing my picture. I have a chance to hang it at Heimer's annual exhibition if I can have it ready by the twenty-sixth. It is a great opportunity, and I can not well let it pass me by, even though I must dearly pay for it by the postponement of my visit to you. I can't tell you how deeply disappointed I am. Will you miss me, too?

If the picture succeeds, if the critics find any promise of power in it, Flaubert says I must go to Paris, to Julien, perhaps in a year or two, to win a place in the Salon. Think of that, Margaret!

I am too excited to write. In spite of this delay—why must there always be the hard alternative, Margaret?—I promise myself the joy of seeing you soon.

Yours, ROBERT.

(MISS MARGARET CHESTER TO MR. ROBERT MERIVALE)

INNISCOMBE, December 24, 1898.

DEAR ROBERT—I have just put away my gray gown and put out the light in my heart. I am very glad of your success, of course, and I should never have forgiven myself if the thought of me had even tempted you to give up your chance. As it is, I see I need never have any cause

for self-reproaches. I shall await anxiously the verdict of the critics. God grant you all success, my dear friend, at all times and in everything. Miss you? Yes . . . but Aunt Minerva has planned such a Christmas as to leave me no time or room for loneliness. Even now she is calling me to fill a dozen extra stockings for a Christmas tree, to which every child in Inniscombe has been invited. So if I leave you, you will know it is on a good errand. Besides, I must redistribute the contents of your Christmas stocking!

Your sincere friend,

MARGARET CHESTER.

(MR. ROBERT MERIVALE TO MISS MARGARET CHESTER)

NEW YORK, December 28, 1898.

"Inspiration" is a success, my dear Margaret, so great a success that Flaubert sees straight for once and has thawed into a momentary geniality. He says he will see me in the Salon yet. I enclose clippings from all the morning papers. I hope you will be very proud of yourself, my Inspiration! After all, it is your success.

Think of me as already a lion, whom a very smart lady has just asked to roar for her at a reception on Saturday. I resent it because it keeps me longer away from you—yet isn't it the penalty of your ambition? And here comes my fellow classmates—to celebrate my triumph! Be glad for me, Margaret. Yours, ROBERT.

(MR. ROBERT MERIVALE TO MISS MARGARET CHESTER)

NEW YORK, January 6, 1899.

MY DEAR MARGARET—Flaubert has taken a sudden, unaccountable and maddening notion to go to Paris and to take me with him. My success has quite turned the old man's head. *La Touraine* sails tomorrow, and he informed me not an hour ago that he intended to sail on her and that I must be ready to accompany him. I exhausted pleading and protest, begged for even a week's respite, but he is obdurate and unreasonable, and I can not refuse point blank without seeming utterly

ungrateful. He has done so much for me, and his heart is set on this. Oh, Margaret, Margaret, why are painters such heartless, irascible and unreliable fellows? I can't bear to go away like this, without seeing you, but what am I to do? If I could ask you, I am sure you would bid me go. And though we lose our day together, this sudden departure only hastens the coming of the days when we shall never be apart. For when I come back, it will be for you, Margaret.

I can not collect myself. I have been so whirled about and so shaken out of myself in these last two weeks that I hardly realize what I am doing. The one thing that strikes me sharply now is that I am going away from you. But my heart stays at Inniscombe, and to-day I can only beg that you will be patient with my uncertainties until I can explain them as I wish. Why haven't you written me?

And now, good-by, Margaret. God bless you, dear, who have blessed me so much. And believe me,

Yours ever, ROBERT MERIVALE.

(MR. ROBERT MERIVALE TO MISS MARGARET CHESTER)

PARIS, May 21, 1903.

MY DEAR MARGARET CHESTER—I do not believe I will surprise you and I can only hope I will not offend you by knocking very humbly at the door of your remembrance after all these years. I do not deserve that it should open to me, and only the memory of your kindness makes me bold to try it now, as only the fear of what might lie behind it has kept me from lifting the knocker long ago. I was in the Salon this morning, pretending to look at other pictures, but always wandering back to the spot where my own is hung, in the way we poor beggars have of hanging about for the crumbs of public praise. I noticed that a couple of Americans stood before it for a long time. I was flattered by their interest and waited for their comment, while apparently intent upon a nearby landscape by my friend Chauvin. "It

is like, very like," I heard one say. "Yes," assented the other, "but our Miss Chester is more beautiful." "It is no accidental resemblance," persisted the first. "He must have seen her." He began fumbling at his catalogue, but I was upon him before he got a glance at it. "Why shouldn't it be like our Miss Chester, Mr. Brigdon?" They gave me a startled stare and then both at once recognized me. "Why, Mr. Merivale!" they cried in unison. "We might have known!" I cut short all the twaddle about the picture—it is called "A Memory of a Garden"; why shouldn't it be like?—and made them tell me everything they knew about you. And I've asked them to dine with me to-night, dear, fluttered Mr. and Mrs. Brigdon, just because I love so to hear the sound of your name after these long silences. They tell me much,—that you are still Miss Chester; that you are lovelier than ever; that Aunt Minerva has left you alone to preside over the old house, and that you do it with a grace that keeps the Inniscombe gentility always keyed up to its company manners; that you traveled a year after her death, and that you seem as happy as you are charming. Really, the united enthusiasm of the Brigdons about you is quite beautiful. But they can not tell me what I most wish to know and what no one but you can tell me—are you still the same Margaret Chester? There! it is out! Make what you will of it. I am afraid of the echoes my own knock is waking—my daring frightens me.

I deserve nothing at your hands, not even the mercy of remembrance. But because your kindness is the only thing that could possibly be greater than my unworthiness, I believe you will listen to me, Margaret. As I look back I think I have been mad most of the time since I left Inniscombe. Five years ago, when I rushed off here to Paris with Flaubert, reckless of everything but the moment, I was in the first frenzy of success, intoxicated as a boy after his first glass of

champagne. I forgot everyt'ing—even you, who were more than all the rest. I felt deliriously free of the old life and all its bonds—I believe I looked upon them as limitations. Then for a year, a slave to ambition, filled with a lust for the success whose taste had been so sweet, I let everything go for work. I got a picture into the Salon, and again I was drunk with praise and power. I was fêted a little, as young painters of promise usually are, but to my exaggerated sense it seemed as if all Paris rose up to do me honor. What was merely flattery I took for fame. I lost myself completely, retaining only through the feverish years that followed an increasing appetite for the success that lured me on and an inexhaustible capacity for the labor by which it was bought. So by the grace of God, won, I think, by your old prayers, Margaret, my gift did not go down with me. Except for a year in Italy, I have never since been far away from Paris. Until this last year I have never had even a desire to go home, and since the desire has possessed me I have been afraid, afraid because home means nothing to me but you. In those mad years—I spare you nothing, Margaret!—there were other women. They were part of the brilliant world into which I was led with blinking, stupid eyes, and they dazzled me for a time, blinded me. But all that is best in me has been faithful to you. However you think of me, and whether you ever think of me at all, you must believe that. I even tried to love, and thought there was some strange lack in myself because I could not. Only a year ago I woke up suddenly one day to what the lack was. Of course it was you. And then the mists cleared and I began dimly to find myself. Indeed, the awakening was so poignant and so humiliating that I hastened back to the old opiates for forgetfulness again. Alas, they had lost their power. Everything had an agonizing habit of comparing itself with you. Success, admiration, talent, wealth, the light loves I had sought and

that had answered my seeking—all these I measured up and found their fullness as naught against the great emptiness of you. Ah, I suffered for my own blindness more than you could have suffered in your utmost disappointment in me, Margaret. I knew that you had made me, that I owed everything to you, that without you I had only abused the gifts you had taught me the use of. I wanted Inniscombe, but above all I wanted you! And when I set to work to paint my picture for this year's Salon, I threw all the pent longing of my heart, which I dared not express more directly, into the painting of your garden and you, scented and healing and sweet. If it is the best work I have yet done, as they tell me here, it is because I have gone back to the source of my best inspiration. It is only when I get away from you that I am lost.

I know that I have no right to talk to you like this. But the great relief of hearing to-day that you are still Margaret Chester has so opened my heart that I can keep nothing back. I am made breathless with this sharp exaltation of hope. Forgive my incoherence and my boldness. For the rest I do not ask your forgiveness. That would be too much. I ask only some small part of your kindness. Will you help me to forget this hideous interval and to make a fresh beginning on whatever terms it pleases you? Will you? Can you? I have never asked your help in vain, Margaret.

Having said nothing that is in my heart to say, I still can say no more. I wait for your answer.

I am yours to do with as you will,

ROBERT MERIVALE.

(MISS MARGARET CHESTER TO MR. ROBERT MERIVALE)

INNISCOMBE, May 30, 1903.

Forget? How would it be possible to forget the brilliant and the famous Robert Merivale, particularly if one had once had the honor of his acquaintance? I as-

sure you we are very proud of him in Inniscombe. We point out for the edification of urban visitors the house in which he lived and the school in which he taught, and we frame the early sketches of which he was so ignorantly prodigal and hang them above the family Bible in our parlors. A few of us, I believe, have even sold them, not because our loyalty was small, but because the purchaser's desire was passing great. And when the famous artist is also an old friend, far from being offended, how could I be anything but unfeignedly glad to hear from him?

You were quite right in thinking your letter would not be a surprise to me. I knew the old friend under the great artist so well that I expected some day you would write to me. I believe I could even have predicted the contents of your letter. You remember I used to boast that I knew you better than you knew yourself? That was when you thought you loved me. You never loved me, Robert. You simply needed me. Hungry for what you knew not, you fed eagerly on the sympathy I gave you so freely, refreshed yourself in my deep faith in you, heartened yourself in my inexhaustible hope. It was not myself that you loved; it was what my love was able to give you. I knew that then; I knew when I urged you away that you would find in success the satisfaction you found in me, just as I knew that if I kept you near me I could make myself sufficient for you. I knew—and I let you go, made you go. There is no use now in pretending it did not cost me days of desolation and nights of bitterness. For I loved you—loved you so much that I was willing to give myself for your passing need, to help you win the success that should wrench you away from me. I loved you so much that I did not even wish to hide my love from your indifference. My heart had no desire save that no craving of yours should go unsatisfied. And so, seeing the end, I was not unprepared for it. It came a little sooner than I expected. That was all.

And that is all, Robert. It is only that I gave you more than any one else that you come back to me now. You have tried us all, and you find that on the whole I make the best return for what you have to give. My poor friend, don't you know that you have exhausted me, too? Do not think I have ever regretted the past, or blamed you for it. I suffered, of course, in those dreary months after you left me, who had emptied my life at your feet, for the master of two months who "had done so much for you." Oh, I suffered, but it is the compensation of women, who bear so much of the world's pain, that their hearts grow big with anguish, and that their growth is watered by their tears. And that I am not, in any way, the Margaret Chester of five years ago I owe my thanks to you, Robert. I am not the same woman who loved you then, and you are too much the same man for me to love you now. I have nothing to forgive you—it was natural that you should grow beyond our quiet ways, that fame should tempt you into richer paths than were open to you here. I have nothing to forgive, and much to be grateful to you for. I gained more than you from our friendship because I gave more. You see, I spare you nothing also. I should be unjust to you were I less frank.

And nothing can ever take from me my portion of the sweetness of the past. I had a share in the beginnings of your success, and I have taken a most unreasonable pride in all that has followed. How well you have done, Robert—surpassingly well, and yet never surpassing my old dreams of you! Did you know that I had seen your "Inspiration"? It was hung in the Salon two years ago, when I was in Paris, and the spell of it so clung to me that when I came home I took out my folded gray gown, worn only on that Christmas Eve I waited for you, and cried over it—not the tears one sheds for a living sorrow, but those wept over something dear and dead. . . . And my theory about the picture was right, as you so

soon demonstrated. Your ardor in painting it was not for me, but for the picturesque idea I represented. The real inspiration was your own awakened sense of power, the foretaste of triumph. No one rejoices in that success more than I, and no one more sincerely desires your happiness. But if Inniscombe means to you only me, I can not honestly ask you to come back. Indeed, I beg you to stay away. There can be nothing but pain in trying to reopen a chapter that is irrevocably closed between us—the pain of disappointment for you and the pain of disappointing for me. I may seem to you unkind, but I should be a thousand times unkind if I gave you any hope that the future holds the remotest possibility of the resumption of the past. I have cultivated my little garden of life until it has yielded me fruit of usefulness and content. Leave me to its peace, I pray you, and may your riper success bear you so fair a bloom. The one thing that reaches out from the past to the present, and into the future, is my old prayer that in hurt and healing, in uplifting and discouragement, may God bless you, Robert!

Sincerely your friend,

MARGARET CHESTER.

(MISS MARGARET CHESTER TO MR. ROBERT MERIVALE)

INNISCOMBE, June 1, 1903.

Why couldn't you have left me alone, Robert? And now, that you have broken in upon my hard-won peace and I have summoned all my strength to repulse you, why can't I let myself alone? I wrote to you the other day as I ought to write to you, as all the wounds of the old years, stung into soreness by your touch, forced me to write to you. You had forgotten and you had remembered; you had tasted life at many springs and had found the first draught best at last; you had wandered into alien paths until a sudden homesickness turned you back to the old ways—and then you had expected to find them waiting unchanged for your return. And

I who had dreamed my dream and wakened, who had not learned from you the secret of sustaining the sweetness of life on little joys when the great ones are denied—I was to be waiting, too, still holding out the gifts you threw away. . . . Indeed, my letter cried out to be written. It should not be weakened now by an after word. And yet, and yet—ah, Robert, why couldn't you have left me alone?

A week ago I went out into my garden in the dawn and was happy to find a single crocus braving the chilly dews to bloom. To-day the dawn itself is not more glowing than the splashes of spring color in my flower-beds—but the joy is gone. You have invaded my stronghold again, and though I close the gates against you, remembering your ruthlessness, you will not be shut out. Surely, Robert, your old cruelty was not more unkind than this.

I had no doubts when your letter came. My pride was ready to meet your presumption. But since—I had not thought to be moved so easily—since the long silences have befriended you, the dawns have pleaded for you, the dusks have remembered you, even my flowers betray me to whisper your name, and I—oh, Robert, Robert, I have no pride at all! I can not hear you call and be deaf to you, though to listen I trample down the last of those dear defenses by which we guard the sanctuaries of the spirit from those who have once too lightly entered them. Even yet I can not feel any need of yours and not answer it, though to answer would take me down again into that valley of humiliation I have once before climbed from in bitterness and pain. I am almost glad you have presumed so greatly, because of the faith your presumption implies. Many women would be shamed by your overconfidence. I should be ashamed only if I did not deserve it.

Yet listen to me now, and believe me as you have believed in me in spite of yourself through all the changes of the years.

I make no promises. I offer you nothing. I am not ashamed of my love, but it has meant such high things to me always, it is so much worthier and better than I who bear it, that I could not cheapen it by surrendering it even to you unless you had won it. I wonder if you can understand that, though you inspired it, Robert, it is not yours? It belongs to a Robert who might have grown out of the Robert I once knew—who *may* have grown out of him, though through a different development than I foresaw. If I only could be sure! . . . I have been thinking that if I could see him I should know. . . .

Make of that what you will. I did not write this letter for you, but for myself, that I might find my bearings in the whirlpool you have stirred up in the tranquil tides of my life. And now they are so

clear to me that I am going to send it, though the sending take such courage as must have inspired the old martyrs when they professed a faith that cost them life. It is only a chance, for you and for me, but a life's happiness is worth a chance. And sometimes I grow very tired of being tranquil, Robert.

Did I say the other day I did not want you to come back? Ah well, I do not know—I only know my garden is desolate that once held a friend in every flower. I only know there is an old path through the Inniscombe woods that cries out for a painter. I think Inniscombe wants you back, and perhaps, perhaps, if you come to Inniscombe you will find another's welcome. Shall I also find you? *You*, Robert? That is the question I wait, trembling, to answer.

MARGARET.

IRONWEED

By Emma Bell Miles

TO all the world he feeds a thousand lies,
 Yet with himself is honest to the core—
 This unkempt Ishmael of road and field.
 Some out-door instinct primitive and free
 Sends him a gypsying down forgotten lanes,
 Deriving raw strength from the ancient Soil,
 Learning to laugh at Kismet's little jokes,
 Gaining a brutal knowledge of his world—
 A world of pungent smells from dusty weeds,
 Tough shrubs, and roving dodder; savage briars;
 Flowers along the path that flaunt and flash,
 With here and there a creamy, foamy splash
 Of elder-bloom alive with drunken bees. . . .
 He games with Fate for any stake you please,
 But whether losing to the naked stalk
 Or winning to his rankest growth and sap,
 Or yet marooned athirst on barren stones,
 The proud heart stands erect and royal still.
 Round him no strangling social wants can cling—
 He is at once their victim and their king:
 And faith, 'tis hard to reach one of an ilk
 That drank suspicion with its mother's milk!

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF DENNY MCKIERNAN

By *Edwin Carlile Litsey*

AUTHOR OF "THE RACE OF THE SWIFT," ETC.

"YOU can't do it Denny, said Grierson.

"But I'm going to do it, Billy," said McKiernan.

The last speaker gazed musingly across the room with drooping lids, though the tobacco smoke hung so thickly that he could barely see the opposite wall. He was a strongly-built fellow, McKiernan. His chin squared with the lines of his cheeks and his lips were firm set, positive, final. Each eyelid fell at the outer corner, with the result that his gaze seemed always concentrated. He spoke slowly, and as each word fell, it seemed to nail and clinch itself. William Grierson, counselor at law, had faith in his friend, Denny McKiernan, revenue officer in the employ of the United States government. But the task in hand appeared to him to be beyond even McKiernan's recognized ability and skill.

"You can't do it, Denny," repeated Grierson, nervously fingering the sheets of an unfolded newspaper which lay upon the table. Printed in this paper was the dreadful news which had brought the men together for their conference. It told in pitiless type how one Tom Cleghorn had gone into the mountains a week ago to "study the natives," bent on learning for himself the truth about this much-talked-of class, and later to convey his impressions to the world in a magazine article; how Cleghorn had blundered unexpectedly into a moonshine camp where the white whisky was in the process of making, and how, deceived by his dress, the operators of the still had fired upon and killed him before he could say a word.

"Tom died like a damn dog"—in reg-

ular, incisive tones the words were falling from McKiernan's compressed lips,—“and I'm going to get the man who did it.”

Grierson, small, wiry, jerky in his movements, looked up quickly, drumming with his finger-nails on the edge of the table.

"But who did it, Denny? The paper says 'they'."

McKiernan's big head swung around on his muscular neck, and his eyes bore an amused expression as they fell upon his questioner. Slowly reversing his briar pipe, he tapped the amber stem upon the newspaper.

"Near the head-waters of Big Goose Creek," he quoted. "Don't you know the vilest criminal in that part of the Kentucky mountains? Of course you don't, for that isn't your business. And though my operations have never extended that far, I am confident of my man. Seth Butcher's been running a still on Big Goose for ten years, and he shoots on sight. Seth Butcher shot Tom, and I'm going to prove it on him, capture him, and bring him here for trial. That will constitute my part of this game. Yours will be to convict and hang him according to law. Do you agree?"

"Do you know how many men have lost their lives trying to take this fellow?"

"I reckon I do. I know their names, and when and how they were killed."

"Don't try it, Denny. Think it over and don't go."

"I've made up my mind. I want to know if you'll accept your part of the agreement which I have outlined?"

"Then, in heaven's name, take a posse with you—ten—fifteen!"

"They would be in my way—like so

many cattle turned loose to create alarm. I go alone, and I go to-morrow."

Grierson gave something like a gasp, and his face paled.

"It's madness," he murmured, "down-right suicide. The fellow will murder you, as he has the others!"

"I'm going!"

When Grierson heard the way in which these two words were spoken, he realized that further persuasion and argument would be useless.

"Then God give you success! Bring Seth Butcher here, and I'll hang him!"

A slender white hand was lost in a sturdy brown one as they sealed the pact.

The train clattered over spider-like trestles, thundered through cuts, and boomed through tunnels which sent back the roar and rattle of the wheels intensified a thousandfold. The through express to Jellico was late, and time was hard to make up on a road composed mainly of hills and curves. McKiernan was traveling at night. When he got off the train at London he didn't want any one to see him—that is, any one outside. The desperado he had deliberately set about to capture was no common criminal. Though totally uneducated, he was shrewd, cunning, resourceful. Men feared him, both in the mountains and in the towns. McKiernan knew that Butcher knew his latest atrocity would be exploited in the newspapers, and that in all probability a man or gang of men would come out from the city to get him. He or his agents would therefore watch all trains, and so have timely warning of the approach of an enemy. McKiernan, crouched down in his seat in the smoking car with his hat shading his eyes and a black cigar in his teeth, was roused by the abrupt opening of a door and the inrushing noise from the racing trucks. The announcement of his station followed, and as he got on his feet he swept his eyes around him. The few occupants of the compartment were asleep or dozing. The

train was beginning to slow up. Hastening to the platform, he descended a step, drew from his pocket a heavy false beard, and quickly adjusted it to his face. He swung himself to the ground several seconds before the train stopped, and with one shoulder twisted up and a distressing limp in his walk he moved on boldly by the isolated ticket office, watching closely all the time out of the corners of his eyes, without turning his head. The few passengers who got off paid him no heed, but in the thickening shadows far back of the ticket office he saw a blacker shadow—a shadow which to his mind took the shape of a mountaineer on watch. Up the steep hill leading to the bridge which spanned the railroad at this point labored McKiernan, stopping half way up as though for breath, but in reality to reconnoiter. The black shadow was closer now. It had moved as he moved. Denny could see the slouch hat and the baggy trousers girt in at the waist with a leathern belt. The starlight glinted faintly on something shining silvery at the shadow's middle. Without a backward glance Denny resumed his way painfully, gained the top of the hill, limped leisurely across the bridge, and a few moments later presented himself at the hotel, and asked for a bed till morning. The proprietor looked at him doubtfully, for his appearance was entirely disreputable. But when McKiernan straightened up, removed his beard and threw back the lapel of his coat, showing a metal tag, the hotel-keeper's face softened to a grin.

"Goin' to try fur Butch?" he asked, as he led the way upstairs.

"He and I will take supper with you in less than a week," was the confident reply.

"More likely the buzzards will have a feast," answered mine host, grewsomely, as he turned away. "But I hope you'll win," he added, stopping and thrusting his head in the door. "That feller's hurtin' this county more 'n all the rest o' the shiners put together.

"I'll get him," said McKiernan, calmly, as he took his coat off and hung it on the back of a chair.

About eight o'clock the next morning a dilapidated spring wagon and a bony horse with a stubby mane and a frayed-out tail crawled slowly out of the mountain town, taking the road to Manchester. The seat, body and wheels of the wagon had long since ceased to claim kinship with paint; in fact, the whole contraption was rickety to the point of danger, but the figure which sat upon the low seat seemed perfectly content with his worn-out equipage, and at peace with the world. He was an old man, shabbily clad in jeans, his trousers legs stuffed in the tops of a pair of wrinkled old boots. His eyes were bright and black, but his face was lined, and his hair and beard were gray. A cob pipe which had seen long and useful life was between his teeth, and spurts of pale smoke issued regularly from between his lips. He carried an iron-weed stripped of its leaves for a whip, and this hung constantly, like the sword of Damocles, over the spine of the patient brute which plodded along the dirt road. Every few steps the weed would fall, but a spasmodic twitch of the frayed-out tail was the only effect produced. Nothing short of the explosion of a bomb-shell could have augmented the sedate movements of the antiquated animal. Blows had long ago become a part of his life. He received them and always acknowledged them with a twitch of his tail, and he would have missed them had they not been forthcoming. It was in this wise, then, that Denny McKiernan fared forth in

quest of the slayer of Tom Cleghorn, the man who had in a bygone year given him a helping hand.

In early autumn the Kentucky mountains present formidable claims for ex-



THE MOONSHINER
KILLED HIM BE-
FORE HE COULD
SAY A WORD

ceedingly great beauty. The miles upon miles of far-reaching ranges thickly set with trees of sturdy growth, and the interlying valleys just as heavily wooded, all present a wealth and a variety of color which it does not require the soul of an æsthete to appreciate. McKiernan was very much of the world. The making of his daily bread had been accompanied by hard knocks, and some of the bruises hadn't healed, but as he wound deeper and deeper into the recesses over the vague and uncertain trail which he was pursuing, he was conscious of a feeling of restfulness. There was all to lull, nothing to jar nor annoy. At times he met a buggy, a wagon or a pedestrian, but no one addressed him beyond a brief nod. It was mid-afternoon when a strapping fellow on a big horse pulled up in front of him, barring his way.

"Whar yo' bound fur, ol' man?" was his salutation, in a not unpleasant voice, but with a keenly concentrated gaze.

"I'm a-headin' fur Big Goose Crick, stranger," replied McKiernan, assuming the vernacular of the locality. "How fur off mought it be?"

"Nigh to five mile, I reck'n. Whut's you' business thar, an' whar'd yo' come frum?"

"I'm frum Tennessee. Ther damned revenuers air gittin' so sharp a man can't make a livin' thar. I heerd uv a feller up in these parts named Butcher. They say he makes all the whisky he wants to, an' that ev'ybody's skeerd uv 'im. That's the man I'm huntin'; I wan' to set down right by 'im!"

A mighty laugh came from the broad chest of the man on the horse.

"'N they've heerd uv 'im in Tennessee, hev they? I'm Seth Butcher, ol' man. Whut's yo' name?"

"Jim Hartley. Uncle Jim, ther boys calls me at home. Air you' the feller I'm lookin' fur?"

"I'm him, an' ef yo' can take yo' turn at the still, we'll hang up. Yo' needn't be skeerd uv no revenuers when yo' 're with

me. I've got business down the road now, but I'll show yo' the way." The burly form raised in its stirrups and turned in its saddle. "Yo' jist keep a-goin' till yo' come to a crick—that's Big Goose. Go up it a mile or more till yo' come to a shanty—that's mine. Tell my woman I sent yo', an' wait thar fur me. I'll be back some time to-night."

Without waiting for a reply, the horseman tightened his rein, swerved his mount to the left, and was quickly enveloped in a cloud of dust. McKiernan got his horse in motion with difficulty, and as he jogged along his mind was busy. His quarry was fooled—completely fooled, and of that he was confident. The painstaking skill with which he had prepared and assumed his disguise, coupled with his natural talent for imitation, had caused him to pass successfully the critical ordeal of this shrewd mountaineer's inspection. Denny was inclined to pat himself on the shoulder, but there was too much ahead yet for self-congratulation. He had passed only one of the danger points; the names of the others were legion. He was in the middle of the feudist's country, where a man's life was scarcely considered at all, and where the strictest vigilance must be maintained at every hour of the day and night. He thought of Butcher as he had seen him astride his horse—big-limbed, hairy, muscular and crafty. His undertaking was to bring him to justice single-handed! The odds were assuredly with the man of the woods. Then Denny thought of Tom Cleghorn, great-hearted, generous, loyal; a man with the soul of a woman. The mortal remains of Tom were somewhere in these hills. Denny felt himself growing revengeful, and the old Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" crept in a sinister way into his mind. He squared his shoulders and his mouth simultaneously, and brought the tattered remains of his iron-weed down upon the back of his jaded steed. He would not do that, though in his heart he felt that he

could. He would make Grierson perform his part of the contract. The man should die by the decree of the law.

Wings of shadow were spreading over the deep ravines. The high tops of the mountains were still bathed in a crimson glory, and a soft breeze rustled the scarlet sumach bushes by the roadside. Dusk was falling over the vast solitudes as gently as a mother dove covers her little ones, when the bony horse and the old spring wagon splashed into the water of a slowly moving creek, and the animal ducked its head for a refreshing draught. While his horse was drinking McKiernan looked around. This was Big Goose, as nearly as he could reckon. Butcher had said go up it a mile or more. For the moment Denny was puzzled. The water was too deep to admit of travel up the stream bed, but presently he discerned a miserable roadway running along the bank, so he pulled his slow horse out to it and resumed his journey. Night came down like a blanket, shutting out all objects. Above the high hills gleamed the timid tapers of the early stars. He could not see his way, so he let his animal pick it out, which it did, with the sagacity of its kind. After what seemed an interminable period, Denny saw a light ahead. Feeling in his breast to be sure that his revolver was ready for use, he pressed forward and at last drew up before a low shack. The door was open, and the evening meal was in preparation at the big fireplace.

"Hullo!" he called, lustily; "anybody to home?"

In quick response to his hail a female figure was silhouetted in the doorway.

"Seth ain't here," said a young voice, and the man on the wagon was struck by its remarkable sweetness. All of his former mountain experience was connected with beldames and viragos.

"I seen 'im down the road," he sent back, "an' he tol' me to come on here an' tell 'is woman that he sent me. Be you his woman?"

"'Light an' hitch, stranger, an' come in; supper'll be ready t'reckly."

The figure disappeared abruptly from the doorway, and McKiernan crawled down from his seat and stretched his cramped legs. He hitched his horse to a stake standing in the corner of a broken-down rail fence, dragged an old carpet-bag from the bed of the wagon, and shuffled to the door of the shack. He entered without ceremony, and sat down in a bark-bottomed chair near the door.

"I'm Uncle Jim Hartley, frum Tennessee," he remarked, flapping one leg over the other, and folding his hands in his lap.

The girl was kneeling on the rough stone hearth, busy with some potatoes she was roasting in the ashes. She did not reply, and he fell to regarding her with inward amazement. She was of medium build, and her rounded, girlish form was neatly clothed in a blue calico dress with some pretensions to grace of manufacture. Her hair was black and curling, and, though combed, escaped in a dozen different places and clustered about her face in ringlets. She was plainly of the hill people, but she was as a wild rose among thistles. She got up presently and turned toward Denny, and he saw that her face was pretty, though weak.

"Ef yo'll 'low me to say it, bein's I'm an ol' man, Seth outmarried hisseff," commented Denny.

The girl flushed and smiled and seemed openly pleased.

"Whar yo' boun' fur, Uncle Jim?" she asked, moving to a low table at one side, and arranging some dishes which sat thereon.

"Right here, my gal. Seth 'n me air goin' to make whisky together."

"He never tol' me nothin' 'bout it," she answered, with a half pout.

"He didn't know 'bout it hisseff when he lef' yo'. We met up on the road an' struck the bargain. I've heerd o' Seth, way down in Tennessee. Things got too hot down thar for a feller in this business,

an' I had to pull out. 'N I said to myseff, I'll go to Seth Butcher, who ain't 'fraid uv man nur devil. Didn't I hear only las' week 'bout 'im pinkin' some city chap what come nosin' 'roun' his still?"

"Warn't no harm in that feller, Seth tol' me," replied the girl. "But he let 'im have it to be sure. Draw yo' cheer up now, an' have a bite an' a sup."

Mrs. Butcher had been deftly arranging things on the table during the last few minutes, and the odor of steaming coffee and sizzling bacon made their appeal to the half-starved officer. He responded to her invitation with remarkable agility for one of his age, and a moment later he and the wild queen of this mountain home were eating and chatting as though they were life-long friends. Very soon McKiernan had all the information concerning Butcher which he could have wished. The girl before him was the outlaw's bride—they had been married barely two weeks. Butcher's still was back up the hollow a scant half-mile, and his only assistant hitherto had been a worthless sort of fellow who had given a great deal of trouble on account of his triflingness. Then Denny saw why he had been accepted so promptly. Seth was good to her for the most part, the girl said, but there were times when he was drunk, and then he struck her if the notion seized him. McKiernan felt his blood warming at this part of the recital, but he said nothing. Adroitly, and in a manner not to excite suspicion, he plied question after question, and quite soon the minutest detail of the life of the man whom he had come to capture was laid bare. They of the mountains do not sit up into the small hours—except at the illicit still. Soon after supper Denny was shown the way to the loft, and he sought rest gratefully, for he was tired and sore. But for a long, long time he lay upon his back and stared wide-eyed through the chinks in the roof at the far-away stars. It was a ponderous problem which confronted him; a task which had assumed greatly magnified proportions

since his chat with the girl-wife of the mountaineer. For she had told him, in her own crude way, that Seth was the most wary and watchful of men; that his pistol was always at his waist and always loose in its holster; that he could shoot quicker and truer than any man for miles around; that he distrusted every one and never turned his back on friend nor foe, and that he was strong enough to carry a felled beef if he chose. All this was not especially delectable to his mind. Here he was, destined to come and go, to eat and sleep with the man who had murdered his friend, to work with him day and night—and yet how was he to take such a person! He pondered and thought to no avail, and, pondering still, at last fell asleep. It was early morning, shadowy morning, when he was awakened by a stentorian voice from below.

"Git up, ol' man, an' show yo'seff!" it said. "Breakfas' 's waitin' an' thar's plenty to do!"

McKiernan was not long in finding the ladder which connected with the room below, but before he went he scrutinized his disguise closely by the aid of a pool of mirror, to see that his night's rest had not disturbed his wig or beard.

When he got down he found Seth sprawled at one end of the table, devouring his coarse food in a coarse way, and it was only by a great effort of will that Denny sat down to his repast. The girl, who had been so communicative the night before, seemed subdued, and ate silently, with downcast eyes. Very little was said during the meal, and when it was done Butcher arose noisily, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and striding to the fireplace, took down a pipe from a nail on the wall.

"Fill up, Uncle Jim, an' we'll go up the holler," he said, and Denny obediently crammed his pipe bowl with natural leaf tobacco, noting as he did so the murderously large revolver at the waist of his host.

Work began that day and continued for

a week without interruption. Not a moment passed but Denny was watchful to secure his man; not a moment passed but Butcher was on the alert, alive, awake and crafty. Though there appeared to be not the slightest suspicion in his mind that his assistant was not what he claimed to be, yet he was never off guard, and there was never a time when Denny could have drawn first and covered him. Plan after plan did the officer formulate, but in a perfectly natural way Butcher frustrated them all. Two more days passed, and Denny grew desperate. It was not his reputation and the reward which concerned him so much. It was the thought that he was about to fail, and that poor Tom Cleghorn was not avenged. Night after night he would crawl to his "shake-down" and lie there racking his brain, and night after night he would go to sleep with the great question still unsolved. He was at his rope's end, and the thought was bitter. Then the devil came to his aid.

One evening when he had lain down to rest, gazing in blank despair through the ragged roof above him, the serpent in his heart awoke and whispered a plan into his ear. To do Denny justice he fought against it; for half the night he lay and wrestled with the temptation. He was not a man of rare culture, and he had never bothered himself about the finer questions of ethics. Yet he knew right from wrong, as every man does, and he felt that he would be doing a gross wrong if he yielded to this sinister suggestion of the tempter which kept dinning into his ears a way out of the trouble which beset him. But he did not throw it from him violently, as he should have done. He entertained it tentatively at first, then met it face to face, and finally fondled, caressed and accepted it. I believe it was Pope who delivered this truth to the world:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen.
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The plan which had come to Denny as the only way out of his dilemma, and which he had adopted after half a night of mental and moral turmoil, was not free from danger, and might, indeed, result in his complete downfall. Still it presented the only possible way to success that he could see, and his square chin and firm mouth were birthrights with a meaning. To be brief, his idea dealt with the young wife of the man against whom his plans were laid. He meant her no wrong beyond a deception which would injure her pride and result in disappointment for her, and his heart and soul were in the project which he had in hand. A penetrating student of human nature, McKiernan had observed that Butcher's wife loved finery and tinsel, and that she was poorly satisfied with the life of drudgery which had been thrust upon her. She loved to be free, she wanted adulation and compliments, and she was vain.

In the flush of feeling occasioned by his jubilant project, Denny couldn't go to sleep. He knew it was after midnight when he heard a knock on the door below. Butcher must have been expecting it, for after a few low words with some one on the outside, he told his wife that he would not be home till the next evening, and departed in company with his caller. It seemed to Denny that he had been asleep only a few moments when the daylight roused him. Lindy (his hostess) was bending over the fire when he came down with his carpet-bag and passed out to the shed in the rear and to the bench where the wash-pan and water bucket sat. Busy inside, the girl paid no heed. Quickly the whiskers and wig came off, the pocket mirror was hung on a nail and shaving materials extracted from the bag. His week's growth of beard was removed dexterously, his hair combed and a collar and tie placed around his neck. The metamorphosis was as speedy as it was wonderful. When it was done, he took the false things which he had removed in his hand, and walking quietly to the doorway, leaned against it, an amused

smile of anticipation upon his lips.

When she at length turned toward him she did not scream, nor jump, as some of her city sisters might have done. Instead, she regarded him with a surprised gravity for a moment, trying to reconcile the upright, stalwart figure and the clean, strong face with the shabby suit of jeans which he still wore. Then she laughed merrily and clapped her hands.

"Uncle Jim, nothin'," she said; "who are you, anyway?"

Then it was Denny McKiernan's feet strayed from the narrow path. Boldly advancing, he put his arm around her and kissed her on the lips.

"You are the prettiest girl in the mountains!" he said, looking into her surprised, but not resentful face. "Don't you get tired staying here? Wouldn't you like to go to the city and see the people there?"

There was a commanding note in his voice which dominated at once the weak nature of the girl before him. He was playing a desperate game, and he must needs play it quickly and forcefully to win. So he stood above her with his arm around her waist and his eyes holding hers, and as he talked she felt that everything he said was true.

"You don't want to live here with Seth Butcher and cook his food and keep his house and grow old and ugly working for him. If he hits you now, what will he do then? He will kick you out to starve. I don't know whether you are married to him or not, but it doesn't matter—here. You come and go with me and leave this place—come to the city and I'll give you all the pretty clothes you want, and a ring for your finger, and ribbons of all kinds. You'll never have to work, and at night you can go down town and see all the beautiful things in the big stores, where they have electric lights everywhere. You'll have some one to wait upon you, and nothing to do but look pretty. What do you say?"

He drew her unresisting to him and kissed her again.

Dazed and bewildered, the girl did not answer for a time. It had all come so quickly. She was used to forceful ways among men—her courting had been after this fashion, but the glittering promises held out to her were so beguiling, and she wanted to see it all.

"Who are you?" she managed to utter at last. Then— "Le's eat breakfas', an' yo' tell me more 'bout it."

They sat down side by side and McKiernan told her his name—a false one—and his purpose. Let us pass over the details of this plot. Enough to know that the old tragedy of Delilah was to be played again, and that a man compromised his honor to achieve his point. Lindy was quickly persuaded that she did not love the man with whom she was living, and the gorgeous picture of the new life which Denny painted for her was too alluring to be resisted. So the unholy project was fashioned and perfected between them, the man guileful and determined, the woman simple and believing. Then with a last caress Denny walked up the hollow and was lost in the trees and bushes. The manhood in him writhed with the pain of the insult which he had thrust upon it. Denny did not try to excuse himself to the conscience which rebuked him at every step he took. He knew that he had played a base part. He had chosen honorable methods first, to the utmost limits of his invention, and they had failed. Justice and the blood of his dead friend were both calling to him. For the girl—it would not affect her seriously. By birth and heredity she was incapable of the intenser emotions of the soul. She would suffer severe disappointment, and that would be the extent of the damage done her. She was too pretty to be left by herself; some one would take her in, and she would go on with her old life, the only kind for which she was fitted. But himself! When Denny turned an introspective eye upon his soul he shuddered. It was his first act of dishonor—the first faith he had ever broken. But it was too

late for futile regrets. He had cast the die with a firm hand, and firm-handed he would go through with it to the end.

At noon he went back to the shanty for his midday meal. Lindy met him smilingly and voluntarily put up her lips. The dinner was better than it had ever been; the girl had tried herself. When they had eaten, the time being come when Seth might appear at any minute, Denny repaired to the loft to make ready for his part of the drama of treachery, and to await the coming of his victim. He had little to do, for the real business lay with the girl below. He examined his revolver minutely, as well as the steel handcuffs which he had brought with him. Each was in perfect order. Then he sat down with his hands clasped over his drawn-up knees, and his firm face set and mask-like. The minutes dragged into an hour. Another, another, another, and finally the shadows began to gather. The thump of a horse's hoofs sounded on the yellow road outside. They stopped before the shanty, and Seth came in.

"Gimme some'n' to eat, gal, quick!" he said, roughly, adding a low oath. "Up all night an' the damned revenueurs in the hills! Cold grub 'll do; I mus' have some sleep!"

So he talked and strode about the room below, shaking the rickety building with his heavy tread. Denny heard the girl

moving briskly about, and knew that she was getting food for her irate lord. Then there followed the eating of the outlaw, as he mouthed his food, beast-like. This was succeeded by the creaking of the bed as the big form was cast upon it, and presently the snores which arose through the ladder-hole told that the man below was helpless. Then, noiseless as a cat, McKiernan descended. Lindy was sitting by the door with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her palms. She arose silently as Denny appeared.

"I took his pistol away from 'im," she whispered, her eyes big and scared. "Thar he is; git 'im!"

McKiernan advanced to the bed. The powerful form of Butcher was sprawled in deep sleep. One hairy hand rested upon his chest; the other was thrown out over the worn covering. The light was paling, and time was precious. With the gyves in one hand, Denny stretched out his other to draw the outstretched arm alongside its fellow.

"Let me!" whispered Lindy, gliding to his side; "he's used to my tech!"

Her small brown fingers closed around the sinewy wrist, and gently brought it to a place beside the other one.

A sharp click and Seth Butcher was helpless. So tired was he from hard riding and loss of sleep that he did not even stir. The conspirators crept back to the doorway and sat down side by side.



"YOU ARE THE
PRETTIEST GIRL
IN THE MOUN-
TAINS"

"Let him sleep till it's good dark," said Denny. "There'll be time enough to get him to London before day."

"An' me?" said the girl, pressing closer to him in a frightened way.

McKiernan looked at the early stars, and groaned in spirit.

"You must stay here for a while," he said at length. "I'll come back for you when I've got Seth safe." The lie nearly choked him, but he had to say it.

"In a day or two?" she pleaded, taking his hand wistfully.

"Yes, in a day or two," he repeated. "Come, it's time to be going. Light a candle, Lindy. Seth will be ugly for a while, I suspect."

They both arose, and the girl complied meekly with his command. Then Denny took a rope and made a running noose and stepped behind the bed. Reaching around, he grasped the sleeping man by the shoulder and shook him. Seth mumbled, something and turned over and tried to lift his hand. It was fast. Half awake, and with his senses blurred by sleep, he sat up. The noose fell over his head, caught around his arms, and pinioned them tightly. With a roar of rage he bounded out of bed; a strong jerk from McKiernan laid him prostrate on the floor, and in another moment the officer was standing over him with a gleaming revolver in his hand.

"Don't try to get bad," admonished Denny, in a hard voice. "This is my trick, and you'd as well go peaceably."

Sullenly the captive arose, glowering

with hate, but silent. Silently he permitted himself to be led out to the horse upon which he had come home a free man an hour ago.

"Get up!" said Denny, peremptorily, and with his aid the helpless hulk gained the saddle.

The figure of Lindy had followed them and now stood a few feet away, her fingers nervously intertwined. Denny wrapped the loose end of the rope around his hand and came to her.

"I don't wan' to git near 'im," she said, vehemently; "I hate 'im!"

"Good-by, Lindy. In a few days, remember," said Denny, taking her hand briefly. Then he went back to the horse, a large animal with signs of great endurance, vaulted upon its back, and with his prisoner in front of him rode off into the early night. He dared not turn his head. His words to the man before him were few. "The point of my pistol is against your back. If you move I swear I'll kill you!"

Thus they rode till the east was beginning to lighten, and London town was reached.

"How did you do it, Denny?" asked Grierson, as the two sat together in the latter's apartments the next evening. "In heaven's name, how did you take this Caliban?"

"Don't you ever ask me that question again, Billy, as you value my friendship," answered McKiernan, his face strangely gray. "He's here and I brought him; you hang him!"

WIRELESS

By Warwick James Price

THE blue of ocean stretching off to meet the blue of sky,
The spotless decks, the blinking brass, the pennons flutt'ring high,
Between the masts a silver thread, the tapping of a key,—
And, lo! a birth of living words from Heaven's immensity!

THE MUNICIPAL REVOLUTION

WAS IT SOCIAL OR POLITICAL?

By Talcott Williams

OUT of a city population of twenty millions in the United States, half voted a sudden civic revolution last November. This revolution centered in New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati. It was as startling in Boston, Cleveland and Chicago. In some cities, like Indianapolis, it was absent, and reaction appeared. San Francisco was out of the current altogether. There the reign of the labor-boss, most perilous of all civic tyrannies, because it rests on the ignorance of the laboring many instead of the cupidity of the capitalist few, was unbroken.

Elsewhere, the country over, the city vote suddenly became mobile, broke from its old moorings and asserted a new independence. A new peril faced the reign and power of the boss. He had for years heard with equanimity the protest of the reformer. He could not, in New York or elsewhere, face with calm the sudden cleavage of the mass vote. In an American city you will find, if you look up the number of families in a "blue-book," or get a count of address lists which are intended to reach the householder above the tenement line—family units, roughly speaking, earning over \$1,200 or \$1,500 a year—that they are about one-tenth of the whole, not more. These are above the mere wage-earning line. They represent those who are able to command a house address, individuality and establishment for their families. Servant-keeping begins at this point. This tenth first feels the reform propaganda. It is the upper, "emerged tenth." Just as another lowest tenth is the "submerged tenth."

If a city is closely divided between two

political parties or machines, and this tenth swings from one side to the other on a reform cry, it can change a municipal election. It did repeatedly between 1870 and 1890 or so. For fifteen years past, however, our city vote has grown jughandled, and the boss has held the handle. The "emerged tenth" might have its reform fever. It has had several in Philadelphia. Its various reform associations might "resolute until the cows came home," but the cows didn't come home. They stayed in the boss's pasture and he milked them.

It was not this vote that became mobile last November. When Mr. Hearst so divided the Tammany vote in New York that there is no possible doubt that he had a majority of that vote on Manhattan Island, it was neither the "emerged" nor the "submerged" tenth that gave it to him; but the middle eight-tenths. In Brooklyn, that wilderness of family bedrooms, where their share is large, he had sixteen thousand majority, in the most stable, the most mechanic, the most average-income city in America, a city still full of filled churches and having neither its Fifth Avenue nor its East Side. In Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Chicago, the big shift of the vote last November was in wards that are like Brooklyn.

It was not the reform vote that licked the bosses this time, but this mass vote. In the past no vote has been so loyal to a party label as the mechanic-clerk-small-householder vote. For one thing, it furnishes all the leaders of the city machines. The city machines are vast employment bureaus. It is part of the trade of the

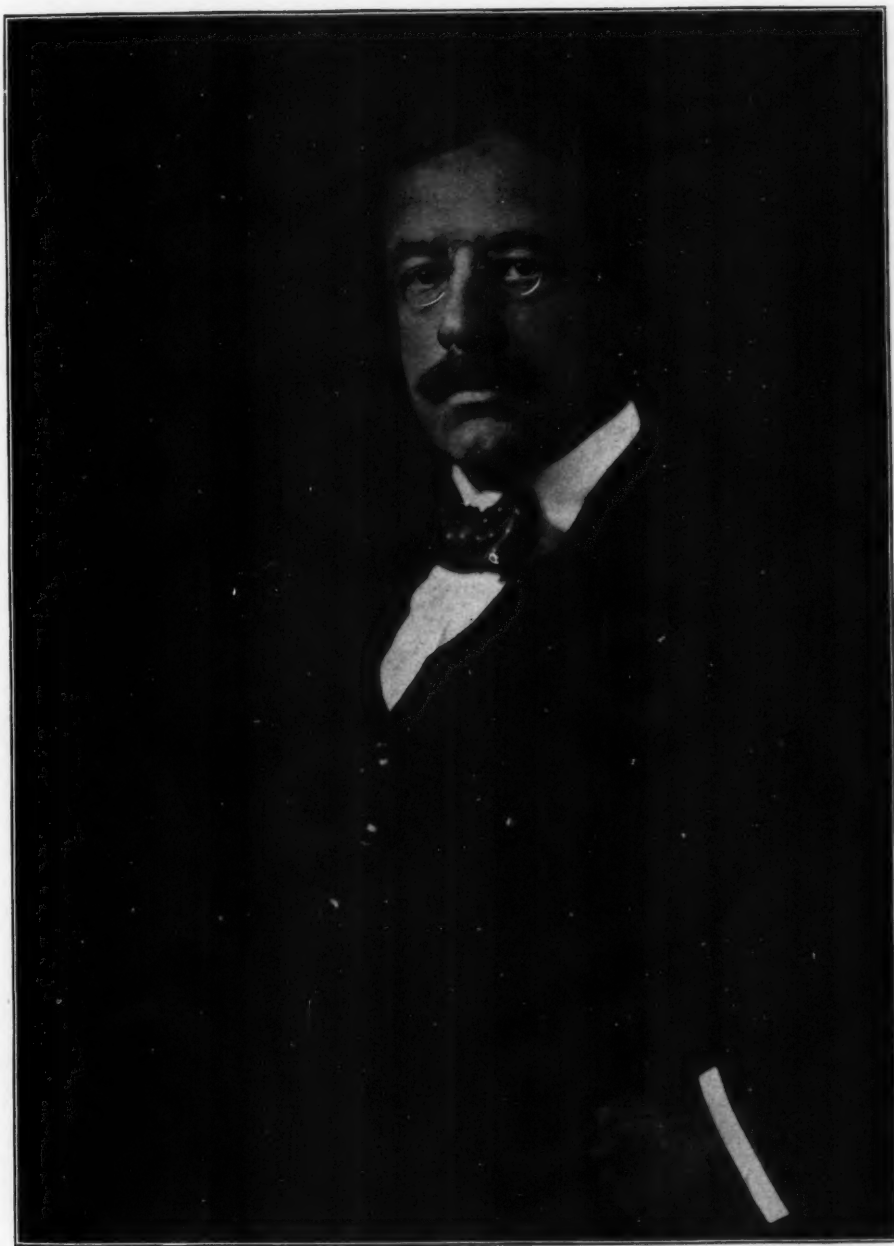
ward and division leader to get places for people. The public service corporations, the railroads, and all the firms and establishments that profit by political graft, pay their small bills to the "organization" and keep their running account warm with places and passes. If they are latterly adopting a new policy in this last particular, it is because the boss and the organization are ceasing to deliver the vote which last November played the avalanche.

The mere fact that this great central ruling mass showed itself mobile in the last November election, and mobile without warning, is much. Voting is a habit that has to be learned. When the ballot began in New York state a century ago only half the voting population went to the polls. It took half a century to educate a voting vote which polled ninety to ninety-five votes out of a hundred. In Italy and Spain to-day not a quarter to a third of the voters go to the polls at all. In France, not over half. In England, taking all the parliamentary divisions, some three-quarters. There are Southern states here where not half the white vote is polled. In some Northern states, only two-thirds.

The habit of even casting a vote has to be learned by great masses of men like any other habit. So do men have to be trained in the use of a new ballot. Up to 1885 and 1890, when the Australian ballot came in, all voters had known only the single party ballot. For the first ten years of the Australian ballot men went on voting on the old lines. Its introduction worked no great change. Men continued to vote "the straight ticket" as they had before. There was a period when the boss felt that he had yielded to reformers on the Australian ticket and had gained rather than lost. Statutes permitting aid to the ignorant voter facilitated a check upon voters venal or pledged to the machine. The count was made more

cumbrous, and under many statutes election officers more easily manipulated the new ballot than the old. "The straight ticket" once lay on American politics like an obsession. In 1879, when a few young college graduates in New York City, most of whom are known to-day, and for most of whom this was their first step in active politics, organized the "Scratcher" campaign against A. B. Cornell, the machine Republican candidate for Governor, this group of reformers did not even venture to say they proposed to vote the Democratic ticket. They only urged that an unfit Republican candidate be "scratched," and when Cornell ran nineteen thousand votes behind his ticket it was plain that at least this number of voters had preferred scratching his name to voting for an irreproachable Democratic candidate, Robinson. It is a far cry from that day to the campaign of 1905, when a Republican cabinet officer, Secretary Taft, could go into Ohio and demand the defeat of the Republican machine ticket as a rebuke to Cox, the Republican boss in Cincinnati.

The November city vote was mobile beyond all precedent. It elected Jerome, on Manhattan Island, on a courageous appeal to the civic patriotism of voters absolutely without precedent. For the first time in American history a candidate without an organization, without a party nomination, with nothing but his record, a three weeks' campaign and an unquenchable confidence in the justice and patriotism of his fellow citizens, swept the best organized political machine in the country, Tammany Hall, into ignominious and unexpected rout. If this had been in New York alone it would have stood simply for a triumph of a picturesque personality, who is loved for his faults as much as he is admired for his virtues, and who matches the moment when Brown-ing's hero "to the Dark Tower came." There was tolled in his ears, too, "increasing like a bell," names—



Photograph copyright 1905 by Pirie MacDonald, N. Y.

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME

Of all the lost adventurers his peers,—
 How such a one was strong, and such was
 bold,
 And such was fortunate, yet each of old
 Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of
 years.

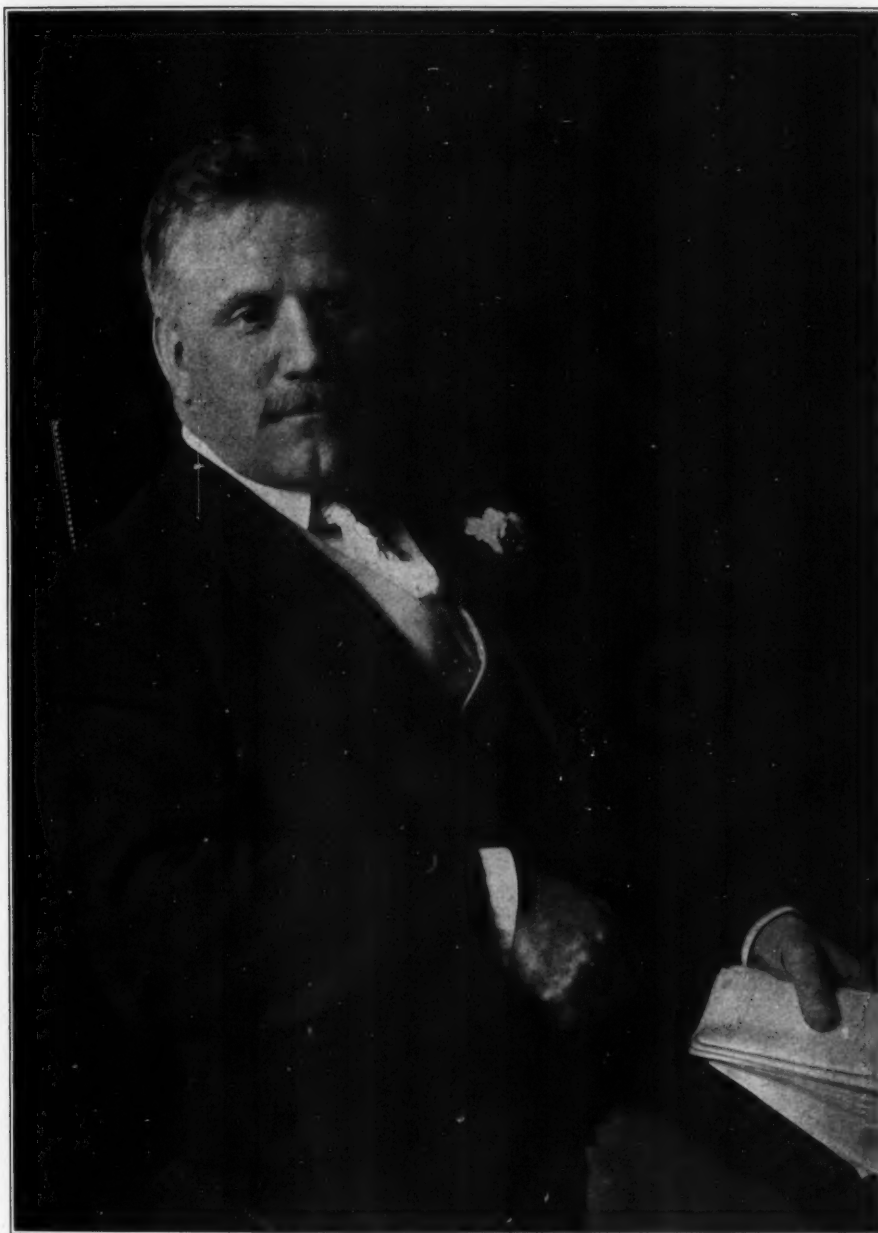
He saw them and he knew them all. And
 yet
 Dauntless the slug-horn to his lips he set,
 And blew "*Childe Roland to the Dark
 Tower came.*"

But when a precisely similar appeal in Boston by District Attorney Nolan, a new man and unknown, swept both of the party candidates out of the field, it is plain that we are looking at something more than the phenomenal success of a phenomenal man. We are looking instead at the fruit and harvest of half a century of public education, of thirty years of reform agitation, and of fifteen years of the Australian ballot. The political education of the great mass, an education which must be accomplished in the school before it will be registered at the polling booth, has converted the solid, stolid, vast mass vote, which from the dawn of the Democratic faith in the early part of the nineteenth century down to its very close, voted for eighty years so steadily along the lines of a party label, and at the beck and call of party leaders, that a breach in the habit was regarded with surprise, is at last permeated with the consciousness of a new power. It has learned how to use an Australian ballot. It has discovered that it is possible to pick and choose between candidates.

It remains awkward and ignorant. The number of dubious ballots cast under the American modifications to the Australian system are great beyond all public knowledge. Some day, unless our statutes are improved, they will bring the country to the edge of a civil war by raising a doubt as to a Presidential election. For the first time in the history of New York City such

mistakes have involved in contest the vote for Mayor. Three or four voters out of every hundred on Manhattan Island cast away their ballots by marking a candidate for District Attorney who was not running. But these days are past. These blunders are but the small dust of the ballots by the side of the great and imposing fact that the vote of our great cities has suddenly become mobile. Instead of choosing between parties, it is choosing between men. Instead of accepting reform as an occasional escape or antidote to the personal plunder and public corruption of the organization, this mass vote of that great democracy, eight-tenths, neither "submerged" nor "emerged," has become sentient, full of a new volition and conscious of a new power.

It is a frequent assumption that this sudden uprising which swept through great cities like an earthquake tidal wave, come between full moons of general elections out of season, was an uprising against the "graft of current politics." Such a movement is in progress. There has come a new determination to extend the boundaries within which law penalizes and prohibits personal profit of personal rule. Government began as graft. Graft was all there was to the revenue of the earlier chief, of the first king, and the nascent government. As M. Taine laboriously explains, in France, under the ancient régime, the king and the privileged class absorbed all the revenues of the realm, and in return the king, as the representative head of privilege, maintained the army, protected the land, enforced order, dispensed justice and treated the surplus as "graft," his personal perquisite, building out of it in one reign Versailles, and in another keeping instead a "*Parc au Cerfs.*" When Hampden resisted the payment of ship money it was easy for the Crown lawyers to marshal the precedents of centuries to show that the king in the past had levied taxes on his own account. Taxes all begin in fees, in



JOHN WEAVER, MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA

Photograph by F. J. von Rapp

imposts and in exactions levied by rulers for rulers, with such incidental benefit to the ruled as may be the sovereign's good pleasure. The whole progress and evolution of responsible government is a change from unlicensed graft to licensed graft, and from licensed graft to a strict accounting for a salary paid for specific service. Every time a fee office is changed into a salaried office, another of the abuses of the past and of privilege is buried out of sight by the advancing tide of democracy, which refuses at any point to allow privilege, and insists instead that whatever responsible work is done shall receive a responsible return, for which a strict accounting shall be made.

This is the principle of administrative progress in corporations as well as in governments. Our railroad presidents thirty years ago directly owned their railroads and treated them as if they were personal property. Their successors carry on the same habit, but they face a sure accounting not far distant. The abolition of passes, the war on rebates and the various criticisms of the manifold privilege of our railroad systems, from the rebate, which creates the dividends of a gigantic trust, to the trip pass, by which some division worker is kept loyal to the organization and ready to vote for the railroad in city council or state legislature, are a part of the survivals of a system under which those who control it follow

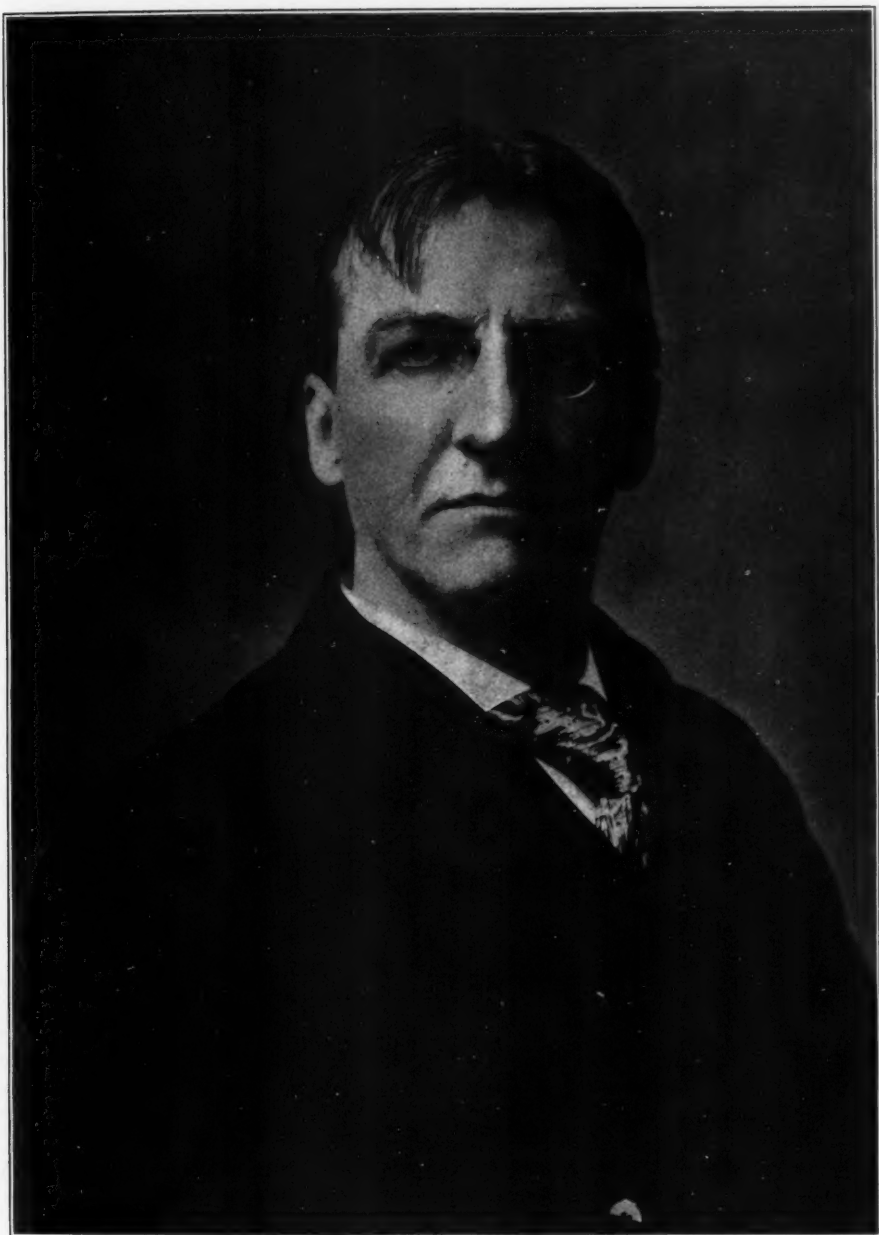
The simple rule and good old plan
That he should keep who has the power,
And he should get who can.

The flame of indignation which has swept through the land over insurance revelations deals with evils accepted as a matter of course thirty years ago. No one challenged or criticized in the elder Hyde, of the New York Equitable Life Insurance Company, that for which the younger Hyde has been forced to resign, refund and is cast forth disgraced. The

worst railroad rebate to-day is trivial by the freight contracts of a generation ago. Nothing exposed now in subsidiary corporations, profitable to managers owning their shares, compare with the freight lines of railroads before 1880. Nowhere in railroad officials is there the flagrant graft that existed between 1850 and 1870, when railroad posts were treated as if they were personal property, just as a railroad officer's "private car" is to-day, an abuse that will not endure for long.

The world is not worse than it was. It is better. Its sense and standard of the fiduciary relation of life has risen, and rising, floods all the barren sands of privilege with the even and advancing democratic tide of equality. An aristocracy, says Henry James, is "organized bad manners." It is also organized graft. If government graft is syndicated in a privileged class, it is tolerably easy to exclude any other illicit profit. Most aristocracies are honest enough and prudent enough in rule to protect their own privilege of ruling. The legal and recognized advantages that come from privilege still swarm in European countries, where no one is surprised at fortunes like that which grew during the official life of such a man as Gambetta.

Theoretically, this country has addressed itself to the more difficult task of excluding privilege altogether. For a system in which the few are privileged and honest it substitutes honesty for all and privilege for none. In municipal government we have wholly failed to secure this. Boss and machine rest on a double graft. The machine has its alliance on one side with the graft of the public service corporation, and on the other with the semi-criminal class. The boss, be he who he may, Murphy in New York, Durham in Philadelphia, or Cox in Cincinnati, is the connecting link. He levies on the one side upon gambler, prostitute, illicit liquor seller, and all the dregs of social life. He levies on the other hand upon the trolley



Photograph by Chickering, Boston

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JOHN B. MORAN, "THE JEROME OF BOSTON"

company, the gas supply, telephone and electric light, and all the most respectable capital of the community. From both he extorts the price of protection and of favorable legislation. Both pay him, and both sets of law-breakers are protected. In this mad *carmagnole* about the American tree of liberty, the highly respectable director of the gas company and the prostitute, the gambler and the railroad president, the private business man who needs public graft and the illicit liquor seller, all join hands. The common source of their unrighteous gains, the boss, protects both, and he profits by both. He sets the music and they both dance to the same tune,—the church-going director with his bank account and his nickel-steel-plated respectability, and the scarlet woman who has long since torn off the last shred of respectable appearances. They both want the same thing—protection from the law. They both pay for it in the same way. They get it from the same source—the boss, who, by their joint contributions, keeps in active existence his machine, which, under pay from him, breaks the law at the ballot-boxes in order that public service corporations may break the law or profit by purchased law on one side, and that all the other semi-criminal but no more criminal classes on the other side may profit by the open liquor saloon, the stew, the opium den and the gambling house.

These three are the triad of American municipal rule—Vishnu, the boss, the preserver; Brahma, the highly respectable creator of material values in public service corporations, and Siva, the destroyer of men and women, the embodied vice of every great city.

Reform—the highly respectable and “emerged tenth,” which enjoys the advantages of life, possesses its privileges, owns its trolley shares, has savings, holds life insurance policies, and still goes to church—has been severe upon the alliance with vice, but has cared very little about

the alliance with the public service corporation. It has seen the evil of the triple evils which the political boss licenses and protects in every city. It has waxed wrathful and indignant over the personal profit and perquisite of the boss himself. The respectable being much moved by pecuniary plunder and callous to the indirect corporation pillage of a great city by dear gas, high railroad fares, exorbitant electric light charges, extravagant telephone prices, and the manifold ways in which public service corporations use a franchise which they have bought in one way or another to plunder the great mass of an American municipality.

The proof of this callous indifference is that while it is never possible for the boss to secure any social recognition, his sins follow him to the second and third generation of those who bear his name, as Croker discovered when he sent his boys to college. The Ohio election again demonstrated this when the presence of a boss and a woman with a past at a social political reception in Cincinnati was one of the prime causes which set aflame every W. C. T. U. meeting in Ohio with determination that social recognition should not be a part of the maiden tribute which a boss could extort from those to-day most conspicuous in the social relations of American life. But the director of the public service corporation, whose contributions make possible the rule of the boss and whose diversion of money justly belonging to the general public is a hundred-fold greater than the pickings and stealings which any boss can make off the graft and fees of politics, has never lost his social recognition in any city. If he is a more than usually flagrant pirate, he may be socially boycotted himself, but his children never are. If they find the door closed at Philadelphia, they open it with a golden key at Newport, and find that, once opened, there is a back way into the best Philadelphia has to offer. If New York is dubious, they have only to cross to Lon-



TOM L. JOHNSON, AGAIN ELECTED MAYOR OF CLEVELAND

don to be accepted. If Chicago remembers a sentence and term of imprisonment against the head of a public service corporation, neither English capitalists nor English peers will. The practical result has been that reform has always found itself more or less cramped and curbed in dealing with the boss by the circumstance that a large number of the reformers had public service swag.

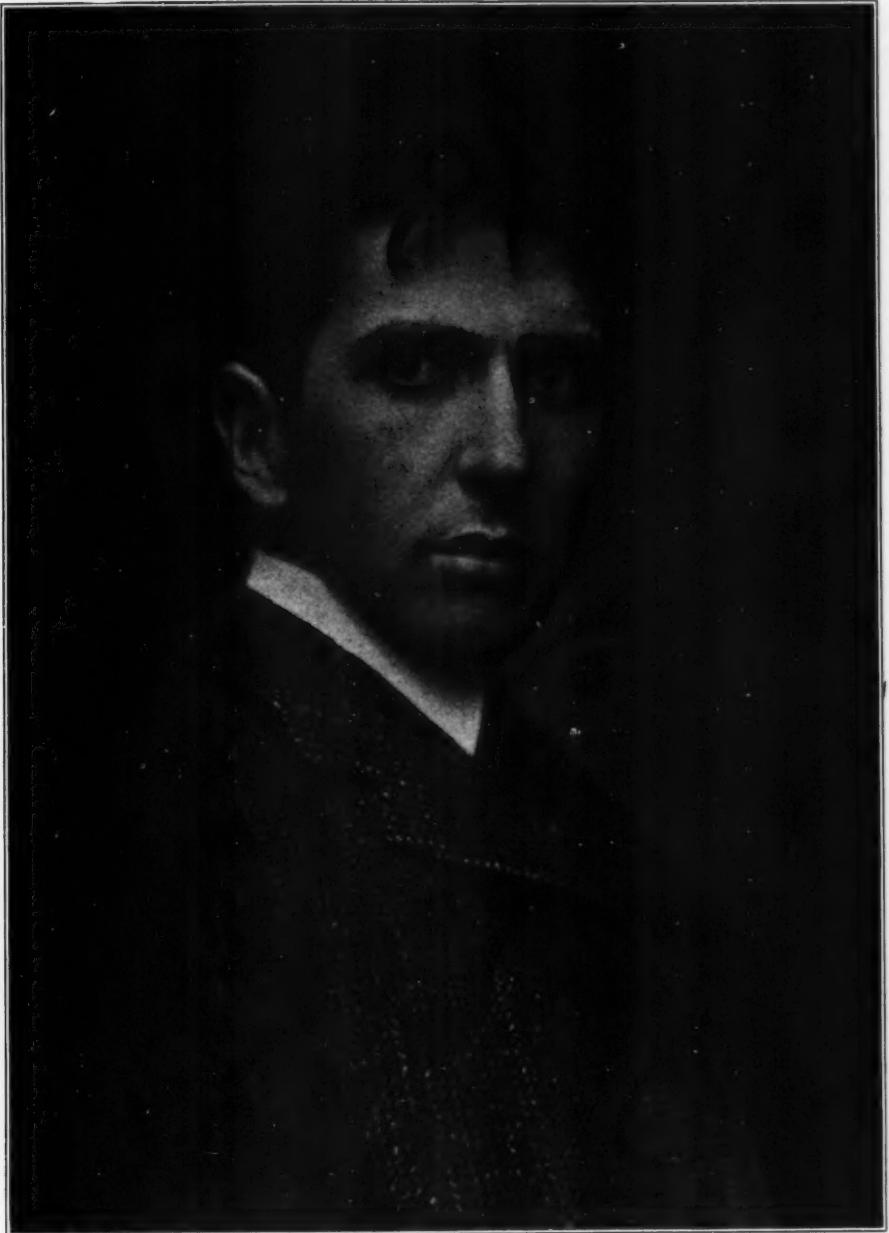
But the last election, if it showed anything, demonstrated that the vast mass, suddenly stirred to action in the polling booth, cares much more for the work of the public service corporation than for the illicit profits of the boss. Reform cried aloud in the desert of minorities as long as it was attacking the machine, fraudulent ballots and the wholesale protection of vice. When, in New York city, revelations at Albany and on Manhattan Island had quickened the public sense to the plunder of gas companies, to the piracy of subway and surface road, which in consolidation after consolidation had added to its capital and the tribute it extorted from a great city,—when, in Philadelphia, the United Gas Improvement Company attempted to add to its profits from a quarter of a million of consumers,—when, in Cleveland and Cincinnati, the shadow of three-cent fares fell across the political dial, and public ownership was trifled with in Chicago, there came a sudden rising tide from that great mass which doesn't own gas and trolley shares, which doesn't sit in the same church with the directors who pay for stolen franchises and contribute to corrupt machines, which has no hospitals, orphan asylums or learned institutions to be supported by appropriations, which in all our States are the prices directly and indirectly by which a corrupt machine purchases good men who could be reached, silenced and swayed by no other inducements whatsoever.

For mere pecuniary corruption the mass vote has often showed a callous indifference. It re-elected Tweed after he was ex-

posed. It stood by Quay in Pennsylvania through twenty years of flagitious and cynical piracy. It has condoned over and over again through a score of years the brutal reign of Cox in Cincinnati. Even though the protection of vice bears most grievously on the humbler home, the votes that come from the lower range of income and wage earning have generally accepted as inevitable and unavoidable ills the presence of the triple evil of city life—liquor selling, licentiousness and gambling.

But the greater lesson of the municipal tidal wave of November, 1905, is that at last an issue has been found which stirs the depths of the mass vote. Deep has called unto deep in our great cities. Leviathan has stirred, and any man at his peril will hereafter seek to bind him with his bands for the corporation furrow or to use him to harrow the valleys to reap the dividends of public service privileges. It is idle to suppose that this great mass, which has stirred to the call of Mr. Hearst in New York and responded in other cities, is moved simply by the desire for administrative reform, pure politics, pure water, or a more economical administration of city affairs. Why should they be? In Philadelphia the advantaged and prosperous knew that the ballot was debauched, that gambling was licensed, and that the daughters of the poor were the sport of a white slave traffic, but none of these things moved them until their gas bills were increased, and then they rose and swore an oath to high heaven that, whatever else the ring could debauch and plunder, it should not be allowed to increase gas bills.

The education, agitation and revelations of the past decade have steeped the great mass of our city vote with full consciousness that they are plundered in the daily walk and work of life. When the shares of three public service corporations fell thirty million dollars during the agitation in Philadelphia, it was because every man knew that an honest city government would take this value off these



BRAND WHITLOCK, TOLEDO'S AUTHOR-MAYOR

franchises, not one of which had been paid for adequately, and not one of which was justly administered by placing its rate for service at the fair sum which would return a fair interest on the capital actually invested. Every man who has studied the question at all knows that gas in our great cities is one-third too high; that if justice were done a three-cent car fare would come as a matter of course, and that electric-light charges would drop one-half were the evil union between the respectable director and the corrupted boss rent in twain. These various charges and others like them are little felt by the advantaged, but they press with relentless force on family incomes of less than one thousand two hundred dollars. With all his faults, Mr. Hearst has steadily struck at this great injustice, and he has proved, as has always been proved, that much is forgiven to him who even seems to love much the cause of the masses. Doubtless the position of the small wage earner has improved from natural causes in the last half century more than that of any other stratum of the community. He is better paid, he is better housed, his death-rate is lower, his savings are greater, the education of his children is immeasurably advanced, and his cost of living has been reduced. But when this change and these "natural causes" are pleaded before an audience of laboring men, one can see darkening over every face an imprecation as honest, as sincere and as just as that

of any Hebrew prophet. "Natural causes? D—n your natural causes! Give us justice!"

It is justice that has moved the vast tidal wave which swept our cities last November. Behind it is the conscious demand for reduced charges for all public services by the corporations who own the franchises for supplying them, and the demand, too, for better education, more libraries, the addition of baths, gymnasiums, athletic grounds, music and amusements, to all the city now provides, and not far away in the near future the old-age pension.

If the directing and advantaged class are wise enough to see all this, to grasp this great evil of the corrupt bargain between the machine, the public service corporation and vice, and give our cities not only better government but immeasurably better opportunities for the life, growth and the development of every human being, with security when old age comes for every wage earner, our established order of free contract and free competition will remain.

But if these things are not given by the established order, the great forces whose voice has now been heard will be heard again, and our social order will be replaced by another which *will* give these things. Socialism will come. Free contract and free competition will disappear, and the last state of the land will be worse than the first.



MEN
WOMEN AND
AFFAIRS

OUR OWN TIMES

BOOKS
THE ARTS AND
THE DRAMA

DOCTOR Harold N. Moyer, of Chicago, speaking at a dinner of the Physicians' Club, had the courage to ease his mind on the subject of race suicide in a manner that will win applause from many who have secretly agreed with him, but who have felt themselves unable to cope with our enthusiastic president and his optimistic supporters. "The sociologists, who coined the phrase 'race suicide,'" observed Doctor Moyer, "have mistaken a healthful symptom for a social disease. At the beginning of the last century this country had four million. At the beginning of this century we had eighty million. In another hundred years we shall be jammed together, three hundred and sixty million souls, all struggling for a livelihood." Superintendent W. Lester Bodine, of the compulsory education department, asserted that "the real race suicide is in the improvident childhood among the illiterates and the poor, in the raising of children as commodities for the factory, and in the unsanitary and depleting conditions that often surround the women who work." The English press has been showing its profound irritation at the ineffective speech made by Mr. Balfour to the wives of the unemployed of London, who swarmed to the government offices demanding work and bread. Mr. Balfour was indeed vague, uninterested and unappreciative of the situation of these women, whose white faces and emaciated bodies bore tragic witness to their sorrows. But supposing he had promised that the government should make work for the husbands of these women, would he not have launched his country upon a ruinous policy? The work would have been fictitious, and the influence of such an attempt demoralizing. Or suppose that he had ventured upon an untenable promise to secure some measure of protection for English industries at this late

day, and could so have taken from Germany the millions of pounds' worth of manufacturing which is done cheaply there, and imported to England, duty free. The work given to England would be taken from Germany and the human race would be no better off. Germany has its misery in plenty now; and to help one group of human beings at the expense of another is a piece of false economy and of bad ethics. The socialists are nearer to justice than the rest of us when they maintain that a discriminating paternalism shall be assumed by the government. But one of the causes of sorrow in the world is the too rapid increase of the human race. Mr. Balfour may have reflected upon the truth of this, but he would never have been forgiven if he had said it. Those white-faced women, who reeled to the English government offices, intoxicated with anger, despair, hunger and maternal pity, carried children in their arms, had little ones hanging to their skirts, and left a restless brood at home. They had brought them into the world knowing they could not provide for them, and that the little ones must grow up, as their parents had before them, with want waiting at their doors, with vice for their companions, and with a pauper's grave offering them rest at the end. If they, and their fathers before them, even unto the tenth generation, had shown a more sincere compassion for posterity, there would not be this hungry army of the rejected beating with futile hands upon the doors of destiny. The complaint made of the studious and public-spirited American women, that they have not more than four children each, and that they average but two, may be conceded. But they urge in reply that they seldom lose by death in infancy the children born to them, that they bring them up with careful regard to their physique, and that this is evidenced by the

great superiority of the present generation of well-to-do Americans over the generation that went before; that they are able to keep these children from wasting their strength by labor during their youth; that they educate them, and present to the Republic, in the end, finely-trained men and women, who possess courage, endurance, patriotism, pride of family and ability to care for themselves. If similar ideals could be taught the foreigners and the blacks, it would be better for the commonwealth. The writer knows one black woman who has had twenty-two children, and who raised two; another who has had twelve and raised two; another who has had sixteen and raised three; and others with a less, but still a formidable proportion of death in infancy. This is, indeed, race suicide. Mr. Roosevelt is swift and generous in his impulses, and he is loved and trusted all the more because of the very human quality of his blunders and mistakes. He possesses, indeed, the only frank, unafraid and fascinating personality the White House has sheltered since that black day when Abraham Lincoln vacated it. But in advising Americans to have as many children as they can, he has not spoken wisely. He may well urge conscientiousness upon both women and men. But wisdom, justice to posterity, regard for the internal peace of one's country, demand, not quantity, but quality in the children. We want free individuals, not a driven mob of miserable ones—we desire happiness for the coming generations—not a struggling mass, one-tenth or more of whom must eat the bread of charity.

MRS. Wilson Woodrow, who has made a definite mark with her short stories about the women of "Zenith," was born in Chillicothe, Ohio. From a visit home she has recently returned to New York, where she does her work. Some years ago she was on the staff of the Chillicothe *Daily News* which, by the way, has given training not only to Mrs. Woodrow, but to John Bennett, author of "Master Skylark;" to Anne D. Sedgwick, author of "Paths of Judgment;" to Burton E. Stevenson, author of "The Holladay Case," and to Charles Cary, Mrs. Woodrow's brother. It is an interesting coincidence, moreover, that in the same num-

ber of McClure's with Mrs. Woodrow's recent story, "The Sporting Blood of Zenith," should have appeared an installment of Mr. Charles F. Lummis' review on "Pioneer Transportation in America;" for Mr. Lummis was another of the remarkable Chillicothe group. Although it is chiefly by these Colorado stories that Mrs. Woodrow has made her way, she has also won herself a considerable audience among readers of *Life*, where lately she has been running a series of exceptionally funny parodies of popular novels. At present Mrs. Woodrow is engaged in preparing the "Zenith" stories for book publication. Her knowledge of the material in them was gathered at firsthand. Not very many years ago she was living in remote mining camps in the neighborhood of Cripple Creek, playing the part of isolated sportswoman, amateur of mining machinery and involuntary student of humanity. While out there she did no writing at all, hardly even a letter; but since going to New York to live she has realized how intimately she learned to know the free and generous mining-camp life, particularly among the women. Mrs. Woodrow has had tribute for her work from distinguished sources; but the one that has perhaps touched her most was a beautiful bunch of long-stemmed California violets, sent to her by the wife of a florist in Chillicothe, a hard-working German woman, and accompanied with a card on which was written, "Not for Mrs. Woodrow, who I do not know, but for Mrs. Nitchkan, who I love." Mrs. Nitchkan is one of the characters in the series. When Mrs. Woodrow has woven these stories together around a main motive, McClure, Phillips & Co., will publish the book, probably under the title "The New Missioner."

THE sudden death of Henry Harland takes from the world of gay letters a man of alert imagination, who was in his early prime. He was a cosmopolite of a pronounced type, and this was not owing merely to the fact that he was born in St. Petersburg, educated in Rome and Paris and at Harvard, and had edited periodicals in America and England. It was his instinct to make any country his home, and to fit his fancy to any dwelling place. As editor



HENRY HARLAND

of *The Yellow Book* he brought into prominence a curious and striking group of exotic intellects. The extraordinary, the ultra imaginative, the purely inventive, charmed him, and he applauded and in every way encouraged writers of this character. He was himself the author of a variety of imaginative works — "Mademoiselle Miss," "Gray Roses," "Comedies and Errors," "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," "The Lady Paramount," and, most charming of all, "My Friend Prospero." He will be missed from among the ranks of vivacious and en-

tertaining writers of style and ability. He will be remembered by many friends who delighted in his free and gallant outlook upon life, and by an army of magazine contributors who found him courteous and appreciative.

BERNARD Shaw's latest play, "Major Barbara," has for one of its chief characters, *Andrew Undershaft*, a caricature of Andrew Carnegie. He is a capitalist with a creed, that creed being that might makes right. *Major Barbara* is his daughter, who

also has a creed, hers being to the effect that the only thing that makes right is—right. In pursuance of this idea she joins the Salvation Army and is followed thither



Photograph by Marceau, N. Y.

ARNOLD DALY

American exponent of Bernard Shaw, dramatist

by her lover, a professor of Greek, who ultimately leaves the Salvation Army to become the leader of her father's factory. There is a tradition among the *Undershafes* that a foundling shall be adopted to succeed to its vast industrial inheritance, and *Andrew Undershaft* disinherits his own son in the furtherance of this custom. The magnate and his wife, *Lady Britomart Undershaft*, separate because of this act, and it is only after *Undershaft's* daughters are grown women that he is introduced to them. *Barbara* and he clash at once, owing to the vigor with which they promulgate their respective ideas of life. *Major Barbara* invites her father to the Salvation Army Shelter, and he goes, meeting there a number of the vagrants

of London. These characters are said to be among the best that Shaw has drawn. The wealthy manufacturer writes out a handsome check for the benefit of the Shelter, which *Major Barbara* refuses because she does not approve of the manner in which the money has been made. But her superiors overrule her decision, and accept further contributions from the same source. *Barbara* resigns in disgust, while her father, enamored with the activity about him, and quite willing to be at the head of anything, leads forth the ranks of Salvationists, playing on the big trombone, while *Barbara's* lover, the professor of Greek, follows, beating the drum. *Barbara* is invited in turn to visit the rooms where her father makes his explosives and war implements, and the latter part of the play is taken up with discussions as to the right and wrong of war, vagrancy, labor organizations, capitalistic combines, etcetera. A distinguished audience met to listen to the first performance of the play.

"PSYCHOLOGY in fiction," observes Mr. F. Marion Crawford in his latest novel, "*Fair Margaret*," "seems to mean the rather fruitless study of what the novelist himself thinks he might feel if he ever got himself into one of those dreadful scrapes which it is a part of his art to invent outright, or to steal from the lives of men and women he has known or heard of. People who can analyze their own feelings are never feeling enough to hurt them much; a medical student could not take his scalpel and calmly dissect out his own nerves. You may try to analyze pain and pleasure when they are past, but nothing is more strangely and hopelessly undefined than the memory of a great grief, and no analysis of pleasure can lead to anything but the desire for more. The only real psychologists have been the great lyric poets, before they have emerged from the gloom of youth."

This is a profound observation, and it is true that it is such men as Shelley, Keats and Dowson, Goethe, Heine and Amiel (whose soul indolence, but not whose incapacity, kept him from lyrical labor) are the ones who appear to be able to confess to the tumult of the soul which all feel, but which a deep abashment or a scrupulous reserve re-

strain the average man from expressing. But the cries of the sad youth, aghast, in his first view of life, death, futurity, with the unknown crowding upon him from all of creation, confesses to but a portion of the emotions which man, in his long and eventful journey, must feel. The sentiments of manhood and of old age equal in profundity and often in revolt those of a discerning adolescence. But in manhood and in age a restricting decency of speech, a nice reserve, a chilly hauteur of the spirit, keeps one from confession. It is therefore but a small department of life that attains to full psychological exploitation. Much that is most pregnant remains in the deep reserve of nature. It is not often that men so much as confess the sentiments with which they regard approaching death. It appears to them to be more dignified to cover the spirit. Only now and then does some one, like Nietzsche, lay bare the arrogances, doubts, dreads, defiances and passions of the secret man.

LITTLE by little, it appears, the desire of the Irish for the control of their own country, is to be gratified. An Irish American, who has made many sacrifices, hundreds of friends and thousands of enemies by his unswerving devotion to the cause of his unforgettten fatherland, said the other day: "We Irish are not working in as spectacular a manner as we used, it is true. Our greatest leaders in the English parliament are dead or partly silenced. But our prospects for self government were never better. What is the situation at present? Great Britain has returned the liberals; John Redmond will reopen the question of home rule; John Morley and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman sympathize with us and will seize the first opportunity to indicate their friendliness. There is talk of bestowing upon Ireland the gift of 'an installment of representative control.' This will be the forerunner of other such gifts. I hope to see my country come, peaceably, gradually and judiciously into her proper place as a self-governing power. The time was when I had less patience and a more explosive form of patriotism. But I am not sulking because I could not see my hopes realized instantly and brilliantly. I believe that confidence in the power of Ireland to control herself is grow-

ing in England. I have faith in the good sense and the temperate disposition of our friends. I have talked with many Irish-Americans who have written, harangued and paid their hard-earned dollars in the cause of Irish liberty, and they express themselves as gratified at the prospects for a slowly-established Home Rule. The event is not coming about as we planned it in the more fiery days of our youth, but it is, after all, coming in the best way."

IN a recent letter Miss Carolyn Wells writes: "Please accept 'The Heart of the City,' with my compliments. The title



CAROLYN WELLS

is unclouded and the taxes for the first half of 1906 are paid." All who march in the great daily procession "Between the Flat-iron and the Times" will appreciate the

value of the gift, and it is for such as these that the verses are allowed to escape from a much-treasured scrapbook into these pages.

THE HEART OF THE CITY

Between the Flatiron and the Times
I often make up foolish rhymes;
For in that noisy, glittering mart
I feel the city's beating heart.
'Tis but a stage, and all men mimes,
Between the Flatiron and the Times.

Between the Flatiron and the Times
There are committed gravest crimes;
Patrician or plebeian knaves
Delude their victims and their slaves.
Some sin for fortunes, some for dimes,
Between the Flatiron and the Times.

Between the Flatiron and the Times
Light laughter rings and music chimes;
The gayest, happiest hours are spent,
Glad hearts o'erflow with merriment;
All types are there—all years—all climes—
Between the Flatiron and the Times.

A CERTAIN professor in a western university, who might as well be called Morse, because that is not his name, was in London last summer. He is the author of several novels, and his fame as a writer and as an educator is sufficient to extend across the sea. Walking one day he met an English literary friend who, in the most informal and casual way, invited him to come to dinner that night at a club, where, he assured him, he would meet some of the really important literary light of the town. When he rejoined his friend that evening there were certainly literary light enough, but Professor Morse discovered, to his amazement, that the banquet, for it was nothing else, was of the most conventional and formal sort, and that he was the guest of honor.

After the dinner, which was a long and rather heavy meal, the chairman rapped for order and arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the ——— Club: There is a hardly one of you—I ah—imagine, who has not observed with swelling pride the literary activity of our brethren across the sea. (Applause.) We have all observed the—ah—growing literature in the States. There is hardly a branch of the art of writ-

ing in which our brethren over sea have not their shining representative. (Hear! hear!) Blood, as has well been said, gentlemen, is thicker than water, and we would be something less than human, if we did—ah—not take interest in what the States produce in the way of fiction, of poetry, and of belles lettres. It is therefore with the liveliest sense of pleasure that I introduce to you to-night our honored guest (searching in his vest pockets), our talented young friend, Mr. ——— (another vain search and a hasty look under the napkin), the talented young writer, whose works have become as household words on two continents (with a sudden burst of memory), Mr. Morse, who will address the club." (Great applause.)

Mr. Morse, with black curses in his heart for the man who had inveigled him into this mess, arose, and after a few remarks, such as might be expected under the circumstances, relating to his surprise at being the guest of honor, his deep sense of gratitude at meeting so many distinguished literary men, and apologizing for his unpreparedness, went on to say that it seemed to him to be a case of mistaken identity, like that of an instance of which he had recently heard. He then related the story of a man riding on a 'bus in the Strand. He was sitting next to the driver and these two got into a discussion as to whether or not a certain reverend-looking man in the 'bus was the Archbishop of Canterbury. Finally each man wagered a shilling, and the one who was free went inside to have the question decided. Approaching the passenger in respectful mein and with head uncovered he asked: "Excuse me, but are you the Archbishop of Canterbury?" Whereupon the man addressed turned upon him with a snarl and said: "What the h—l is it to you whether I am or not?" Withdrawing crestfallen, the man returned to the driver, gave him the shilling and said: "You win. It's His Grace."

This was Professor Morse's story and he thought it a pretty good place to sit down, which he did. There was a slight commotion at the tables, but no applause. The embarrassing silence was broken by the chairman rising and remarking: "Everyone must have observed with gratification that the ties are drawing the mother country each year closer to her wandering sons oversea.



MAUDE ADAMS AS "PETER PAN"

Photograph by Sarony, N. Y.

Among the most powerful influences which are doing this work is the noble English tongue and the men who employ it in making the literature of the English-speaking race wherever it may be found. I am sure I express the sentiment of the club when I repeat that we are honored to have with us to-night our talented young friend from oversea. I am also sure that we have all enjoyed to the full his delightful art of story-telling, an art in which his countrymen excel, as we all know from having read the works of—ah—Samuel—ah—Samuel—Mark Twain. It was hardly necessary to say to those assembled, however, that it could hardly have been the Archbishop, for, of course, His Grace would not use that language." (Great applause.) The chairman then called upon another member. He, too, referred to the pleasure it was to meet our talented young friend. "But," he said, "there is another reason in addition to that advanced by our honorable chairman, why the party in the 'bus could not have been the archbishop, because, of course, His Grace never rides in a 'bus." (Applause and cries of "You're right. That's so.") Finally at the other end of the room a languid man, a poet, arose amid cheers and said:

"I think we do our talented young friend an injustice in thus subjecting his native humor to our rules, which are, as every schoolboy knows, radically different from those governing that of the States. But I can not but refer to another reason fixing the identity of the gentleman in the 'bus as other than His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, for His Grace has been at Periwinkle-sur-Mer all summer, and I had the honor of taking tea there with His Grace a fortnight ago." (Applause and envious exclamations of "Did you, really?")

By this time Morse was wondering how they punished an assassin in England, but the dinner broke up after a few more speeches and all moved toward the cloak-room, when the man who had asked Morse to come that evening, approached and laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder and said: "I say, old chap, it was rather nasty of them not to see the point of your little story, but I did. I saw it. And between you and me, do you know, it *might* have been His Grace."

"THE Marriage of William Ashe" has been no more of a success as a drama than was "Lady Rose's Daughter." There should be something to a play besides mere vagaries of character, and even Mrs. Humphry Ward's conception of her hero and heroine, with an infinite distance between his strength and her weakness, is lost in the dramatist's effort to create situation. *Lady Kitty* is a rather colorless individual anyway, and it is hardly conceivable that any man of *Ashe's* caliber, would, forearmed and forewarned as he was, ally himself with an irresponsible butterfly. But where Mrs. Ward, through the medium of her novel, portrayed those shades of difference that finally came between *Ashe* and his wife, the dramatist has only drawn character by means of flimsy situation,—not vital, even to the weak *Lady Kitty*. She is a bundle of trivialities, but it is questionable whether such trivialities can make an interesting play. Despite the sincere work of Grace George, who lends to the part a dainty delicacy shown in the pictures of *Lady Kitty*, the play has failed, as far as New York is concerned. Either Mrs. Ward is unfortunate in her dramatizations, or else there is something inherent in her novels that detracts from their stage adaptability. An Ibsenesque treatment of such a subject as "The Marriage of William Ashe" would be interesting,—a negative way of showing subtlety by its absence, for *Lady Kitty* was not subtle, even though there are those who would claim her to be more knave than fool.

And even as this play is to have a successor, so "La Belle Marseillaise," in which Virginia Harned figures, is forced to go, since Pierre Berton, author of "Zaza," in his desire to become thoroughly national—meaning French—has failed to become thoroughly natural or human. There is a mixture of Napoleon and countless plots against his life, which produces a fictitious glow of excitement for the time being only.

It would seem that the public is becoming more discriminating; it is even following a successful move made in England; it is organizing, and there is now in existence a playgoers' club, which will try to determine, at its meetings, what plays to go to. Judging by the failures, it will be interesting to know.

A SCHOOL for the training of settlement workers has been instituted in Chicago. It is the outcome of an interested class of practical young sociologists who have, for the last three years, been studying under the auspices of the University of Chicago. Professor Graham Taylor, Edward L. Ryerson, Jane Addams, Edward Burritt Smith and others are lending their efficient patronage to this school for philanthropic and civic training, which is to be known as the Chicago Institute of Social Science. Classes will meet at two locations, and "field work" is to be a notable part of the training; this "field work" to consist of "friendly visiting" and of the investigation of cases of distress, and visits to social settlements. A more definite idea of the *modus operandi* may be gained from further quotations from the prospectus. Lectures on "The Practice of Citizenship" will be given each week at the Chicago Commons, where specialists in public service, and the heads of departments in state, county and city government will discuss their work. Another series of weekly lectures will be given on "The Causes and Treatment of Dependency," the heads of charities and experienced workers among the poor delivering the addresses. Once a week the class will study "The Care of Delinquents and Defectives," under the guidance of such specialists as Judge Mack, of the juvenile court, Jailer Whitman, that wise and kindly custodian of the sinful and unfortunate; Doctor Vaclav H. Podstata, of Dunning, the Cook county asylum for the indigent, and others with similar opportunities for experience. "Welfare Work" in the large mercantile houses and factories will be studied under Graham Taylor; and there will be departments in domestic science, kindergarten training, etcetera. The idea is a timely one. The disinterested labor of the benevolent among the poor is one of the features of that growing seriousness and spirituality which are to be noticed throughout the country, and which indicate the reaction from the materialism and growing love of display and power which flourish side by side with it. The settlements will increase in number, and the demands of the work will grow. It is wise, therefore, to raise up a trained company of young men and women, who, having the benefit of the experience

of the pioneers, may arrive, with the greatest economy of effort and time, at good working methods. The army of benevolent workers grows in specialization as well as in number. In addition to the managers and assistants in beneficent institutions, the instructors and visitors in the settlement houses, the physicians and nurses in the charitable medical organizations, there are the trained sociological observers, the statistician with his new, humane statistics, the judges and guardians of the juvenile courts, the civic instructors in the "Little Republics," and the many other workers in the new altruistic activity of an awakening time.

ONE of the characterizations made by Mrs. Wharton in "The House of Mirth" is that of the "dingy people." Mrs. Bart, the mother of Mrs. Wharton's heroine, *Lily Bart*, "hated dinginess, and it was her fate to be dingy." *Lily* "was quite aware that she was of interest to dingy people," and she regarded this interest in her bright self as one of the inevitable conditions of dinginess. That is to say, dingy people are the domestic ones, or the shabby ones, those who work, who have a conscience about such immaterial things as the payment of bills, the careful holding of a position of trust, who feel the necessity for toil, and who incur the inconspicuousness of a mediocre life. Again and again Mrs. Wharton uses this word "dingy" to indicate the banality of life for those who are not merely and exclusively ornamental—for those who live what *Lily Bart* would have regarded as lives of "shrunk opportunity." There is a description of *Lily Bart's* reflections as she walked, in her own day of "shrunk opportunity" down Fifth avenue, to climb the stairs of *Gerty Farrish*, a disinterested young woman, who, putting the "bright" life behind her, chose to lead the "dingy" life with other dingy people. Here it is:

"The walk up Fifth avenue, unfolding before her, in the brilliance of the hard winter sunlight, an interminable procession of fastidiously equipped carriages—giving her, through the little squares of brougham windows, peeps of familiar profiles bent above visiting lists, of hurried hands dispensing notes and cards to attendant foot-

men—this glimpse of the ever-revolving wheels of the great social machine made Lily more than ever conscious of the steepness and narrowness of Gerty's stairs, and



HENRY JAMES, HOWARD STURGIS AND MRS. WHARTON

of the cramped blind-alley of life to which they led. Dull stairs destined to be mounted by dull people; how many thousands of insignificant figures were going up and down such stairs all over the world at that very moment—figures as shabby and uninteresting as that of the middle-aged lady in limp black who descended Gerty's flight as Lily climbed it!"

Yes, thousand of little, insignificant, shabby figures, climbing "other men's stairs" but, miraculously, none of them insignificant in his own estimation! The canvasser, meeting his rebuffs, the laundryman's boy, with his clean towels on his arm, going from office to office, notes not so much as the mouse that peeps around the casement; the legless man on the corner, with his store of pencils, shoestrings and erasers, the milk-seller's assistant, shivering from house to house in the dawn, with his bottled fluid; the milliner's slave, sweeping out the shop with

her blue hands around the broom she can not feel for the cold—not one is insignificant to himself. They attach importance to their own ideas, they have—quite indestructible, and valorously defended, some of them—their own principles. They nourish their own dreams. They believe, even, in the immortality of the non-assertive souls that lie, mysteriously hidden in their neglected bodies. The stairs they mount to their homes do not appear to them to be dull. The people they love are not shabby—for they behold only the faces and a face with greeting in it is, somehow, a disembodied thing lifted above the material, and independent of clothes. They do not know that any one considers them "dingy," these inconspicuous ones. They are themselves so compact of love, fear, work, plans, dreams and desires, that they make the mistake of considering themselves important. One of them has a son—and it is a miracle! One loses his young wife, and the heavens are hung with black! One is bereft of sight, and it appears that all men are stricken. Each consciousness is a magic mirror, in which Self appears to be the focussing figure of colossal size. The moving show of men and women is the back ground for the important, absorbing, marvelous Me! It is the immeasurable triumph of the ego. It is this that renders innocuous the pitying insolence of the "brilliant" set to which poor *Lily Bart* paid her sorry allegiance.

CALIFORNIA is beginning to grow nervous about the influx of Japanese labor. The Japanese coolie, it is urged, is not the equal of the Californian coolie, against whom an embargo has long existed in this country. A Japanese exclusion bill has been introduced in congress. The east is not interested greatly in the question, having in mind the now established axiom that it was the politicians rather than the people who desired the exclusion of the Chinese. Certainly congress will do well to exhibit some caution in considering this bill. It can, it is true, be passed without violating the treaty now existing between Japan and the United States, for that treaty, after providing that the citizens and subjects of each country may reside in the other, says that this shall not affect the laws and regulations with re-

gard to the immigration of laborers which are in force, or which may be enacted in either of the countries. America has had to pay a high price for the privilege of excluding Chinese coolies; it will have to pay yet more in proportion, if it attempts to exclude the sensitive and inquisitive Japanese. They will be swift in commercial retaliation, and they will suffer, also, an injury to the confidence they have reposed in this country. An American, not a politician, and not of the Pacific slope, feels inclined to say that if the Japanese can give our careless workmen—our inefficient carpenters, our slovenly cabinet makers and our poor rug weavers—lessons in good craftsmanship, or if the domestic servants of Japan will replace the uninterested ones who now waste our substance and spoil our digestions, let them in by all means. We need good workmen and workwomen in America. If those among us refuse to learn their trades properly or to emerge from mere perfunctory service, let us have the swift, silent, adroit and skillful Japanese.

MADAME Sara Bernhardt has always been surprising, and she remains surprising. Her farewell tour of America is to be no dull affair, with chagrin at depleting audiences eating into the consciousness of the veteran artiste. Not at all. A new and delightful experience is to enter into what might be a journey doleful. Madame Sara is to play in a tent. The conventional English actress or the egotistic American might object to such an adventure, but not Madame Sara. She is of the "gypsily inclined" and no doubt pictures for herself a life of enchanting vagrancy. She will probably demand to sleep in a tent, and it would not be out of keeping for her to demand to be fed upon corn pone or desert bread. She will lack nothing to complete this *Fracasse*-like adventure, save youth. And after all, perhaps she has that in excess of those who are more obviously young. The spirit of Sara Bernhardt is the spirit of genius. For that there is no age. One drinks to her—to Bernhardt, the audacious, the marvelous, the enchanting and the enchanted, who is above all things the actress, and who goes gypsying as happily as if she were Goethe's *Filina*, Borrow's *Isopel*, or Gautier's *Isabella*.

MISS Ottilie Liljencrantz has completed a new novel, the title of which is "Randvar the Songsmith; A Story of Norumbega." Longfellow's "The Skeleton in Armor" is given the place of a foreword, as the child indirectly referred to in that poem is her hero. That fancy of Longfellow's and the traditions clustering around Norumbega and the Newport Tower are the nearest approach the romance has to an historical groundwork, this being Miss Liljencrantz's first attempt at unsupported fiction. The tale concerns itself about equally with the Songsmith's love story, in which he parallels his father's courtship by wooing the sister of the *Jarl of Norumbega*—and the struggle of *Helvin*, the jarl, with his accursed double nature, which manifests itself according to certain ancient Norse superstitions. The book is to have a frontispiece in color which is said to be the most picturesque thing the Kinneys have yet done.



Photograph by Vander Weyde, N. Y.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON

WILLIAM Nicholson, the English cartoonist, is a man who won his reputation by the fine art of doing a few things well. He has not an enormous amount of work to

his credit—or discredit—but he has uttered himself, by means of his pencil, with singular lucidity. His more particular renown has been gained by his engraved portraits, the most celebrated of which are those of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, Kipling, Lord Roberts, Whistler and Bernhardt. Of his paintings, two portraits have won signal commendation, one being of Nicholson's mother, the other of the poet Henley.

ROSA Newmarch's translation of "The Life and Letters of Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky," by Modiste Tchaikovsky, is, in spite of its seven hundred and fifty pages, only about two-thirds of its original length. It is composed largely of correspondence, the chief part of which—and the most interesting portion by far—is that carried on with Nadjeda von Meck. The friendship between these two was of extraordinary character. They never saw each other save by accident in a crowd at the concert or theater, and on those occasions they passed each other as if they had been strangers. But they were conscious, at the moment when they thus averted their gaze, of a profound understanding. Frau von Meck was, in fact, the benefactress of the musician. He was for a time the recipient of generous gifts from her; later she fixed upon him a regular and handsome salary, with the sole purpose of protecting his genius from the wear and tear to which it would be subjected if Tchaikovsky were doomed to the perfunctory labors of a musician under the necessity of boiling his own pot. Modiste, the brother of Peter Ilich, derives the idea, from her voluminous letters, continued over a period of thirteen years, the impression "that she was a proud and energetic woman, of strong convictions, with the mental balance and business capacity of a man, and well able to struggle with adversity; a woman, moreover, who despised all that was petty, commonplace and conventional, but irreproachable in all her aspirations and in her sense of duty; absolutely free from sentimentality in her relations with others, yet capable of deep feeling and of being completely carried away by what was lofty and beautiful." That she was carried away by Tchaikovsky's strong and original music there is no question. Nadjeda was left a

widow with eleven children while still in her prime, and from that time forward she was a recluse, conducting her friendships, such as they were, by correspondence. An intimate sympathy existed between the two which they preserved sacred and delicate by never meeting. Their minds, free and sexless, met to compare ideas, to join in delight over this or that beauty, to philosophize or to lament. But they did not know the sound of each other's voices. They refrained from intruding their personalities upon each other. The first book of the Russian Trilogy, now in process of completion, by Mrs. Margaret Potter Black, has for its subject, Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky. No doubt Frau von Meck largely will figure in it.

FOR many years Charles Dana Gibson has been one of the most popular and busily employed of illustrators. He has felt assured of an income amounting to sixty-five thousand dollars annually, and his pictures are known the round world over. Now, in his thirty-ninth year, while his fame as an artist with the pen point is at its height, and his tenth annual book of drawings has attained publication, Mr. Gibson declares himself ready to leave his chosen medium, his country and his enviable income, and to go abroad to study painting. Perhaps he has never been more enviable than at this hour, when he is able to indicate in this manner, his superiority to those considerations of "fat contentment" which undermine the disinterestedness of many a man of ability. He has shown himself exempt from greediness; he demonstrates his respect for his own talent, and shows himself to be, in very truth, the servitor of the art with which he has identified himself, and which he now wishes to serve in a new manner. Mr. Gibson desires to work his ideas on large canvases. He is through with the pen point—he who has made himself the peer of the greatest in that line of work. He has shown, even in his black and white, a notable sense of values; for composition he has an infallible instinct; his intelligence is swift, keen and sympathetic. When to these qualities is added his really magnificent capacity for hard work, there would seem to be no question about his ability to reach his desires and make a painter of himself.



Photograph by Vander Weyde, N. Y.

THOMAS COLLIER PLATT, SENIOR SENATOR FROM NEW YORK

Twenty-four years ago, along with Roscoe Conkling, Platt resigned from the Senate. Sixteen years later he was re-elected, and now the State Grange of New York unanimously adopts a resolution calling on him to repeat his earlier performance. It is understood that he has tabled the resolution.

NO less than five appointees of the Liberal ministry now established in Great Britain are men of literary distinction. They are James Bryce, John Morley, Sydney Charles Buxton, Richard Burdon Haldane and Augustine Birrell. Mr. Bryce, the new secretary for India, the essayist and historian (to confine one's self to his literary pretensions to celebrity), is the impartial author of "The American Commonwealth," a book the writing of which Americans have frankly envied him, and which won him degrees from most of the leading American

universities. Mr. Bryce is the author, also, of "The Holy Roman Empire," "Studies in History and Jurisprudence," "Transcaucasia and Ararat," "Impressions of South Africa," and several other books. Mr. Morley, who holds the portfolio for India, was chosen to write the memoirs of Gladstone because of his brilliant biographies of Burke, Voltaire, Rousseau, Cobden, and Cromwell. Mr. Morley is the author, also, of works of a general literary character, such as "Critical Miscellanies," and "Studies in Literature," "Diderot and the Encyclopædists," "The

Struggle for National Education" and "A Treatise on Compromise" are also among his achievements. The third member of this literary cabinet is R. B. Haldane, who, as a scholar, has been the recipient of many complimentary degrees from European universities. He translated, with Kemp, Schopenhauer's "World as Will and Idea," and is the author of a work of signal gravity, "Essays in Philosophic Criticism" and of a life of Adam Smith. "Education and Empire" and "The Pathway to Reality" are also the work of his pen. Then follows Mr. Sydney C. Buxton, who holds the office of Postmaster General. Mr. Buxton is the author of "Fair Wages" and of a number of keen political pamphlets. The list concludes with Augustine Birrell, the brilliant essayist, who is the president of the Board of Education. Mr. Birrell won many friends with his "Obiter Dicta," and is the author of "Men, Women and Books," "William Hazlett," "Life of Charlotte Brontë," "Res Judicata," and, recently, "In the Name of the Bodleian." Mr. Birrell has, as all lovers of "Obiter Dicta" know, a fresh and charming humor. He is a man who makes no pretensions either for himself or his topics, but writes with a geniality and simplicity that leave nothing to be desired. His latest book contains one essay entitled "Our Great Middle Class," which deals unrelentingly with a pet contemporary folly. With the Parisians to set the example, writers have been rather pleased than otherwise to "shock the bourgeoisie," and with the assistance of Matthew Arnold and innumerable others of less influence, the ready sneer at the "middle class" has been cultivated. Mr. Birrell is averse to being entrapped by such an affectation—an affectation which really deceives nobody. We all know the middle class for what it is—the irresistible force of all well-conducted countries, the preserver of sane patriotism, the protector of popular rights and liberties, the frank patron of books, music, comprehensive art, and the ethical exemplar for all the rest of mankind. But we fall, all of us, more or less, into the senseless attitude of reproof toward a public which we feign to find Philistine and self-righteous, and which we choose to dub "middle class." Mr. Birrell flays us and our shallow pretenses with this knout-like sen-

tence: "A rabble of bad writers may now be noticed pushing their vulgar way along, who, though born and bred in the middle classes, and distinguished by many of the very faults Mr. Arnold deplored, yet make it a test of their membership, an 'open sesame' to their dull orgies, that all decent, sober-minded folk, who love virtue, and, on the whole, prefer delicate humor to sickly lucubrity, should be labeled 'middle class.'" A man with the sense to write such a deserved and scoriating sentence as that should make a very good president of the board of popular, public education!

MR. James Huneker has never followed the leading of any other man in the formation of his critical opinions, and he has proved himself every whit as independent in his fictional sketches, which appear with the title "Visionaries," and the significant text: "*J'aime les nuages . . . la bas . . . !*" He writes of the most curious things—he has searched the world of realities for the unrealities, and has explored dreams for the undreamable. He has not been pleasant at all—he has merely been fascinating, astonishing and compelling. Having once lent an ear to him, it is impossible not to hear his tale out. He is young, but he might be the Ancient Mariner by his impelling mien. His titles are inimitable—"A Master of Cobwebs," "The Eighth Deadly Sin," "A Mock Sun," "The Enchanted Yodler," "Rebels of the Moon," "The Hall of the Missing Footsteps," and plenty more. His style is unusual, distinguished and not so self-conscious as it used to be. His vocabulary, though somewhat too highly embroidered for common street wear, becomes him. After all, not all of us must needs wear plain black, tailor made, severe in the lapels and measured as to length! A little variety, please, good tailor! Huneker cares nothing of how other men dress, intellectually speaking. He is an anarchist to the marrow of him, and he sweeps away a good many dull notions with his besom of revolt. He has sometimes been mistaken for a man of poses, but if he was once no more than that, time is proving him a writer of artistic principles. What once may have been considered fads are solidifying into firm and well sustained opinions.



Photograph by Vander Weyde, N. Y.

ACTON DAVIES, DRAMATIC CRITIC OF THE NEW YORK SUN

WHEN Margaret Anglin first appeared in New York as *Roxane* to the *Cyrano de Bergerac* of Mr. Richard Mansfield she was recognized as a promising emotional actress, who only needed experience to become great. Several years passed, and experience ripened her ability until she played the title rôle in Jones's "Mrs. Dane's Defense" so forcibly as to win for her universal acclaim. "Zira" seems to be the third pinnacle in her advance, and this time the papers greet her as Anglin, in the manner we would say Bernhardt, meaning the superlative. No one will deny Miss Anglin many of the qualities of a great actress;

she has temperament, magnetism, rich, full voice, and a presence that is commanding without being striking. She has power and subtlety, but she also has mannerisms. Her play affords her moments of sustained outbursts, and her climax is the epitome of strong interpretation. The drama is partly the product of Henry Miller, and though it does not lack interest, in construction it shows weakness. It tells the story of a nurse in South Africa, a woman with a past. She returns to England in the assumed rôle of a woman supposed to be dead, and ingratiates herself into the good will of the woman's family. But when love is about to

dawn for her the real supposed-dead returns and the catastrophe occurs, though the ending is a happy one. Clearly the play is a vehicle only, and as such it admirably fills its purpose. We look to Miss Anglin for greater things; her present excellence leads us to expect much.



Photograph by Vander Weyde, N. Y.

RICHARD C. GILL

Superintendent of the Model Department in the United States Patent Office. He is credited with possessing the most remarkable memory in the world.

A DISTINGUISHED gathering met at the Nobel Institute at Christiania this past month to confer upon the Baroness von Suttner the Nobel peace prize. King

Haakon, new to his honors, Queen Maud, all the ministers of state, the members of the Storting and of the diplomatic corps and their ladies were present to pay honor to the elderly Bohemian gentlewoman whose impassioned protest against war in her novel, "Lay Down Your Arms," has brought her a world-wide fame, and the credit of having the inspiration of the peace congress held at The Hague by request of the Czar of Russia. She was also one of the foreign delegates to the International Peace Congress held at Philadelphia last year. The baroness was fifty-two years of age when she wrote "Lay Down Your Arms," the book which, translated into twenty languages, has carried everywhere its graphic pictures of the horrors of war. She has been born to distinction of a sort, and was frequently seen about the Austrian court in attendance upon the ill-fated Empress Elizabeth, and she enjoyed the acquaintance of many of the leading literary personages of Europe. But the passionate eloquence exhibited in her book was a revelation to those who knew her, and her friends were at first inclined to accept the novel merely as an interesting effort on the part of an intellectual woman. That it would prove to be an epoch-making book no one dreamed until Count Mouravieff, the Russian foreign minister to Austria, called the attention of the czar to it. His Majesty was so moved by it that he summoned Baroness von Suttner to a conference, the outcome of which was the Hague conference.

The baroness has reason to know the truth concerning war, for she comes of a family of fighters. She is the daughter of Field Marshal Count Franz Kinsky, and was born June 9, 1843, at Prague, in Bohemia, being a countess in her own right. All of the men in her family were soldiers. When a girl she was betrothed to Prince Adolf Wittgenstein, of a noble Austrian family. A few years later the prince was killed in battle. The Countess Kinsky then married the Baron Gondraca von Suttner, her first and only sweetheart—a marriage opposed by both families. For forty years the baron and baroness lived an ideal life, until the death of the baron three years ago.

The founder of the Nobel prize intended that a gift of forty thousand dollars should be awarded each year to the individual who,

during the previous year, has made the greatest contribution to physics, chemistry, medicine, idealistic literature, or the cause of peace. No American has as yet been offered as a candidate; not, perhaps, because America would be forced to search long or vainly for candidates, but because it has no properly authorized society or committee for making the proposals. And popular acclamation is not permitted. It may well occur to loyal Americans that there is one citizen of this republic who is entitled to the Nobel peace prize. He chances at present, to be the chief citizen of the country, and it was through his disinterested, courageous and persistent efforts that the Russo-Japanese struggle was concluded. Why may not the National Geographical Society, the Smithsonian Institution, and a group of universities, such as Columbia, Virginia, Yale, Michigan, Chicago and Leland Stanford, unite to offer the name of Theodore Roosevelt as a candidate for this great honor? It would seem that no living persons are better entitled to such distinction than the Baroness von Suttner and Theodore Roosevelt. The former has received her due; may the latter be likewise honored!

AT a time when Mr. Felix Adler, Miss Jane Addams and many others are uniting in their efforts to fight child labor, which is the darkest feature of our American industrial question, Mr. John Spargo's book, "The Bitter Cry of the Children," has a particular interest. Mr. Spargo does not merely set forth the conditions of child labor in European countries, but he advances theories as to the remedies that may be applied, and gives an account of those which have already been attempted. This is what the opposers of child labor in America wish to learn about. They are aware that this most shameful evil is daily increasing. In the South the number of children employed in the cotton mills is a third greater than it was two years ago. How to prevent it is the question. The General Federation of Women's Clubs have made this their chief disinterested labor; Felix Adler is at the head of a committee composed of influential persons pledged to combat the employment of children under the age of fourteen in any wage-earning capacity. But accessions to the ranks are needed,

and knowledge of remedies is needed still more. To cry "legislate" will not suffice. How can the proper legislation be obtained? Legislators show something more than caution when it comes to passing laws that place a handicap, however temporary, on the commercial prosperity of their respective localities.



HERBERT PAUL

Author of "A History of Modern England"

WITH the death of Sir George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, there passed away one of the most efficient and untiring philanthropists of England. A benign and gentle character, with a none too robust physique, born in no advantageous circumstances, he was the instrument of a vast movement which has had its salutary effect upon many thousand young men. Sir George was a clerk in a dry goods store in the days when the impulse came to him to form a society composed of young men who should "help each other to lead better lives." There is a story of how he and Edward Beaumont, a fellow clerk, were walking over Blackfriars bridge in London, talking of the loneliness

of young men in cities and of the temptations to which they were exposed, when Williams suggested the formation of a friendly society with a Christian purpose. Twelve clerks met in Williams' rooms, selected a name, arranged to rent a modest room in a coffee house off Ludgate Hill, and to hold fortnightly meetings there. Every important business house in London was informed of the intention of the society, and within a year the Young Men's Christian Association numbered a thousand members. It was necessary to take commodious rooms in a city hotel, then to form branches in London, later to institute local societies in the provinces, and finally to assist in the formation of societies on the continent, in America, and in India, China, Japan and Australia. Sir George never lost his interest in the society. He assumed large business interests

and became an uncommonly successful merchant, but one of the chief concerns of his life was the Young Men's Christian Association. The society ceased to resemble in any regard, save that of a helpful spirit, the little organization which he inspired, but it has always maintained that spirit—the life germ of its existence. In this country the influence of the Young Men's Christian Association has been immeasurable. It has been extended to include the negroes and the Indians, and has done much of its strongest work for railroad men, sailors and the unemployed. The portraits of Sir George Williams show a large, benevolent brow, lips both firm and patient, benign eyes under vaulted arches, prominent cheek bones, a slight emaciation, and the high-bridged nose and flaring nostrils of a man of generous nature.

A LITERARY DIET

By Wood Levette Wilson

WHEN literary appetite
Has got so bad it can't be worse,
Then give your stomach something light—
Try Swinburne's Predigested Verse.

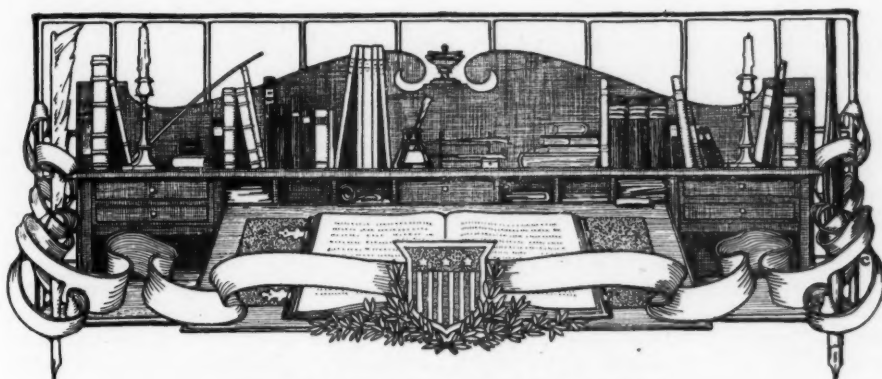
If much distressed with pains and aches,
And suffering in ev'ry nerve,
Eat Ella Wheeler Wilcox Flakes—
Just add some water hot, and serve.

Or, if you're sad and you would laugh,
Or free yourself from cynic scoff,
Then Austin Dobson's Tasteless Chaff
Compels the smile that won't come off.

When with the blues, in lassitude,
Of discontent you chew the cud,
Eat Wallace Irwin's All Day Food—
It builds you up; it makes red blood.

At night as turn and toss you may
All slumberless as long hours creep,
Try Alfred Austin's Granules—they
Produce a most refreshing sleep.

When Duty's call your patience tries,
And irritates as it grows louder,
If to emergencies you'd rise,
Use Rudyard Kipling's Baking Powder.



THE READER'S STUDY

Conducted by Will D. Howe, Ph. D.

NARRATIVE WRITING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. III

[The following article, third of the series on the narrative forms of English literature, is written for THE READER by William Allan Neilson, Ph. D., Professor of English in Columbia University and a specialist in the study of literature of the Middle Ages.—W. D. H.]

NARRATIVE WRITING IN MEDIEVAL TIMES

By William Allan Neilson

THE Medieval period was the golden age of story telling. It was a time of abundant leisure; and while on their deliberate journey, or round the inn-fire, or in the long unoccupied evening in hall or bower, our medieval ancestors found the most obvious and natural cure for tedium in the telling of tales. Other ages have produced large quantities of narrative literature, notably our own, whose characteristic literary form is prose fiction; yet we are story writers and readers, rather than story tellers. For in the great mass of medieval narrative we are never far from the sound of the human voice. Much of it, like the ballads, was alive only while it was oral. When they were written down, they died. Other kinds, like the exempla, or the fabliaux, were simply noted down to aid the memory of the narrator, priest or goliard, who used them to point a moral or to earn a dinner. Even the

long-winded romance, with its tens of thousands of lines, must have been constantly recited aloud in an age when few could read and still fewer could own manuscripts. No other fact is so fundamental in the consideration of the origin, the growth, and the qualities of medieval narrative as this of the persistence of the ear rather than the eye as the means of transmission.

It is thus characteristic of the time that Chaucer, the greatest of English poets of the middle ages, is also the greatest of our storytellers; and that his superb collection of tales should be put forth as told by a band of pilgrims as they rode on horseback from London to Canterbury. The band is widely representative,—of social rank, from the distinguished knight to the humble plowman; of moral character, from the worthy parson to the fraudulent pardoner; so that from their stories one can gather an idea of

all the main forms that narrative literature took in their day. Some allowance has, of course, to be made for the artifice and convention of the written verse form; but on the whole the impression to be gained from the Canterbury tales of the varieties of medieval story-telling is a just one.

The narrative type most plentifully represented in Chaucer is that of the fabliau. To this class belong the stories of the Reeve, the Miller, the Merchant, the Summoner, and the Shipman. A fabliau is a short tale dealing with a single episode, usually of contemporary life, realistic in method, humorous and often cynical in tone, and deriving its humor and cynicism most frequently from a satirical treatment of the relations of priests with the wives of their parishioners. It was the medieval equivalent of the type of story one may now hear told in the smoking-room of a Pullman car or of an ocean steamer. More frequently than not it was "improper"; and it is significant that this did not hinder Chaucer from representing such tales as told by men engaged on a religious expedition, and in the hearing of ladies. The fabliaux in the Canterbury Tales are all given to men of the lower middle class; and we may fairly take this as evidence that such tales, clever and amusing, but low in tone, were typical enough of the recreations of the bourgeoisie. From their contents, too, may be gathered many vivid pictures of the every-day life of the time, aids in supplying those details in the history of society of which the political chronicles are, for the most part, so destitute.

More elevating are the types illustrated by the stories of the ecclesiastics. The Nun's Priest handles with the skill and many of the characteristics of the expert sermon-maker, the tale of the "Cock and the Fox." The "Beast Fable" flourished in a variety of phases. We find it closest to the people in the fables of animals such as in our own time were furnished Mr. Harris with the material for his "Uncle Remus" stories. We find it concise and didactic in the short Aesopic fable, with the pointed moral attached. We find it, finally, worked up into an elaborate satire on society in the many versions of the great beast epic of Reynard the Fox. It is an episode from this

epic cycle that the priest narrates; and nowhere is Chaucer's humor more gentle or more captivating.

The fable with a moral suggests the sermon anecdote, or exemplum, as it is technically called. A great deal of medieval preaching consisted of illustrative stories; and many large collections of these preachers' aids have come down to us. In not a few of them the moral is hard to find, and our suspicion that at times the preacher was more intent on entertainment than edification is confirmed when we find the same tale appearing both in collections of exempla and of fabliaux. Instances of the exemplum may be found in Chaucer as digressions in other tales, as, e. g., the stories of dreams related by the Clerk in the "Nun's Priest's Tale," or the illustrations of the dangers of Ire in the "Summoner's Tale"; and the long story exemplifying a single virtue on a large scale, as the constancy of the heroine of the "Man of Law's Tale" or the patience of Griselda in the Clerk's, may, perhaps, be regarded as a kind of expanded exemplum.

Belonging also to the larger class of moral tale is the type of tragedy of which the Monk relates seventeen. The word tragedy to the medieval writer did not denote a dramatic form, but a story dealing with the sudden and terrible fall of a man whom fortune had raised to high estate. Chaucer himself thus defines it:

"Tragedie is to seyn a certeyn storie,
As olde bokes maken us memorie,
Of him that stood in greet prosperitee,
And is y-fallen out of heigh degree
Into miserie, and endeth wrecchedly."

The contemplation of this aspect of morality seems to have had a peculiar fascination for the medieval mind. Boccaccio's *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium*, translated in Lydgate's "Falls of Princes" is a collection of such instances, and the form was still popular when the "Mirror for Magistrates" reflected for Elizabethan ambition the dangerous instability of human greatness.

Pious in subject matter as well as in the lesson conveyed were the "Legends of the Saints," such as that told by the Prioress of the little scholar whose adoration of the Virgin led to his murder, but whose murder

was avenged and loyalty miraculously recognized by his divine mistress. The Legends of the Virgin, of which this is an instance, form a sub-class of the vast family of Saints' Legends, which, read both in church and in private, formed a considerable part of the intellectual food of the more religiously inclined. With much that is absurd and even cruel, we find in these legends abundant types of elevated and fervent devotion, and much pathos and refinement.

Turning again to purely secular narrative we find in the "Tale of the Wife of Bath" an instance of the so-called Breton Lay. Such poems claimed to belong to the stock-in-trade of the minstrels who came out of Brittany and sang at the courts of the Norman barons, and the stories were presumably Celtic in germ. They are short romantic poems, dealing with chivalrous society and containing a supernatural element. Thus the Wife of Bath tells of the transformation of Sir Gawain's bride from a hag to a beautiful princess; the Franklin, of the disappearance by magic of the rocks on the Breton coast. Apart from the necessary marvelous element, they are related to the great romances of chivalry somewhat as short fables like the "Nun's Priest's Tale" are to the great beast epic. But the scale of the Canterbury Tales hardly admitted of the insertion of so extensive a type as the full-grown metrical romance. The "Squire's Tale," indeed, begins like a romance of the oriental group, but it is only a fragment; and in "Sir Thopas" Chaucer ridicules the degraded conventions of the type. But this form, the most voluminous of all kinds of medieval narrative, must be described apart from Chaucer.

The great mass of the metrical romances of the Middle Ages tend to group themselves round a few main centers such as the heroic figures of Arthur, Charlemagne, and Alexander, or the cities of Thebes and Troy. Of these by far the most important for England is the cycle of Arthur. Finding its roots in the pseudo-historical chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and more remotely still in the Celtic traditions on which he drew, the romances of Arthur received their atmosphere of chivalry in France, during the period when that country was the literary leader of Western Europe. In the latter half of the twelfth century the court of

Marie de Champagne was a center of the enthusiasm for the chivalric code and the system of courtly love; and a poet patronized by that princess, Chretien de Troyes, did more than any one known author to give to the romances of chivalry their characteristic tone. Arthur and the Round Table once established as a great center of knightly adventure, stories originally quite independent, such, e. g., as that of Tristram and Iseult, or of the Holy Grail, became attached to the cycle, until it attained vast proportions. The stories were elaborated in prose as well as in verse; translations, paraphrases and imitations were made in all the surrounding countries, from Italy to Scandinavia; and painstaking compilers attempted to systematize and harmonize the huge masses of material into an ordered whole. The most distinguished of such attempts was made in English toward the close of the period of Sir Thomas Malory, a knight of the fifteenth century, whose "Morte d'Arthur" was one of the early books printed by Caxton. Drawing his material chiefly from French prose romances, Malory succeeded in suffusing his narrative with a fine enthusiasm for the nobler aspects of chivalry, and in couching it in a style of such singular force and simplicity that it is generally recognized as the first masterpiece of English prose.

In England the romances of Charlemagne and of Alexander never attained the vogue of the Arthurian cycle; and those few we have are chiefly translations. A romance of Thebes was translated by the laborious Lydgate; and an off-shoot of the Theban story, the "Teseide" of Boccaccio, was retold by Chaucer with great vigor in the "Knight's Tale of Palamon and Arcite." Various versions of the story of Troy appeared in English; the most important poem of the cycle being the "Troilus" of Chaucer. Here again he drew from Boccaccio, whose "Il Filostrato" was his chief source. But "Troilus," as Chaucer wrote it, is very far from being a typical romance of Troy. It is rather a novel in verse, told with a keen sense for dramatic situation, but distinguished still more for a minuteness of psychological analysis which is probably unparalleled in Europe before Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet."

In addition to the cycles which have been

enumerated, there is a group of romances with this important difference, that the themes are native to England. Most of these like "Bevis of Hampton" and "Guy of Warwick" are in their extant forms derived from French versions; in other cases, notably that of "King Horn," the immediate source is still in dispute; but the group as a whole deals with heroic tales localized in England, which most probably had received literary form there before they were retold in French.

It is difficult in a summary treatment like this to convey an idea of the enormous bulk of this romance material. No other considerable body of literature of entertainment in English is so little known to the general reader; yet, with the exception of the novel, whose forerunner it was, none is so large. Much of it, it is true, is tedious enough. The method of narration is deliberate, the ornament is hackneyed, the characters are stereotyped, the incidents tend to fall into patterns that soon become familiar. Yet, in the midst of much that is monotonous and conventional, one finds in such examples as "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" passages of description of astonishing freshness, conceptions of character of great charm and elevation, exciting adventures that still stir the pulse. The "Knight's Tale," Chaucer tells us, was most keenly appreciated by the "gentils" of the company, and the *genre* of romance, to which it belongs, was the aristocrat among medieval forms of narrative. But if we are to understand the ways of thought and life of our forefathers, we must get to know the long "gestes" that wiled away the leisure of the chatelaine as well as the lively fabliaux, based upon the anecdotes that enlivened the tavern-talk of the burgess and the yeoman.

I have illustrated these various kinds of story as far as possible from the works of Chaucer, for he, in fact as well as in reputation, stands far above his fellows, named and nameless. His ingenuity in fitting to each of his varied selection of types of character the appropriate kind of story is no less marked than the imaginative sympathy with which he enters into the narrative of each in turn. The accidents of his career had, indeed, given him exceptional opportunity for observing all sorts and conditions of men.

As courtier, soldier, member of parliament, and commissioner of customs, he was brought into relation with almost every class of his countrymen. That his eye was keen and his heart warm is proved by the use he made of his opportunities. He had, further, a keen sense of beauty, both receptive and creative. The English meadows he describes he clearly delighted in; and he wrote of them and of the men and women who walked in them in a verse so rich, so melodious, and so delicately modulated, that he must be ranked as one of the most perfect of English metrists.

Yet to his contemporaries Chaucer was by no means an isolated figure. When we meet his name in the eulogistic acknowledgments frequently made by medieval poets it is usually grouped with that of his friend, John Gower, and his disciple, John Lydgate. Gower also wrote a great mass of narrative poetry, his "Confessio Amantis" being merely an allegorical framework with a filling of tales. But in neither the framework nor the tales do we find the intellectual vigor of conception, nor the emotional qualities of humor and pathos, that abound in the "Canterbury Tales." Yet, for a medieval writer, Gower, though voluminous, is not diffuse; and, despite Lowell's wholesale condemnation, many of his tales are quite capable of holding the interest of the reader. But the interest is mainly that of plot; and he is unfortunate in being constantly forced into contrast with so superb a master of the delineation of character as his great contemporary.

Chaucer's follower, Lydgate, is still less of a rival than Gower. Lydgate's works have never been collected, and the publisher is not yet born who would dare to undertake to print even those manuscripts that have come down to us. Nearly every type of poetry cultivated in his time Lydgate attempted, and at great length; but there is little of it which can be recommended as a means of entertainment. With infinite industry and the best of intention, the Monk of Bury had little sense of form and no ear; so that he suffers even in contrast with the regular jog-trot of Gower's uninspired measures. In the Scottish Robert Henryson Chaucer found a much worthier imitator. Less varied in scope and more restricted in

production, Henryson is yet in keenness of observation, in sly, satiric humor, in tenderness, and in power of melody, no unworthy disciple. The two main lines on which he carried on the tradition of Chaucer are the beast fable and the story of Troilus and Cressida. Of the first of these he wrote thirteen, and no medieval British poetry of equal bulk outside of Chaucer contains so much delightful entertainment. To the Troy story he contributed "The Testament of Cressida," a sequel to Chaucer's "Troilus," in which, with the moralizing tendency of his race, he meted out poetic justice to the beautiful jilt. The conception is ghastly enough of the punishment of the heroine who, deserted by Diomedes, is smitten with leprosy for blaspheming the God of Love as the cause of her desolation; yet Henryson handles it with tenderness and delicacy, and closes the tale with a situation of singular dramatic power. The faithless but contrite Cressida is begging by the roadside with the other inmates of the leper-house, when Troilus rides back from a sally against the Greeks. His face is hidden from her by his helmet, and she is disfigured by disease; yet when she runs forward with cup and clapper to ask an alms, something he does not understand brings back to him with overmastering force the memory of his former love. He casts a rich purse to the beggar and rides on in sadness. Then she finds from the others the identity of her benefactor, and her remorse breaks out in a piteous "complaint." Henryson has not yet been "discovered" by the general reader, hardly by the literary historian; yet in the slender volume of his surviving work there lives much to delight and charm.

A large proportion of the stories that have come down to us from the Middle Ages are anonymous, and it is difficult to make safe

general statements as to the kind of men who composed them. Many of the simpler ones were doubtless elaborated by a long series of narrators from an extremely primitive original, a statement perhaps of actual fact, without art or arrangement. The man whose version we read to-day may have been some monk gleaning sermon material from casual visitor or sober chronicle, or he may have been a minstrel who wrote down for the great lord whose feast he had enlivened with his "harping and carping" the ballad or romance he had learned from a predecessor and, mayhap, made over to suit his special occasions. Literary ownership, in our modern sense, was a conception unknown to the medieval author; there were no "rights reserved" of any kind; translation, paraphrase and imitation were only forms of flattery, and plagiarism was not yet a crime. Thus the authorship of the unsigned manuscript is, as a rule, an insoluble problem, for the medieval scribe naturally supplied few data for satisfying a curiosity he did not share; and a story that any one might appropriate or rewrite has as its real author only a people and a time.

The attempt to discuss so large a body of writing as is included in the narrative writing of the Middle Ages is apt to end in a mere catalogue. So much has a claim to be mentioned that little more than mention is possible for each claimant. I have sought to indicate merely the main groups into which the subject matter naturally falls; to show how these are related to the various social classes; to describe their salient characteristics, especially as they appear in examples from the hands of their greatest master, and to tempt the reader, if only by displaying an imperfect table of contents, to open the fascinating volume of Medieval Narrative.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE SHORT STORY

By Clayton Hamilton

ALTHOUGH much has been written recently about that most interesting form of fiction, the short story, no one has yet attempted to set forth clearly and with ample illustration the essential principles of structure that must be applied in the production of any good example of the type. Contemporary critics are agreed that the short story differs from the novel and the novelette not only quantitatively, but also qualitatively, not only in length, but also in kind. Novelists and writers of short stories may be said to divide between them Matthew Arnold's maxim, "to see life steadily and see it whole." A Thackeray, a George Eliot, a Mr. Meredith look at life in the large; they try "to see it whole" and to reproduce the chaos of its intricate relations; but a Poe, a Hawthorne, a Mr. Kipling aim rather "to see steadily" one minute phase of life, to focus the fire of their minds upon a single point of experience, and then to depict this point briefly and strikingly. The aim of a short story is to produce a single narrative effect,—an effect either of action or of character or of setting,—with the greatest economy of means that is consistent with the utmost emphasis. The novel, on the other hand, aims rather to produce a series of effects,—a cumulative combination of the elements of narrative,—and acknowledges no restriction to economy of means. It follows that the novel, as a literary form, requires far less attention than the short story to minute details of art. Great novels may be written by authors as careless as Scott, as lazy as Thackeray, or as cumbersome as George Eliot; for if a novelist gives us a criticism of life which is new and true, we forgive him if he fails in the nicer points of structure and style. But without these nicer points the short story is impossible. The economy of means that it demands can be conserved only by rigid restriction of structure; and the necessary emphasis can be produced only by perfection of style. If the aim of a short story is to produce a single

narrative effect with the greatest economy of means that is consistent with the utmost emphasis, it follows that, given any single narrative effect,—any theme, in other words, for a short story,—there can be only one way to work out the structure of the story based upon it; and although no critic has yet considered this side of the subject, it can not be difficult,—in the phrase of Sentimental Tommy,—to "find the way."

In his very interesting paper on "The Philosophy of Composition," Edgar Allan Poe outlined step by step the intellectual processes by which he developed the structure of "The Raven" and fashioned a finished poem from a preconceived effect. It is greatly to be regretted that he did not write a similar essay outlining in detail the successive stages in the structure of one of his short stories. Poe was endowed by nature with a genius both for structure and for style; and since these two elements are the first essentials of the short story, it is not strange that on the technical side his work in this line still remains unsurpassed in American or British literature. With his extraordinarily clear and analytic intellect, he fashioned the plots of his stories with mathematical precision; and then, owing to the richness of his rare emotive nature, he was able to tell his tales with the thrilling and entralling harmony of that low, musical language which haunts us like the echo of a dream.

We should seek in vain to catch the secret of his style; but it must be perfectly possible to understand his structure. This is an intellectual matter, and can be analyzed by intellectual means. In his well-known review of Hawthorne's "Tales," Poe expressly stated that "having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, [the skilful writer of short stories] then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to

the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design." So rigidly did he work that in his best short stories we feel that the removal of a sentence would be an amputation. He succeeded positively in giving his narrative the utmost emphasis with the greatest economy of means.

I purpose in this essay to analyze one of Poe's short stories,—following in the main the method which he himself pursued in writing about "The Raven,"—in order to show the successive steps by which any excellent short story is developed from its theme. For the short story is so restricted in its technical requirements that the laws of its structure are as invariable as those of the fixed forms of verse. If we learn through and through how a single perfect story is constructed, we shall then understand the technic of story-writing as a whole.

Let us choose "Ligeia" for the subject of this study, because it is very widely known, and because Poe himself considered it the greatest of his tales. Let us see how, starting with the theme of the story, Poe developed step by step the structure of his finished fabric; and how, granted his pre-established design, the progress of his plan was in every step inevitable. In order that we may learn how short stories are constructed, let us see how Poe "found the way."

The theme of "Ligeia" was evidently suggested by those lines from Joseph Glanvill which, quoted at the beginning of the story, are thrice repeated during the course of the narrative:

"And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigor? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will."

Poe recognized, with the English moralist, that the human will is strong and can conquer many of the ills that flesh is heir to. If it were still stronger, it could do more mighty things; and if it were *very much* stronger, it is even conceivable that it might vanquish death, its last and sternest foe. Now it was legitimate for the purposes of

fiction to imagine a character endowed with a will strong enough to conquer death; and a striking narrative effect could certainly be gained by setting forth this moral conquest. This, then, became the purpose of the story: to exhibit a character with a superhuman will and to show how, by sheer force of volition, this person conquered death.

Having thus decided on his theme, the writer of the story was first forced to consider how many, or rather, *how few* characters were necessary to the narrative. One, at least, was obviously essential,—the person with the superhuman will. For esthetic reasons Poe made this character a woman, and called her Ligeia. Given his central character, it was not perhaps evident at first that another person was needed for the tale. But in all stories which set forth an extraordinary being, it is necessary to introduce a commonplace character to serve as a standard by which the unusual capabilities of the central figure may be measured. Furthermore, in stories which verge on the miraculous, it is necessary to have at least one eyewitness to the extraordinary circumstances beside the person primarily concerned in them. Hence another character was absolutely demanded by the tale. This second person, moreover, had to be intimately associated with the heroine, for the two reasons already considered. The most intimate relation imaginable was that of husband and wife; he must therefore be the husband of Ligeia. Beside these two people,—a woman of superhuman will, and her husband, a man of ordinary powers,—no other character was necessary, and therefore Poe did not (and *could not*, according to the laws of the short story) introduce another. The Lady of Tremaine, as we shall see later on, is not, technically considered, a character.

The main outline of the story could now be plotted out. Ligeia and her husband must be disclosed, and then, in her husband's presence, Ligeia must conquer death by the vigor of her will. But in order to do this, she must first die. If she merely exerted her will to ward off the attacks of death, the reader would not be convinced that her recovery had been accomplished by other than ordinary means. She must die, therefore, and must afterwards resurrect herself by a powerful exertion of volition. The reader must be

fully convinced that she did really die; and therefore, before her resurrection, she must be laid for some time in the grave. The action, then, divided itself into two parts: the first, in which Ligeia was alive, terminated with her death; and the second, in which she was dead, ended with her resurrection.

Having thus arrived at the main outline of his plot, Poe was next forced to decide on the point of view from which the story should be told. Some tales must be narrated by the chief character in them, others by a minor person in the plot, and still others by an external, omniscient personality,—a sort of god, who sees into the minds of all the characters at once. Now, obviously this story could not be narrated by Ligeia, for it would be awkward to let an extraordinary woman discourse about her own unusual qualities; and furthermore, she could hardly narrate a story involving as one of its chief features her stay among the dead without being expected to tell the secrets of her prison-house. It was likewise impossible to tell the tale from the point of view of an external omniscient personality. In order that the final and miraculous circumstance of the story might seem convincing, it had to be narrated not impersonally but personally, not externally but by an eye-witness. Therefore, the story must, of course, be told by the husband of Ligeia.

At this point the main outline was completed. It then became necessary for Poe to plan the two divisions of the story in detail. In the first part, no action was necessary, and very little attention had to be paid to setting. It was essential that all of the writer's stress should be laid on the element of character; for the sole purpose of this initial division of the story must be to produce upon the reader an extremely emphatic impression of the extraordinary personality of Ligeia. As soon as the reader could be sufficiently impressed with the force of her character, she must be made to die, and the first part of the story would be finished. But, as everybody knows, there are two methods of depicting character in narrative,—the one dramatic, and the other descriptive. At this point Poe was obliged to choose between them. The matter was easy to decide. The dramatic method was impossible, because a dialogue between Ligeia and her

husband would keep the attention of the reader hovering from one to the other, whereas it was necessary for the purpose of the tale to focus all of the attention on Ligeia. She must, therefore, be described by her husband. Having concluded that he must devote the entire first half of his story to this description, Poe employed all his powers to make it adequate and emphatic. The description must, of course, be largely subjective and suggestive, and must be pervaded with a sense of something unfathomable about the person described. In order that "his very initial sentence" might "tend to the outbringing of this effect,"—Poe wrote, "I can not for my soul remember how, when, or even precisely where I first became acquainted with the lady Ligeia:" and the story was begun.

It was more difficult to handle the second division of the tale, which was to deal with the period between Ligeia's death and her resurrection. The main stress of the story now ceased to be laid on the element of character. The element of action, furthermore, was subsidiary in the second part of the tale, as it had been already in the first. All that had to happen was the resurrection of Ligeia, and this the reader had been forced by the very theme of the story to foresee. The chief interest in the second part must therefore lie in determining where and when and how this resurrection was accomplished. A worthy setting must be found for the culminating event. Poe could lose no time in preparing a place for his climax; and therefore he was obliged, as soon as he had laid Ligeia in the grave, to begin an elaborate description of the stage settings of his final scene. The place must be wild and weird and arabesque. It must be worthy to receive a resurrected mortal revisiting the glimpses of the moon. The place was found, the time—midnight—decided upon; but the question remained,—*how* should Ligeia be resurrected?

And here arose almost an insuperable difficulty. Ligeia had been buried (*must have been buried*, as we have seen), and her body had been given to the worms. Yet now she must be revived. And it would not do to let her merely walk bodily into the fantastic apartment where her husband, dream-haunted, waited to receive her. The reader

must be shown not only *the result* of the triumph of her will, but the *very process* of the struggle through which by sheer volition she forced her soul back into the bodily life. If only her body were present, so that the reader could be shown its gradual obsession by her soul, all would be easily accomplished; but, by the conditions of the story, her body *could not* be present: and the difficulty of the problem was extreme.

But here Poe "found a way." Would not another dead body do as well? Surely Ligeia could breathe her life into any discarded female form. Therefore, of course, her husband must marry again, solely in order that his second wife should die. The Lady Rowena Trevanion of Tremaine is, therefore, as I have already hinted, not really a character, but only a necessary adjunct to the final scene, an indispensable piece of stage property. In order to indicate this fact, Poe was obliged to abstain carefully from describing her in detail and to seek in every way possible to prevent the reader's attention from dwelling long upon her. Two epithets only could be applied to her,—"fair-haired and blue-eyed," to distinguish her briefly from the dark-eyed and raven-haired Ligeia.

With the help of this convenient body, it was easy for Poe to develop his final scene. The intense struggle of Ligeia's soul to win its way back to the world could be worked up with thrilling suspense: and when at last the climax was reached and the husband

realized that his lost love stood living before him, the purpose of the story would be accomplished, Ligeia's will would have done its work, and there would be nothing more to tell. Poe wrote, "These are the full, and the black, and the wild eyes—of my lost love—of the Lady—of the *LADY LIGEIA*:" and the story was ended.

It would, of course, be idle for me to claim that Poe disposed of all the narrative problems which confronted him in constructing this story precisely in the order I have indicated. Unfortunately, he never explained in print the genesis of any of his stories, and we can only imagine the progress of his plans with the aid of his careful analysis of the development of "The Raven." But I am confident that some intellectual process similar to that which I have outlined must be followed by every author who seeks to produce stories as perfect in form as Poe's.

If I have shown that the structure of "Ligeia" is at all points inevitably conditioned by its theme, that no detail of the structure could be altered without injuring the effect, that the author employs, throughout; the greatest economy of means that is consistent with the utmost emphasis, I shall have fulfilled my purpose, which was to set forth clearly and with ample illustration the essential principles of structure that must be applied in the production of any good example of that most interesting form of fiction,—the short story.

CANDLE-FLAME

By Helen A. Saxon

HAST singed thy pretty wings, poor moth?
Fret not; some moths there be
That wander all the weary night
Longing in vain to see
The light.

Hast touched the scorching flame, poor heart?
Grieve not; some hearts exist
That know not, grow not to be strong,
And weep not, having missed
The song.



ENGLISH HOURS

BY HENRY JAMES

REASONS for liking "English Hours" are as plentiful as blackberries. One may like it because it is made up of impressions of our old home, as Hawthorne affectionately termed it; because it is pellucidly, luminously written; because it affords opportunity for interesting comparisons with that other new book of English impressions that Mr. Howells, the author, has modestly called "Films"; because, by its air of leisure, it invites us "to let loose the strings of irresponsible reflection"; because the pictures, by Joseph Pennell, are quite the most beautiful pictures that have adorned any recent volume of this kind, having a delicious Holbein mistiness and softness of edge; and yet once again, perhaps, just because Henry James wrote it. Nor does this list prove exhaustive. Beyond all of these reasons there is one more to be cherished still, and that is, that the book records what comes to the most fortunate of us only once or twice in a lifetime and is not to be commanded by Cræsus himself, an experience that in realization measured to the full all that it had seemed in anticipation. It is a page to make the reader hug himself, vicariously, the one on which Mr. James describes how, at the close of a wet, black Sunday, he first entered London, and dragged, in his four-wheeler, through the "dusky tortuous miles," luxuriating in the sense of vastness, in the fog and the gloom. Affection and pride radiate from every paragraph of this book—almost, one might say, from every line. We see that hitherto Mr. James has been a wanderer on the face of the earth, and that now, for the first time, paradoxically, he is pressing the pavements and breathing the air that he feels to be truly native to him. He has not become an expatriated American, but a citizen of that larger world whose capital, it

must universally be admitted, London is. In Mr. James' eyes even the lamp-light "takes the hue of hospitality." Everything that is in and of London fascinates Henry James. So slight a thing as an incident with a laundress is turned to delightful account. The book is crowded with vignettes of rare and elusive charm; it opens to our gaze many emotions ordinarily veiled, or at least recessed. All sides of London pass before us in review, the London of the slums, whose "salons are the tiny grass plots at street corners"; the London of the masses, making a "solemn lark" of a public man's funeral; the London of the classes, pouring its flood of life and luxury in a variegated stream through Hyde Park. London, to Mr. James, is frequently dun (it is then, indeed, that he loves it best)—but it is never dreary. Here he hears more distinctly than anywhere else the "rumble of the tremendous human mill" and experiences most keenly "the sense of multitudinous life." Despite much leveling and much mixing in these latter days, English society still bears the imperial stamp, still means, in a large way, English history. Life in London, declares Mr. James, "gives one a surface for which one can not, in a rough world, be too thankful. She may take away reputations, but she forms character. She teaches her victims not to 'mind' and the great danger for them perhaps is, that they shall learn the lesson too well." It is a brilliant scene that Mr. James pictures as the hours of dusk draw near, and he views, from his seat in a hansom, London fashion pass by on its way to dinner and "evenings six parties deep"—one can fancy the thrill communicated by this phrase to those quietly disposed readers whose regimen more nearly offers one party six evenings deep. Most of the essays in "English Hours" have previously appeared in one form or another, but there is certainly a new generation of read-

ers ready for them, to say nothing of the old ones to whom their re-publication is a source of solid and well-defined satisfaction.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston
Price \$3.00

A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC

BY ANTHONY HOPE

SOME one—was it Richard Harding Davis?—once put one of his heroes to the test of saying with which woman, of all the women he knew and liked, he would choose to spend the last hour of his life, if he knew that it was to be his last hour. The answer, reluctantly wrung from the young man, did not include the name of the very estimable and lovely girl to whom he was betrothed. The recollection helps one to understand the dilemma in which *Ashley Mead*, in Anthony Hope's new novel, finds himself with regard to *Alice Muddock*, fine and conventional, and *Ora Pinsent*, bewitching and very unconventional. In this case neither woman wins the day, the story ending enigmatically, with a drawn battle effect whose art we must perforce admire while at the same time we own to a twinge of heartache. For in this new story of his Mr. Hope has made us care for his characters more than for any others that he has created since "*Zenda*," more even than then, since *Ashley Mead* and *Ora Pinsent*, *Alice Muddock*, *Irene Kilnorton* and *Lord Bowden* are real people and their romance pricks and stings at the same time that it is enthralling us. In *Ora* Mr. Hope has given us the most finished and engaging example of that type of the eternal feminine that is peculiarly his own. She is a delightful compound of that *Duchess* whose "indiscretions" fill a volume not so reprehensible as it sounds, and that *Dolly* whose dialogues have set a standard for feminine repartee. *Ora* is an actress and the book subtly appeals to the interest most of us have in stage-folk. Her little drawing-room in Chelsea is a cosy nook,—*Alice* and *Irene* were not insensible to its charm any more than were *Bowden* and *Mead*. For *Ora* herself, one finds it hard to select just the right word of description; to say that she is flirtatious, suggests that she is vulgar and insincere, which she is not; to say that she is coquettish might mean that she is silly and heartless, which she is not. Much of a child

is *Ora* and roguish comes nearer hitting off the essential, endearing phase of her that innocently brought trouble into several lives. *Ora* seemed always to "expect to be kissed." Her "interest in herself was frank, and might almost be called artistic." But to describe *Ora Pinsent* is almost as difficult as to define her, and that would be quite impossible. "She defied generalization." The book scintillates with epigrams of the Anthony Hope brand, such as, "Wisdom often goes home troubled, Folly with a light heart" and "Most things happen for the second-best." The whole story concerns itself with that supremely fascinating game for which the English tongue has only the clumsy name of "love-making," so that those who do not like that kind of thing should beware of making the acquaintance of *Miss Ora Pinsent*. Yet it is seldom serious, keeping the reader rather in the mood of that holiday song that Max Heinrich used to sing with such gay fervor, "Coming up from Richmond, on the way to Kew." *Mead* declares, indeed, that *Ora* has been his holiday, the most memorable one of his life. To Mr. Hope's readers she promises to be much the same thing, though none of them, it is pretty certain, will be quite so hard hit as was *Ashley Mead*.

Frederick A. Stokes and Company, New York
Price \$1.50

PLUNKITT OF TAMMANY HALL

BY WILLIAM RIORDON

THE frank and refreshing system of political philosophy enunciated by Senator George Washington Plunkitt, Assemblyman, Alderman, police magistrate and county supervisor, who in one year drew three salaries at the same time—a record without parallel in New York politics—makes a book that is unique in the season's output. Senator Plunkitt has already become famous through the columns of the *New York Evening Post*, the *Sun*, and the *Boston Transcript*. He is the man who "seen his opportunities and took 'em." He has no office but holds his headquarters at a bootblack stand in the county court-house. The absolutely open and unmodified statements of this right-hand Tammany man afford an opportunity for comparison and deduction that the ordinarily guarded ones of similar men defeat

and cause us to ask ourselves, earnestly, what is our politics coming to, indeed,—to what state has politics not already arrived? The reasons advanced in these talks why civil service reform is bad, why the use of money, in quantities limited only by the supply obtainable, is good, the distinction drawn between honest and dishonest "graft," are so unblushingly urged and tinged with such evident good party-fellowship, that for the moment they are deceptively logical, or, at least, plausible. Can it be that the reformers are wrong, and the ward bosses right? Is patriotism, then, but an empty name, as Senator Plunkitt would have us think? Not to take Plunkitt too seriously,—the book is capital fun because of the unction with which all these amazing things are said, and the fund of native humor that repeatedly crops out. The touches of dialect are just right,—we can catch the man's personal flavor and the twirl of his racy brogue. Poking fun at the reformers, Plunkitt concedes with a knowing smile, "They had a lovely headquarters, too, beautiful roll-top desks and the cutest rugs in the world." When a man has a good fat salary, says Plunkitt, you are likely to find him humming "Hail, Columbia." Of all political crimes, that of repudiating friends is the worst. Yet, turning to literature, Plunkitt finds consolation. "That king of Shakespeare's,—Leary, I think you call him,—had his own daughters go back on him." But Plunkitt is a man worth knowing at first-hand. No reader who makes his acquaintance through the good offices of Mr. Riordon's pages will regret listening to his pungent, salient monologues.

McClure, Phillips and Company, New York
Price \$1.00

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

SOMEWHAT more than a dozen ripe and mellow papers make up the fairly stout volume "Part of a Man's Life" that bears the name of Colonel Higginson. The book brims with literary reminiscences and anecdotes expressing the author's views on many public questions and literary subjects. It is not cast in the formal mold of autobiography but has taken the more engaging shape of glimpses of the memorable phases of a long and full life. The successive chap-

ters lay no claim to coherence but the same genial, kind and fine personality permeates them all, making all luminous with a mild, inclusive cheer. From page to page the reader is borne along by a gentle propulsive movement in which humor is an essential and recognizable element. Writing of the sunny side of the transcendental period, Colonel Higginson takes occasion to recall the remark once made by an English author visiting in Cambridge, who, being scarcely seated at table, turned to him with, "Don't you think it rather a pity that all the really interesting Americans seem to be dead?" "It was difficult," says Colonel Higginson, "for a living man to maintain any resistance against a conclusion so decisive, and all I remember is that our talk became a series of obituaries." Without entering into the bitterness of the Carlyle controversy, which would, indeed, be contrary to the spirit of the book, Colonel Higginson comments affecting on "the penalty of temperament" paid by Carlyle and the "reward" vouchsafed to Emerson. No one, he says, recognized this more fully than Carlyle himself when he said sadly to me, "Ah, the dear Emerson! He thinks that everybody in the world is as good as himself!" A charming chapter is "The Child and His Dreams," suggested by the single brief line in a biographical dictionary, "Fleming, Marjorie, Pet. 1803-1811." Colonel Higginson pleads for a more careful and reverent study of childish ways. He thinks it anomalous that we should praise Agassiz for spending four hours a day at the microscope watching the growth of a turtle's egg while we recklessly waste our daily opportunities for observing a growth far more wonderful. It is to children, he reminds us, that we must turn in our maturer years lest, hemmed in by care and duty, we become poor in imagination and in joy. The chapter is sprinkled with delightful sayings of the author's child friends, including the little girl who, after having had the stars pointed out to her for the first time, asked the next morning that she might have "two little stars with sugar on them for breakfast." "'Mamma,' said in my hearing the little daughter of a certain poetess, 'did I ever see Mr. Shakespeare?'" It was at the dinner-table, and between two bites of an apple. "There are many good

things in this book, and we get them second only from Colonel Higginson himself. Speaking of "English and American cousins," he recounts capital things heard in English railway carriages and London and country houses, not a few of them springing from that unsurpassed source of humor, the English butler or footman who, if they lack the capacity for wit in themselves, are certainly an abundant cause of it in others. Colonel Higginson finds great significance—yet not too much—in a quiet sentence in Emerson's volume, "English Traits," explaining a gradual change for the better in our attitude toward England. "It is noticeable that England is beginning to interest us a little less." The discussion of English and American idioms recalls a fact that is exceedingly interesting to all lovers of the mother tongue, one on which Lowell has dwelt in his preface to the "Bigelow Papers," that many of the so-called errors of country-folk are but ancient modes of speech that have survived in out-of-the-way districts. This volume with its rich fund of story and observation, garmented in graciousness and adorned with many interesting portraits and autograph facsimiles, will win for its author an increasing measure of esteem and affection.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston
Price \$1.50, net

OUTDOOR PASTIMES OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MR. Roosevelt has always seemed charged with energy like an electric motor and it is perhaps essential to his well-being that he should find other outlets for his power besides those afforded merely by the duties of his presidential office. He must, it appears, escape from time to time into the wilds and hunt big game, and having hunted, captured and killed, he is impelled to write about it. The volume that records his adventures is straightforward, vigorous and pithy, with no wasted words and no ineffective ones. There are a dozen of the papers included in it, telling of cougars, wolf-coursing, the prong-buck, bobcats, mountain-sheep and elk. The account of a cougar hunt in the northwestern part of Colorado, forty miles from the railroad, with January weather at eighteen degrees below zero, is

most exciting. Mr. Roosevelt declares that cougars are the least known of our wild animals. Many of the stories told of them are, he avers, wholly mistaken. They are arrant cowards and, though they frequently follow men, have almost never been known to attack them. With the president and his party on one of the expeditions described, was John Burroughs, to whom the book is dedicated. The pack of hounds that helped in the hunting displayed many strong individualities. Jim was the biggest, and on the whole the most useful, "a very fast, powerful and true dog with a great voice." But old Boxer, trotting on three legs, could best puzzle out a cold trail on a bare hillside. Tree'em was a good dog, too, with a "meditative way of giving single barks separated by intervals of several seconds, all the time gazing stolidly up at the big sinister cat which he was bay-ing." The scene, a midwinter mountain landscape, was by day brilliantly, by night ethereally, beautiful. There are, of course, inevitable suggestions of cruelty in this book, though the sport that causes them is, to the author, very plainly without need of defense.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York
Price \$3.00, net

JULES OF THE GREAT HEART

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

A DARK silhouette against a blurred background of snow,—a tall, gaunt, swift-gliding, solitary, superstitious, pathetic, daring figure,—this is *Jules Verbaux*, "Jules of the Great Heart," as his creator, Mr. Mott, has so fittingly named him. No other single character evolved for us out of the vast silences, the forest twilight, the winter storms, the fleeting summer beauty and the year-round loneliness and mystery of the great Canadian wilderness knocks at our hearts so unerringly as he. The atmosphere of the stories excites admiration; it is as good as Gilbert Parker's best. The reader feels the snow fall in these pages. He never once forgets that it is winter, dead, white, cold winter. Yet there is no apparent insistence on atmosphere. It is as though the reader were invited to witness a play and having arrived a few minutes before time, sits waiting while the stage manager arranges the necessary settings, all the while talking to him so engrossingly on the theme

of the play that he loses sight of the preparations until suddenly he realizes that they are ended and that the actors are on. *Jules* is a free trapper in the Hudson Bay region in the early days. Enraged that his native hunting and trapping ground has been usurped by this company, he robs its traps of skins that he honestly believes are by right his. It is the old story of one man against a monopoly and the sympathies of the reader go out at once to the one man. He is always a hunted man, for the half-breeds at the trading post have been offered a large reward for him, dead or alive, but every time, by skill and swiftness and cunning, he eludes them. And each time he is near enough to call out to them mockingly as, far above and beyond reach on some crag or peak, he witnesses their discomfiture. They thought him here,—lo, he is yonder,—a taunt, a derisive laugh, a farewell waving of the hand, and he is gone. "The rest is silence." *Jules* comes by his title of "Great Heart" by his mercy to his enemies. Lonely in his hut at Christmas time, he resolves to make believe that he is having a Christmas celebration as in the days when his wife and child were alive. But when he returns from the forest where he has gone to shoot his dinner, he finds his home smoking in ruins. Away he tramps to the Post and is about to set fire to it but seeing the children gay with their Christmas tree within, remembers his own little one and refrains. Ah, this is fine, fine! It seems a pity that these stories of monolithic unity contain so much of the French-Canadian patois, which makes them hard reading at times and is almost certain to hinder their popularity.

The Century Company, New York
Price \$1.50

FAIR MARGARET

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

MR. Crawford has given us so many good stories that we ought, perhaps to pardon him for giving us, now and then, a poor one. However that may be, it seems no injustice to say that "Fair Margaret" is many degrees below his best, the best of "Mr. Isaacs" and "Via Crucis" and of that very beautiful and unusual story of English country life, "The Tale of a Lonely Parish." (If Mr. Crawford has any more tales

of lonely parishes in his ink-well, more than one of his readers would be grateful if he would write them out.) Just now the ink-well appears to need replenishing, for "Fair Margaret" is dry and dreggy. The heroine is an odd combination toward whom one feels as one feels about a queer salad,—one tastes for the sheer novelty of it, but has grave doubts of proper digestion following. Pink-and-white English girl as she is, she is astonishingly "knowing" and disingenuous. We have the author's word for it, and the artist's pictures, that she is handsome, but we are left to draw our own conclusions as to her temperament and balance, which are singularly unpleasing. *Margaret* becomes, in the course of the story, a great prima donna, a fairly royal road to brilliant climaxes for novelists, but the reader is denied the satisfaction of seeing her earn anything. Stressful life and stressful stories reflecting that life have perhaps spoiled us; at any rate we are inclined to view the curled darlings of the gods with indifference or contempt if not, indeed, with frank incredulity. In spite of her transcendent charms, *Margaret* is very poorly supplied with admirers, possessing only two, neither of whom can she be particularly proud of. There is not much of a love story here and the clatter about stage life is fairly empty. And at the end we fetch up, not at a conclusion, but at the provoking announcement that the present volume is but the first half of the history.

The Macmillan Company, New York
Price \$1.50

MRS. BROOKFIELD AND HER CIRCLE

BY CHARLES AND FRANCES BROOKFIELD

PICTURES of a time that Tennyson called "dawn-golden" and of a coterie that included practically every illustrious person—men and women—of the early Victorian era, could scarcely do less than absorb our attention and feast our imaginations. Did not life have a stronger flavor, then, was it not racier, smacking more of the soil? The pages of those two delightful volumes issued under the title "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle" seem to say yes to all of these questions. From gossip letters of this period, when people had the time and the taste for letter-writing; from lively journals

and cherished recollections verbally transmitted, these volumes have been compiled by two descendants of the graceful and lovely woman whose name they bear. Look at Mrs. Brookfield a moment as she appears in the reproduction of George Richmond's painting which forms the frontispiece,—the exquisitely poised head, the broad brow, the undulating hair, parted and drooping low. And William Henry Brookfield, her husband, etched for us at the age of twenty-three, is a figure to match, in his fine young Cambridge gentleman's clothes of fashionable cut, his high-rolling collar and pointed hat. William Henry Brookfield must have been a man of rarest personal gifts. The second son of a solicitor, he had only a respected name and a most moderate income on which to begin life. The rigid Puritan training of his earlier days may even be regarded as a positive handicap in that social world in which he was destined to shine with so much brilliancy. But great magnetism of manner and a gift for turning everything into the most laughable comedy won him instantly, on his entrance into Trinity College, a place in the charmed circle in which Thackeray, Tennyson, Arthur Hallam, Kinglake, Venables and Milnes were bright, particular stars. The casualness with which great names drop from the pens of the Brookfields, in their intimate family correspondence, is perhaps the best evidence of the privileges that they enjoyed. In February of 1843, Mrs. Brookfield writes in her diary: "I went to the Gurneys. William went to a chop-house and eveninged with Thackeray." Another entry, this time by Mr. Brookfield, records: "Pot of porter fetched by the Duke of Wellington." The names of Maria Edgeworth, of Charles and Fanny Kemble and of Aubrey De Vere occur in this galaxy. Mrs. Brookfield tells how lost was poor Charlotte Brontë, equipped only by narrow and literal traditions when suddenly, through Thackeray's hospitality, she was brought into the center of this gay set with its quick give and take. Through

older members of the circle, recollection linked back to the incomparable "Bozzy" and the Johnson Club. "Nothing unusual," declares one journal item rather complainingly, "only Landor calls oftener than ever." The style in which these people wrote, with its gripping phrases and bold short-cuts is enough to make us of to-day despair of our smooth and bloodless inanities.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York
Price \$7.00, net

IN OUR CONVENT DAYS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

TIME is perhaps the one thief in the world for whom we have reason to be grateful. Always he steals from us acute recollection of what has pained and hurt and leaves us for our aftermath only the softer, happier memories. Evidently he has performed this task well for Miss Agnes Repplier, apropos of her gentle little book "In Our Convent Days." Miss Repplier, who touches no subject that she does not adorn, has written with characteristic humor and more than characteristic tenderness of her own school-life as a little girl. It was a romantic time. There were seven girls in the particular clan to which the small Agnes lent allegiance and every one of them—the case was too hopeless for jealousy—adored the tall Italian youth, perhaps eighteen years old, newly come to serve mass. These little girls "cultivated their imaginations instead of their minds," and desperately put to it to find an outlet for pent emotions, did all sorts of funnily odd things, like stealing the straws from under the small waxen Bambino reposing in a glass case in the chapel hall, for the sheer excitement of doing it. The poetry these girls wrote and the plays that they acted; the violent friendships they formed, the ecstasies of happiness they suffered,—all of these things that Miss Repplier tells with so much affection, will set stirring in the minds of her readers similar recollections of equally halcyon charm.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston
Price \$1.10

A RETROSPECT AND A PROSPECT

By Caroline McCormick

ROWS, and rows, and rows of jars,—
Jelly, jam, preserves, and spice,
Marmalade, and pickled sweets,—
Very nice.

How I wonder what you think
Underneath your paper caps!
That you're glad you're meant for us?
—Well perhaps.

I believe you're thinking back
To the sunshine, and the dew,
And the pleasant garden fruits
That were you.

To the showers, and the shade,
Till you seem to be again
In the long, light, summer days
That were then.

When the pear tree grew, and grew,
Up and up, and up, so high
That the pears were like to fall
In the sky.

And the strawberries would play
Hide and seek, lest they be found,
Every time the gardener came
On his round.

How the cherries used to swing
Back and forth with every breeze,
While the birds all came to sing
In their trees!

Do you still remember how
Mistress Peach, who week by week,
Though we laughed, would more and
more
Paint her cheek?

And the quince who would keep house
In a tree so small, we said
"He is certain to fall out
On his head?"

You were all of you like friends
When I found you in the spring
Pink and white, and starry-eyed,
Blossoming.

Every day I watched you grow
Bigger, brighter, to the fall!
Every day the kindly sun
Kissed you all.

So before they lock you in,
We have come—the sun and I—
Through the open door to say
Our Goodbye.

But it's not of summer time
That I'm thinking to myself
As I see you all a-row
On your shelf.

It is of the winter, where
By the nursery fire I see
Just a happy little boy
Having tea.

ISN'T IT ODD?

That most upright pianos are downright
nuisances?

That so few men are competent to enjoy
competency?

That it takes a strong company to make a
week stand?

That, though money talks, it never gives
itself away?

That the chap most apt to get "soaked" is
the one who's dryest?

That when an heir grows dissolute his
property becomes dissipated?

That barnacles don't grow on barns, and
that no tent is possessed of tentacles?

That when a man is "generous to a fault"
you generally find the fault is one of his
own?

That some folks seem to think that look-
ing at work is the same thing as looking
for it?

That a man may not run after people be-
cause they have money, and yet find 'em
running after him because he has no money?

That you may refer to a friend as "A gay
dog" and he will secretly feel flattered,
while he will make any amount of trouble
if you speak of him as a "pup?"

